





FROM THE ORIGINAL

By J. M. W. Turner

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TEA CHINA ROSE



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THE  
HAPPY HOME,

AND

PARLOR MAGAZINE.

‘DOMESTIC HAPPINESS ! THOU ONLY BLISS  
OF PARADISE THAT HAST SURVIVED THE FALL.’

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REV. A. R. BAKER, EDITOR.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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Another volume being completed, we tender our thanks to our patrons for the kind appreciation of our services, and for all their exertions to extend the usefulness of our numbers. Encouraged by their co-operation and by a deeper sense of the importance of our mission, we contemplate a variety of improvements in the next volume. We hope to elevate the standard of our embellishments and to increase their number. We have added new names to our list of contributors, from whom we expect a more full development of the family constitution, and of all the domestic relations, duties, trials, emunities and joys. From their gifted pens we anticipate a rich treat for our numerous patrons and the public.

*The Editor and Publisher.*

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# THE PAST AND FUTURE.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.  
Larghetto. With feeling.

MUSIC BY E. F. BAKER.

1. O, man-y who met us the last New Year, Have vanished, like shadows! they are not here: They  
2. The husband still weeps for his lov-ing wife, Young mothers, for babes that were dear as life; While  
3. We ut-ter a sigh, but we shed no tear, For the Old year dead! for the New is here; To

passed to E-ter-ni-ty's wave-less shore, And nev-er on earth shall we meet them more; Dear  
mute as the mar-ble, is many a tongue, That carolled its mirth when the year was young; De-  
prom-is-es fu-ture right on we go, Where Hope is up-lift-ing her cheer-ing bow; O

*Smorzando.*

# THE PAST AND FUTURE, Concluded.

Fathers have gone to the lone - ly tomb, Fond Mothers have passed thro' the fear - ful gloom, And  
 part - ed, for aye, is the Old Year, now, With his flax - en hair and his wrin - kled brow, His  
 Mer - ci - ful Father, to whom be-long The praises of men, and the Po - et's song,—Be

Cres. Cres.

Brothers and Sisters, from land and sea, Have greet - ed the good in E - ter - ni - ty.  
 rec - ord upborne to the King of kings, He fold - eth for - ev - er his sil - ver wings.  
 pleased with thy mercies, to crown our days, And fit us to war - ble an - gel - ic lays.

Ad lib. Ad lib.

## JACOB'S DREAM.

EDITORIAL.

[See Engraving, and Genesis twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters.]

How changed is the condition of this lovely young man, resting quietly beneath the stately palm, with the earth for his bed, a stone for his pillow, and the sky for his covering, from what it was on the preceding night ! Then he lay down to rest in his sweet home, having impressed his good-night upon his fond mother's cheek, and received his father's blessing. But that blessing he obtained by unrighteous means,—by deception, falsehood and fraud,—which were devised by his mother, and originated in her desire to aggrandize her favorite and to secure for him the rights of primogeniture, which, by birth, were the inheritance of his elder brother. No wonder the crime awoke that brother's indignation ! He sustained a great loss, and had just occasion for complaint. But when his displeasure settled into hatred of his twin brother, whom, with all his faults, he was bound to love,—especially when he resolved to murder him soon after his father's death,—he took the rod of vengeance out of God's hand, and became the chief offender. Dreadful indeed are such quarrels between brothers and among kindred ! They are daggers in the parental heart, fires which consume all that is most attractive and dear in the homestead.

Rebekah was now alarmed at the quarrel which her partiality and weakness had instigated. How could she preserve Jacob from Esau's bloody retaliation ? Her strongest hope was from his flight, his expatriation. But by what art of persuasion could she obtain his pious father's consent ? A mother's heart is seldom at a loss for expedients when the welfare and life of her child depend upon her decision. The domestic peace both of Rebekah and of Isaac had been disturbed by Esau's marriage with "the daughters of Heth," by his wives' unbelief, their barbarous manners, and their sad influence over him. She flies to Isaac with her expedient, and exclaims, "What good shall my life do me" if Jacob form a similar alliance ! This sat-



isfies the credulity of the sick patriarch, who calls Jacob, and charges him to take a wife, not from the daughters of Canaan, but from Padan Aram, from the daughters of Laban, his mother's brother. He blesses him in the name of the Lord, and by divine inspiration renews to him and to his seed the Abrahamic charter.

In pursuance of this advice, Jacob bade his father and mother farewell, and started on his tour in search of a wife. Animated by the hope of success, he made from morning till night more than a day's journey, which was but thirty-three English miles, while he advanced from Beersheba forty-eight miles, or about one ninth part of the whole distance. The evening shades began to lengthen as he drew near to Luz, and, ere he reached the place, the city gates were shut, and he was constrained to seek a resting place outside of the walls.

He espied this bower; and in it he, weary and hungry, far from home and in a land of strangers, laid himself down, with a deep sense of his forlorn condition, of the extremity and exposure into which his folly and sin had led him. Most earnestly did he implore divine forgiveness, seek God's protection and favor. His mother, too, though far away, forgot not her darling son. That night she, a humble penitent, prayed for him as none but believing mothers can pray for their absent children. God, in mercy and faithfulness, answered their prayers, imparted a remarkable serenity and tranquillity to their perturbed spirits, and enabled them peacefully to resign themselves to balmy sleep. God's eye, which never slumbers, watched over the lovely youth; and he sent his angels to protect him, and flashed on his mind celestial visions, very unlike the dreams of other suitors.

Here this devoted young man saw heaven opened, and "the angels of God ascending and descending." He heard his Maker's voice, speaking to him of his posterity, renewing to him and to them the covenant made with his father and his grandfather, prophesying of the Messiah in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed, and pledging him protection and prosperity in his journey, an ultimate and safe return to the old homestead.

Truly God was there, and his presence rendered the place a sanctuary, a Bethel, the gate of heaven. Morning dawned; and he anointed the stone which had been his pillow, and set it up for a memorial of the event, and also for a witness of God's covenant and of his own vow. He arose and went on his way rejoicing. God's fulfilment of his promise and Jacob's performance of his vow are minutely recorded in the future history of Israel, teaching us that our heavenly Father will direct the steps of those who wait upon him, and abundantly reward their endeavors to do his will, and that his wisdom, so needful for all, should be especially sought in the choice of a companion for life.

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## HOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MAN'S *home is everywhere!* On ocean's flood,  
 Where the strong ship, with stern-defying tether,  
 Doth link in earnest brotherhood  
 Earth's utmost zones together ; —  
 Where the sparse arctic pine aspires,  
 The red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,  
 The diamond ripens 'neath the fires  
 Of tropic suns that dig the stranger's grave —  
 He, with bold brow and fearless foot, doth rove ; —  
 Brief is the pang and slight,  
 That shuts him from the checkered light  
 Of gentlest moons through his own forests dancing,  
 Where music, joy, and love,  
 Were his young hours entrancing ; —  
 Where'er Ambition marks his lot,  
 Or Wealth allures to roam,  
 There doth he make his home,  
 Repining not.

---

*It is not thus with WOMAN !* Low and lone  
 May be the place of birth  
 Where first her childish ear drank a fond mother's tone;  
 Undecked the matron hearth  
 Where, earliest to her thrilling breast,  
 The velvet lip of infancy was prest; —  
 Yet, ever to those haunts again,  
 Where'er her lot may be, her spirit turneth ;  
 There, like a star, unquenched, affection burneth,  
 As round the parent sun revolve the planet train.  
 She could not keep the word  
 That led the flight to Zoar — " Look not back ! "  
 So strong her heart is stirred  
 To tread in Memory's track,  
 That even the sworded gate impulsively 't would dare,  
 To muse on home delights, lost Eden hoarded there.  
 Yes ; the green valley where, with playmates gay,  
 She gathered strawberries 'neath the morning ray,  
 The church-spire fair to see,  
 The garden, where she cast  
 The seeds of her young hope, and saw them bide the blast,  
 Love, with unfading tint, recalls ;  
 Hovering round those ivied walls,  
 Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,  
 Making fresh honey of unnumbered things,  
 Each rose without a thorn, and bees bereft of stings.

---

" THE touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance or song, he sternly scorns ;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never know ; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,        22L  
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man."

•       •       •       •       \*



**"FROM ALL UNCHARITABLENESS, GOOD LORD  
DELIVER US."**

HARDLY a petition in the whole beautiful Litany needs to be so frequently and fervently offered as this. For there is scarcely a Christian grace more sinned against than sweet charity. Nowhere is it so graphically described as by the Apostle Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Anything which violates this golden law is uncharitableness. And, alas for society! who is not uncharitable?

Go into the lower walks of life; listen at the doors and windows of the poor, and what do you hear? Crimination, accusation, censures upon this one as extravagant, and upon that one as miserly. One neighbor is a slattern, another a vixen, and a third a hypocrite. This girl has spent all her earnings upon a gaudy bonnet, as if her face were not ugly enough without so much painstaking to draw attention to it.

That girl's meanness is beyond all bounds. In order to hoard every cent, she wears the same old bonnet, season after season, as if her homely face needed no attraction.

Such a neighbor's clothes may have been on the line earliest in the morning, but — they were not half washed!

Through envy and discontent, the higher classes, however, are the most frequent and indiscriminate objects of attack. Ostentation or pride, selfishness or arrogance, are the motives to which, by the uncharitable and envious poor, almost every action is attributed.

Pass now into the fashionable circles, and again play the listener. Somebody's pedigree is not so grand as he pretends, for his ancestors were only common working men. Some other person may be very rich, but he has a plenty of poor relations whom he is ashamed to recognize.

Certain people always hang out false colors. Mrs. A.'s lace is not real Mechlin; Miss B.'s bracelets are only gilt, and Miss C., in spite of all her attempts to disguise it, is certainly past thirty.

The standard of morality is so low, and there is such a total unconcern as to the intrinsically right and wrong, that the want of charity in these circles is mostly displayed in these ill-natured comments on mere externals.

Would that the evil ended here! But, alas! in the more intelligent and cultivated classes, this noxious weed has a far ranker growth. It is the good name, dearer to a man than great riches, that is here chiefly assailed. The character is held up in a false light, turned inside out, and subjected to the most inquisitorial scrutiny. Every careless act is commented upon, every inadvertent word repeated, and, without the least knowledge in the case, unworthy motives are attributed, till scarcely a shred of the genuine character is left.

From the knot of school-girls, chatting all at once, like a flock of blackbirds, to the band of college, or perhaps even of theological students, — from the cosey, social circle to the large gathering, with its ceaseless hum, like the buzzing of a beehive, — false rumors, evil surmises, a world of scandal, is set afloat, that continues in its course, injuring the fairest reputations, wounding feelings, impairing confidence, and, sometimes, destroying happiness and usefulness.

Without the smallest compunction, these moral anatomists invade the sanctity of private life, and mercilessly dissect their subjects, freely exposing every spring of action. Woe to the luckless woman who may fall into their hands! The publicity which a defence demands is itself a misfortune from which a true woman will instinctively shrink. Her very delicacy, which should be her charter of protection, renders her more

susceptible of injury and less capable of defence. "The crushed flower will leave a stain."

What is the currency that passes most briskly in this more refined society?

"All is not gold that glitters." Mr. D. has the name of a pattern-husband; but there is another side. The fact is, he is so domineering that his wife has lost all her character, and hardly knows whether her soul is her own.

Mr. E.'s family lives in great style, so far as appearance goes; but a story could be told of real pinching behind the curtain, which would astonish their nearest neighbors.

Mrs. F. talks well, and writes well enough; but when it comes to household matters, there is a dreadful deficiency, as her husband could testify if he only would. But, with all his efforts, he can't disguise that she's a regular blue.

Mrs. G. — yes, she is a first-rate housekeeper; but, then, between you and me, she's a real dunce. She never writes a letter, never reads a book, never looks into a newspaper even. I think her husband might as well have married his cook.

Mrs. H. is smart enough about house, and knows a good deal about books; but — *such* an oddity! She does anything she takes a fancy to do, without inquiring whether anybody else does it or not. She goes haying with the children, and she makes nothing of leaving her husband and baby, and kiting off in the morning with the young folks, as if she had nothing else to do. For my part, I like to see matrons behave with some propriety.

Miss L., a young lady of natural reserve, is "a prude;" and Miss M., of frank and easy manners, "a coquette."

Thus the tale of slander goes round. Something that somebody did is told by some one else to another person. Then a slight coloring is given, and it is put into fresh hands, where it receives still another addition, and is passed along on its course of enlargement and discoloration, till, having completed the circle, it returns into the hands whence it started, so entirely transformed that scarcely a vestige of its original identity remains.

---

“The flying rumors gathered as they rolled ;  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,  
And all who told it, added something new,  
And all who heard it, made enlargement too ;  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.”

Forgetting that all are not cast in the same mould, and making no allowance for diversity of taste, education, and temperament, these uncharitables measure all on the Procrustean bed, noting down and severely commenting on the smallest deviation from the prescribed standard. What a wholesale destruction of character ensues !

True it is that uncharitableness suffereth little and is unkind. It becometh itself unseemly, thinketh all evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth not in the truth ; beareth nothing, believeth nothing, hopeth nothing, endureth nothing, scandalizeth all men.

We may show our want of charity by volunteering the whole truth concerning our neighbor when we are not required to do it ; by telling only a part of it when it would be kinder to tell it all, or by so telling the whole as to implicate the motives of which we know nothing. Indeed, this last may be the climax of uncharitableness. Many an innocent act, performed from the purest impulses, has thus been maligned, and a motive attributed from the quintessence of slander.

Alas ! it would seem as if those linked together in one common destiny of sin and sorrow, could better afford to console and bless, than to injure and curse one another. Would that this sin were confined to worldlings ; that it were exorcised from all Christian society ! An angel might weep that those washed in the same atoning blood, and who have partaken of the same feast of love, should thus criminate and recriminate one another. How many an open, unsuspicious nature has thus been made distrustful ! How many kindly feelings have been sent back chilled upon the heart ! And a very little charity would have saved all this.

Suppose an error *has* been committed, how much wretchedness may those hasty words which you have so quickly caught up and repeated, have occasioned to the utterer of them ! Ah,



dear reader ! how know you but that tears of bitter penitence have fallen upon that stain which you are pointing out to many an eager gaze ? How know you but holy blood has cleansed that guilt which you are trumpeting from ear to ear ? Have you ever failed in duty ? Have you wept over some departure from right ? O, if you know what it is to struggle against sin ; to exclaim, " Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ; " if you have experienced the agony of repentance ; if you have tasted the sweet assurance of forgiving love ; if you have felt a longing after holiness,—then, " above all things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." How would this sweet charity transform our world of misery, unkindness, and slander, into the abode of joy, harmony, and love ! Then would Peace come down to earth, and one tuneful chorus ascend to the throne of the Eternal.

---

### THE SLANDERER.

" Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
 Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips ;  
 To some she whispers, others speaks aloud ;  
 To some she courtsies, and some she dips ;  
 Complains of warmth, and this complaint avowed,  
 Her lover brings the lemonade she sips ;  
 She then surveys, condemns, but pities still,  
 Her dearest friends, for being dressed so ill.

One has false curls, another too much paint,  
 A third — where did she buy that frightful turban ?  
 A fourth 's so pale she fears she 's going to faint,  
 A fifth looks vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban ;  
 A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
 A seventh's thin muslin will surely be her bane,  
 And, lo ! an eighth appears — ' I 'll see no more !  
 For fear, like Banquo's kings, they 'll reach a score.' "

## THE MOTHER'S PLEADING.

BY META LANDER.

My floweret of beauty ! ah, how art thou wasted !  
 And vanished the mirth from thy bright, laughing eye ;  
 From the cheek late so blooming the roses have hastened,  
 While dark on thy forehead death's pencillings lie.  
 Yet dearer art thou in this shade of the tomb,  
 Than ever before in thy richest of bloom.

In the midnight of sorrow glad hope is upspringing,  
 With the dream, O, how sweet ! that thou still may'st revive.  
 Around thee, dear daughter, fond hearts are yet clinging,  
 And yearning to know that their darling will live.  
 Have pity, cold Death ! O, do not bereave me ! —  
 Mine own precious Carrie ! and must thou then leave me ?

This earth thou hast loved, with her sweet summer bowers ;  
 The blue vault above her, — a canopy bright ;  
 And, dancing among her fair wilderness-flowers,  
 Thy soul has been merry, my birdling of light !  
 O, golden those moments of fleet-footed time,  
 Swift speeding to childhood's elysian clime !

And well hast thou loved the gay season of blossom,  
 The breathing ambrosial of crystalline day,  
 The dewy-lipped flowers with gems in their bosom,  
 The fragrance and music of garlanded May.  
 Must thou, like a dream, from these scenes pass forever,  
 And leave us, dear child, to return again never ?

In vain do I woo thee ; in vain is my pleading ;  
 Far upward is glancing thy languishing eye ;  
 The bright page of glory thy soul is now reading ;  
 With the look of the dying thou gazest on high.  
 Ah ! flutter not thus on my wild throbbing breast !  
 O ! soar not away from thy sheltering nest !

## THE CHILD'S REPLY.

Sweet mother ! my moments are rapidly speeding ;  
 Bound am I now to the land of the blest ;  
 O, call me not back with thy tears and thy pleading !  
 Weary am I — let me go to my rest.

My little feet stand on the dark river's side;  
But Jesus is with me, I fear not the tide.

I do love, dear mother, earth's flower-starred meadows;  
But yonder I see a far lovelier land;  
Its blue skies are brighter, its light hath no shadows,  
Far sweeter its music, its air is more bland;  
Its flowers are fairer, of balmier breath,  
And, thornless and fadeless, they never see death.

O, sweet is the heavenly chorus I'm hearing,  
Entrancing the visions that burst on my sight;  
Through portals of glory bright forms are appearing,  
Enchantingly lovely, in garments of white.  
And the garden elysian,— God's paradise fair  
Of rainbow flowers, — it is blossoming there.

But, list! for the breezes soft music are bringing;  
It floats down to mortals from yonder bright dome.  
O, sweetly the dear angel-children are singing,  
“Come away, sister spirit, away to thy home.”  
And see those bright seraphs their golden way wing,  
While heaven's high arches with melody ring.

And wouldst thou from Eden in sorrow detain me?  
I go from thine arms with my Jesus to dwell!  
Good-night, dearest mother! the angels now claim me;  
In the morning-land bright there will breathe no farewell.  
O, swiftly those forms to the earth are descending,  
And tenderly now close above me are bending!

A languor steals o'er me, yet joy I am drinking;  
The death-angel folds me — faint, fainter my breath;  
Now, soft on his bosom I gently am sinking;  
Nay, start not in anguish, no terror has death!  
Fast breaking forever is earth's sweetest spell:  
O, weep not, my mother! the Lord doeth well.

---

“My mother! manhood's anxious brow  
And sterner cares have long been mine;  
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,  
As when upon thy bosom's shrine  
My infant's griefs were gently hushed to rest,  
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber blessed.”

## EDUCATE THE CONSCIENCE.

BY M. A. OSGOOD.

MR. ADAMS and Mr. Howe were near neighbors, and were about equal in regard to education, wealth, and standing in society. Yet never did two families present a greater contrast. The children of Mr. Adams were noisy, rude, and mischievous; while Mr. Howe's were quiet, orderly, and perfectly well-behaved. So great was the difference, that strangers, passing through the street, could not but notice it, and drew their own conclusions as to the different family government to which they had been accustomed.

Mrs. Adams was a pious woman, and really wished her children to do right, and shed many tears over their wayward conduct. She often wondered what made her children so different from Mrs. Howe's. It certainly was not because she indulged them too much. It would be more correct to say that she governed too much, for she punished her children a great deal, and was constantly reproving them. Still they were rude, noisy, and disobedient. They were guilty of deception; and Henry, the eldest, was already considered a nuisance in the neighborhood.

Yet Mrs. Adams had not failed to give them religious instruction. Family worship was regularly conducted morning and evening. They were required to be present at public worship, and at the Sabbath-school; and the mother frequently read the Bible to them, or heard them read it. But it seemed to make no impression on them. It was a task which they hated, — a drudgery, from which they resolved to free themselves as soon as possible.

Poor Mrs. Adams! She knew that Henry, her first-born, was making rapid strides in wickedness, and that it was high time something was done, if it was not already too late. After pondering the subject a long time, she resolved to go over and talk with Mrs. Howe, and learn, if she could, what was the



secret of her wonderful success. Still, she very much doubted whether Mrs. Howe's experience could be of any benefit to her, for she was fully persuaded that there was a radical difference in the children themselves. She thought her own were peculiarly unmanageable, and that a system of discipline which would be amply sufficient to regulate the little Howes would utterly fail with her own family.

However, she went, and was very kindly received, and her tale of sorrow and discouragement listened to with real sympathy. Mr. and Mrs. Howe had often lamented the character of her children, as it obliged them to prohibit their own little ones from associating with them; but, as they knew how unsafe it is to interfere in domestic arrangements, they had never presumed to offer any advice.

"What a difference there is in children!" said Mrs. Adams. "Yours never seem inclined to do wrong, while mine seem never to do right. I am sure I take a great deal of pains with mine, and it is all of no use, while yours seem to do right as a matter of course."

Mrs. Howe thought what unwearied pains both she and her husband had bestowed on their children; how carefully they had guarded them against temptation; how earnestly they had striven to lead them in the right path; how carefully they had studied their different dispositions, and endeavored to give to each the peculiar discipline which his case required. She remembered the effort it had cost them to subdue the imperious will of George, their eldest boy, and the fears they had once entertained lest Sarah should fail to acquire a habit of truthfulness; and she thought if Mrs. Adams knew it all, she would not think it had been such a light task for her to train up her children in the way they should go.

But Mrs. Adams only saw them as they now were. George was her model boy, and she was constantly holding up Sarah Howe to her own children as a paragon of perfection. She knew nothing of the "line upon line, and precept upon precept," which had made them what they were. She had not witnessed the long discussions of the parents, often protracted till a late hour, nor heard the supplications, poured forth from

overflowing hearts, that they might be led aright in so momentous a work.

Nor did Mrs. Howe speak of these things now. She merely replied that she thought the hearts of all children were about alike. There were differences in character and disposition, but she had never seen one who did not require most anxious watchfulness.

Mrs. Adams looked astonished. Though she had never doubted that the hearts of her own children were depraved to an unusual degree, yet it had always appeared to her that Mrs. Howe's children did right instinctively, and that family government was a thing not called for in her house.

"Do you ever punish your children?" she inquired.

"Yes, whenever it seems necessary," replied Mrs. Howe. "None of our children have escaped it altogether, though it is very seldom needed."

"There, that is just what I told you. Your children are naturally better than mine. Why, there is not a single day that I do not have to resort to punishment."

"Still," said Mrs. Howe, smiling, "I do not think there is so much natural difference in our children as you suppose. I say we always resort to punishment when necessary, but we think it unwise to practise it too often. It is much better, when possible, to prevent the necessity."

"How can you do that?"

"By educating the conscience. I know by experience that some children are more difficult to manage than others; but I think there are none who cannot be governed, in some measure, by moral principle. They must be led to feel that sin always brings sorrow. I by no means profess to be wiser than Solomon, and to think that the rod may be safely dispensed with, though I do believe its too frequent use has a bad effect. At a very early age conscience may be enlisted on the right side; and, if judiciously trained, it will, in a great measure, take the place of punishment. The remorse of a conscience which has been rightly cultivated will be harder to bear than any amount of mere physical suffering."

"But your children seem to have more conscience than most."

"I do not think they have any more; but Mr. Howe and myself have made it our great object to draw it out and so educate it that it shall be an unerring guide."

"I thought it is always so."

"By no means. Paul was quite as conscientious when he persecuted the saints as he was afterwards when he preached the Gospel."

Mrs. Adams was silent, and Mrs. Howe taking up the Bible read: "*I verily thought* with myself that I *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

"Then, according to your view," replied Mrs. Adams, "conscience is not always a safe guide."

"It may be made so. We must educate it. The voice of conscience always is, 'do right;' but an ignorant, unenlightened conscience may call wrong, right. A heathen may be perfectly conscientious in worshipping his false gods. A devout Catholic may follow closely the dictates of conscience in his fasts and penances. So a child whose conscience has not been educated may do wrong without knowing that it is wrong."

"That does not apply to my children, for they know well enough that they do wrong."

"No doubt; but they have so long been accustomed to silence the voice of conscience, or go contrary to it, that it does not make itself heard. When its admonitions are wilfully violated it becomes seared, it loses its sensitiveness, and the person having such a conscience sins without knowing it. Too much pains cannot be taken to keep the conscience delicate and sensitive."

Mrs. Adams had by this time become a deeply interested listener. She begged to know how the conscience could be educated, "for I confess," said she, "it is quite a new idea to me."

"Our course," replied Mrs. Howe, "has been, as soon as a child is capable of knowing the difference between right and wrong, to explain to them what conscience is, and warn them of the danger of neglecting its admonitions. We earnestly impress upon them that the Bible is the great standard of right and wrong; that its minutest precepts are to be unhesitatingly

obeyed; that disobedience to its slightest precept incurs the displeasure of the God who sees all their actions."

"But how is this to preclude the necessity of punishment?"

"Probably it will not altogether, but only for the most part. If children feel that it is dangerous to disregard the voice of conscience, they will be likely to struggle against temptation, and, if they do yield to it, their remorse will be in itself so great a punishment that they will not be likely to expose themselves often to such suffering."

"Well," said Mrs. A., thoughtfully, "I do believe it is easier to govern on your principles."

"That is by no means the motive which should actuate us. To say nothing of their eternal destiny, their future course in this world presents motives of the greatest weight. Our children, in a few years, are to take our places. They are to fill our pulpits and our halls of legislation. The questions which they will be called upon to decide are some of the most important which have ever occupied the mind of men. The responsibilities of the next generation will probably outweigh those of any past time. How important that to these momentous questions, to these fearfully solemn responsibilities, they bring an *educated conscience*!"

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"CONSCIENCE, what art thou? thou tremendous power!  
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;  
And art within ourselves another self,  
A master-self, that loves to domineer,  
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave:  
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds;  
Make the past, the present, and the future frown?  
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,  
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,  
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug —  
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?"



## THE IMPATIENT MOTHER.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

"THERE, ma, you've knocked my pretty house down again!" whined a pale, sickly-looking boy, of six years old, as he wiped his sleeve across his eyes in the vain effort to keep back his tears.

"Well, if you don't want your houses knocked down, you must get out of my way. There, take them this minute, and go off to the further corner of the room."

The weary, fretful mother endeavored, by the harshness of her tone, to silence the gush of tenderness which a glance into the tearful eyes of her boy caused to spring up in her heart.

Willie arose silently, filled his apron with the blocks, and removed them to the spot indicated by his mother. To avoid a recurrence of his trouble, he then fenced off the place allotted to him with chairs, and, feeling secure in his retreat, he again commenced his play. After two or three successful experiments, which entirely obliterated from his mind all remembrance of his mother's hasty words, he called out, in great glee, "O, ma, isn't that a high steeple? May I knock it down?"

"I don't care what you do, if you'll only keep still!" replied the mother, without hearing the question. Alas, for the short-lived happiness of Willie! With a shout of delight he drew away the underpinning, and his lofty structure fell with a heavy crash to the floor, causing the baby to scream with affright.

Mrs. Grant flew at the boy, and gave him a violent blow upon his ear. "You naughty, wicked boy!" she exclaimed angrily, "don't you know better than to make such a noise when the baby is asleep?" Then, leaving him to comfort himself as best he might, she hastened to the crib to try to hush the infant. But no, it was wide awake, and she was obliged to suspend all other labors and put it to sleep again. She was

hardly seated in her low rocking-chair, when the door opened, and her sister, who lived quite near, walked into the kitchen.

Mrs. Grant nodded in return to the pleasant "good-morning," but could not speak. Indeed, she was on the point of giving way to her over excited feelings by a hearty fit of crying.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" inquired Mrs. Warner. "You look as if you had n't a friend in the world. And Willie, too, is crying,—what has happened? Come here, Willie."

"Matter enough," sobbed Mrs. Grant, wiping the tears which now poured down her cheeks. "Here I am alone, with that child and a baby seven weeks old, to do all my work, and hardly strength enough to walk straight across the room. Look at that basketful of clothes to iron; and, as if that was not enough, William has sent home a pair of chickens to roast. I had just washed the baby and got her to sleep, and thought I should get along some, while she had her morning nap; but that naughty boy went and made such a noise that it woke her right up."

"Why, Willie! I thought you were ma's nice little boy!" and Aunt Charlotte, who had been holding the child in her lap, made a show as if she were astonished.

"I did n't mean to," whispered the boy, "and she said I might, too;" and then, satisfied by her eye that she did not wholly condemn him, again nestled himself close to her side.

"'Tis too bad," she resumed, turning to her sister; "you are not strong enough to work so, and your getting fretted is what makes the baby so worrisome. When is Bridget coming back? Her sister was taken sick at a most unfortunate time."

"It does seem, sometimes, as if I couldn't move another step," continued Mrs. Grant, quite overcome by the voice of sympathy; "and William don't realize how weak I am, nor how much care such a baby is. Besides, he is worried about his business, and as, when he comes home, he finds the house looking tidy and his meals cooked, he asks no questions, but seems to think the work is done without hands."

The baby having fallen asleep again, Mrs. Grant arose cau-

tiously to lay it in the crib. While she was absent, her kind-hearted sister was deeply absorbed in thought. At length a plan occurred to her, but she determined not to mention it until she had consulted her husband. "I am sorry," she said, as Mrs. Grant returned softly to the room, "that I can't stay; but I left bread in the oven, and I am afraid it will burn up. But I will take your fine clothes and iron them at home, and Willie shall go with me and stay till night. There, don't say a word; I can do it as well as not," she added, as her sister began to remonstrate. "Come, Willie, get your cap."

"Well, I am sure, you are the kindest sister that ever was. I don't know what I should do without you. If you will take the clothes, you'd better leave Willie. He'll only trouble you."

"Trouble me! no indeed; I can work a great deal faster when he is with me, he's such good company;" and the aunt, as she tied on the cap, gave the child a hearty kiss, which was responded to by a look so full of confiding affection, that she could hardly keep from catching him in her arms; but she restrained herself, and only said, "See, he is longing to begin his catechizing now."

When Mr. Grant returned home at the usual hour for dinner, the fowls, nicely stuffed and roasted, were smoking upon the table, the vegetables were cooked charmingly, the clothes, except those taken by Mrs. Warner, were airing upon the horse, and, what was better than all, the baby was still asleep, and Mrs. Grant, though heated and flushed by her exertions, yet seemed pleased at the success which had attended her morning labors. She prided herself upon being an excellent cook and a thorough housewife. A few words of sympathy and appreciation of her services would have enabled her to go on with fresh courage in her arduous employment. But Mr. Grant was fully occupied by cares connected with his business, and thought not of the feebleness of his wife. He, to be sure, paid her dinner the compliment of eating from it most heartily, and then hurried away, merely saying, as he went out, "I am going to M—— on business, and shall not be at home till late; I shall get supper there." The door slammed together as he passed

through, waking the baby from her long nap, and the mother, leaving the dishes upon the table, went with a sigh to attend to its wants. Feeling very weary, she threw herself upon the bed, while she nursed the child; and there she lay for half an hour, thinking no other woman ever had such trials as hers. She might as well be dead. She was doing no good; nobody thanked her for wearing herself out with work. She really believed Willie would be happier if he could live with Aunt Charlotte; and her husband was so absorbed in his business she did n't think he would miss her much. But what would become of the helpless baby? And, O, what would become of me? I have not prepared to die; and then she thought of her little girl who had died the year before, of the dangerous sickness of Willie, from which he had never wholly recovered, and of the many resolutions she then formed, the promises she made, if God would spare her life. How had she fulfilled them? Softened and subdued, she wept again until she fell asleep.

Early the following morning, while she with her husband were seated at the breakfast table, Mrs. Warner entered with Willie, whom she had kept through the night.

"Well, what did she say about it?" she inquired eagerly of her brother-in-law.

"About what?" asked Mrs. Grant, looking up in surprise.

Mr. Grant slightly colored as he replied, "I really forgot to mention it to her. The fact is, my business troubles me, and I lay awake thinking of it until late into the night."

A bitter reply rose to the lips of the visitor, but she repressed it, and said, cheerfully, "You'll have to be busy as a bee to-day, Sarah, for to-morrow morning Henry has promised me the horse and carryall to take you home to father's. Mother's care will soon bring the color back to your cheeks. Here's Willie can think of nothing but bossy and chickens, which I have been telling him about while I hurried through my morning work."

Sarah's eyes sparkled with pleasure as her sister rapidly unfolded this pleasing purpose, but in a moment her brow clouded again, and she answered mournfully, "Thank you,



Helen, but I don't see how I can go. What would become of my husband?" and she heaved a deep sigh.

"I shall do well enough. I shall sleep here, and take my meals with Helen. It was all decided last night, and I'm sorry I forgot to tell you. I want you to stay three or four weeks, until you are stronger and better able to work."

Mr. Grant, as he gazed at his wife, seemed to realize the truth of what her sister had vainly tried to impress upon him the night before. She did, indeed, look exceedingly frail, and often pressed her hand upon her chest, as if suffering.

"By that time Bridget will be back," suggested Mrs. Warner, when he turned to leave the room.

"O, Helen, you never can know how I thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, her eyes glistening with tears of pleasure. "This morning, when I came down to get breakfast, I felt so weak and faint I could hardly stand. I had to ask Edwin to bring in the wood and put on the tea-kettle. I am sure the very air of home will cure me, and then mother's good new milk."

"Yes, yes," responded Mrs. Warner. "Rest and good care are what you need, and what you'll have. I'd keep Willie with me, only the change will do him so much good, and mother will be disappointed. But we must work as well as talk. I can stay till eleven; so you go and lay out all the clothes you want to carry, while I do up the dishes, and then I'll pack them. We must start early, so that I can stay four or five hours in the middle of the day."

In the midst of the cheerful preparations, it was astonishing how quickly the hours flew by. Long before night the arrangements were complete. Mr. Grant's clothes were laid where he could find them, and every article for the short journey on the bed in the spare room. The tired mother retired early to rest, weak and wearied indeed, but with more hopeful feelings at her heart than had been there for many weeks. Dear little Willie lay in his trundle-bed at the side, his head resting on his arm and his mouth wreathed in smiles, as in his dreams he was already at grandpa's. "Poor child!" thought his mother, as she gazed at him, "he has had a hard time since I was sick. How pleased he was to-day when I talked with him of what

he could see. I am afraid I don't manage just right with him, but I'll try to do better when —" Here her thoughts became indistinct, and she was soon fast asleep.

It is not my purpose to speak of the visit home, which lasted nearly a month. Suffice it to say that she returned to L. with recruited strength and spirits, and that her husband declared that she looked not a day older than when she came there a bride. Her little boy too realized the good effects of the journey. His heightened color and merry laugh reminded his father of his appearance before his long and severe illness. Bridget had returned long enough before her arrival to have the house put in order for her. Mr. Grant was in high spirits at her return in good health; altogether life seemed very bright; and the young wife and mother entered again upon her duties with courage and hope.

Thus nearly a year passed pleasantly away, at the end of which time trouble like a dark cloud seemed settling upon their horizon. The speculation in which Mr. Grant had been engaged proved a mere bubble, and burst in his hands. His regular business, for want of attention, yielded but little profit. It became absolutely necessary to retrench in their family expenses. The husband proposed dismissing Bridget. Then followed a proposition to take a few boarders, to both of which the wife consented, though Mrs. Warner urged her disapproval. But she was in perfect health, Willie old enough to go to school, and when at home relieved her by amusing the baby. It was her duty to do what she could to assist her husband.

"Yes," replied the sister, "but you will find it an expensive mode of assistance. If you intend to have boarders, keep Bridget. But my opinion is, if Edwin would give his mind to his business, he could support you in comfort."

Three months later let us visit them once more. It is a cold evening in November. Mr. Grant is smoking in the dining-room, while his wife washes the cups and prepares for the morning meal. The three boarders have just left the house for the village store, or elsewhere; there are no home pleasures to induce them to remain.

"There's that baby again!" fretted Mrs. Grant, as a cry

came from the nursery above. "Do, Edwin, go and still her. She'll kill me, that child will. I declare I am as tired as a dog. Whip her, or do something to make her lie still."

Mr. Grant took a lamp from the table, and walked deliberately up stairs. The children, who had been in bed an hour, were still wide awake, and for a few moments the sound of harsh words, and even a blow, could be distinctly heard below.

"I do wonder what he is doing to those children," muttered the mother, impatiently. "He'll get them all stirred up, and I shall have no peace all night. If I wan't *so* busy I'd go and attend to them myself. What's the matter?" she asked, as her husband returned to the room.

"Nothing," he replied, "only they had been playing, and Willie hurt the baby. He wants some water, but I told him he should n't have any, for keeping her awake. I whipped him, and I think he'll be quiet now;" and he sat down to his pipe again.

In less than ten minutes a little voice was heard at the stairs, "Ma-ma, I want some water. Please give me some water."

"Go right back to bed this minute, you naughty, wicked boy. You'll wake the baby again. Go back, or I'll whip you soundly." The mother spoke sharply, but the boy did not obey.

"Please, ma, let me come down and get some water. I am so thirsty I can't go to sleep."

"No, you shan't have a drop to-night; go right back to bed;" and Mrs. Grant returned to the room, where she was mixing bread, sighing heavily as she exclaimed, "I'm determined to break Willie of that habit of drinking water after he goes to bed. I've enough to do, without waiting upon him. There now," she added, after a pause, "if that is n't enough to provoke a saint! Here I am with my hands all in the bread, and not a particle of saleratus is there in the house."

"Why could n't you mention it before?" inquired her husband, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Because I forgot it; and I guess you'd forget too, if you had as much to think of as I have."

Mr. Grant went out, muttering, "Some women are always complaining;" which remark completely overcame his wife, who was already, as she expressed it, tired to death.

She washed her hands, and made a business of crying, which she had not done before for months, and she had not recovered when, an hour later, her husband returned.

"Hey day! what's the matter now?" he asked in surprise, as he placed the basket upon the table; but, receiving no answer, he passed through the room into the kitchen, and sat down to the reading of a newspaper he had just received.

Aroused by the urgent necessity of her unfinished work, Mrs. Grant arose and resumed her operation of mixing the bread. As might be supposed, she was in no pleasant mood for the task. On the contrary, her heart was filled with anger toward her husband, her children, and all the world. Suddenly she heard the door behind her softly open, and Willie's voice pleading, "Ma, I will be a good boy. If you'll let me have some water this once, I won't ask you again."

The mother was hardly conscious of what she did; but she flew at the child, and gave him a severe blow on his head. She then shook him violently, and pushed him roughly from the room, exclaiming, "Go to bed, you naughty boy, or I'll shut you up in a dark room, and make you stay alone all night." With a low cry of pain, and one earnest, tearful look into his mother's face, Willie slowly retraced his steps to his bed.

What was there in that look which caused such a struggle in the mother's heart; which carried her back to the time when with tears she besought God to spare his life? But she would not yield to these softer emotions. It was a bad habit in the boy to get up after he had gone to bed. She had only done her duty in checking it. Still, turn which ever way she would, those earnest eyes gazed reproachfully into hers. She could not drive them away. Her conscience was aroused, and, in the midst of noisy talk (for the boarders had returned), she plainly heard the still small voice, "You struck him in anger. You refused a reasonable request. Your heart is turned against your child," it repeated again and again. At length, chafed and sore with contending emotions, she hurried through her remaining work, and, merely stopping to ask her husband to



see that the doors were locked, hastened up stairs to retire to bed.

On opening the nursery-door, however, she started back in terror. Willie was sitting upright in bed, his arms tossed wildly over his head, his eyes sparkling, and his cheeks burning with fever.

"Water, *water!*" he whispered through his parched lips, as she ran in haste to his side.

Down stairs she flew, caught up a pitcher from the table, filled it, and, seizing a tumbler from the closet, cried out, "Edwin, for mercy sake, come up stairs!" and sprang back to her boy.

At midnight quite a group were collected in that small room. The village doctor was there, and Aunt Helen, together with one or two neighbors. Willie was in convulsions, and no entreaty could avail with his mother to give up her child. With tearless eyes, cheeks and lips pale as the senseless form she held, she resisted every endeavor to take her boy from her arms. One low wailing cry continually burst from her lips: "O, my Willie! I have killed my darling boy!"

Two days later the child still lived, and the mother hung over him in speechless agony. Not once since his sickness had she shut her eyes in sleep. Her husband, her baby, her family, were all forgotten. She seemed only to live in the pallid, ghastly form by her side, — to breathe when he breathed, — to gasp as he gasped; but, above all, to wait and watch unceasingly for one glance of recognition, one look which shall efface or take possession of that which now burns her brain. She knows not that her babe is removed from the house, that the boarders have sought another home, that her kind sister seldom leaves her, or that her husband wanders about the house, goes and returns with the doctor, and begins to fear that soon he shall have neither wife nor son.

The physician whispers below stairs. A few hours more, only a few hours, and the child will be at rest. Then, what of the mother? hoarsely inquires the father. An ominous shake of the head, and the doctor hurries away to avoid giving a reply.

Yes, in a few hours, Willie's sufferings ended. His breathing grew fainter and fainter, and then entirely ceased.

His eyes had closed for their long sleep. His pale, wan fingers were clasped upon his emaciated breast, which no harsh words could ever again cause to heave with sorrow. Willie's soul had gone to God.

But his mother would not believe it. Upon recovery from a long and death-like swoon, and returning to his bed, she insisted he was better, the crisis was past, he was sweetly sleeping, and would awake conscious. Yes, yes, she urged, he will know me then. She appeared astonished at the overwhelming grief of her husband, who wept in uncontrolled agony. She refused the entreaties of her sister that she would leave the room; but with a ghastly smile pointed to the placid countenance of her boy, and whispered, "He will know me when he awakes."

Upon the pretence of gaining strength for further watching, the physician persuaded her to take a little wine, in which he had mixed a powerful narcotic; and, under the influence of this, she was removed from the room and conveyed to bed, where she lay unconscious that the body of her boy had passed from her sight, that the look which was daguerretyped upon her memory was his last, and must remain with her forever.

Spring had come, the birds warbled in the trees, and built nests for their young. All nature was bursting into new life and beauty, when Mrs. Grant arose from her bed. A new life also had begun in her soul, and from her heart the song burst forth, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." From death had sprung immortal life; and she no longer mourned the death of her first-born, but rather thanked God that to her it had yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Mr. Grant, too, was a changed man. He became once more a tender husband and an affectionate father; and when in time another Willie and two little girls were added to their family, it was his earnest endeavor to coöperate with his wife in everything which would promote their good. Particularly he sought to relieve their mother of every unnecessary burden, that she might devote herself to their comfort and happiness; bearing in mind the divine precept, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

## THE HAPPY HOME.

“Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”

“Here woman reigns : the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.”

WHAT makes home happy? Cheerfulness. 'This is one thing. How much does the sweetness emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness contribute to render a home happy! How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear!

How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the care of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation; and, drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the parental roof!

Once more. In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit — there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health and strength and time, — of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, — occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear, or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as “Christ pleased not himself,” so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

“Does pure religion charm thee,  
Far more than aught below?  
Her dwelling is not only  
In temples built for prayer;  
For home itself is lonely,  
Unless her smiles be there;  
Wherever we may wander,  
'Tis all in vain we roam,  
If worshipless her altar,  
At home — sweet home.”

## NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY E. P. D.

TIME on his viewless wings has sped,  
And one more year of toil has fled.  
One year ! alas, how swift its flight  
To realms of everlasting night !  
We dash away the falling tear,  
And smile to greet the new-born year,  
As full of hope as though the past  
No shadows on our path had cast.  
Yet, since the past hath so deceived,  
Why should the future be believed ?  
'T is hope that lights our future sky ;  
Hope cheers us, though we scarce know why.  
So here the cordial hand we give  
To friends and foes where'er they live,  
In hope that we the year to come  
May meet them through the HAPPY HOME.

What various visions throng the soul  
As onward to life's final goal  
Our footsteps tend ! as, year by year,  
The monarch of the grave draws near.  
A few years more, and we shall be  
The tenants of eternity.  
For soon Death's river will be crossed,  
When we shall mourn probation lost,  
Or dwell in Eden's bowers of love,  
With angels, in the world above,  
Our portion fixed, in woe or bliss,  
According to our deeds in this.

Then let us, ere we try the New,  
The Old Year carefully review ;  
Its follies note, its faults correct,  
And shun the errors we detect ;  
And all our sins to God confess,  
That He may both forgive and bless.

This done, to God we 'll lift our prayer,  
Then take the editorial chair,  
And execute, as best we may,  
The New Year's " purpose of to-day,"



To make our magazine the best  
That's published North, South, East, or West,  
To guide each parent, maid, or miss,  
The way to pure domestic bliss.

Domestic bliss ! how sweet the sound  
To those who have the treasure found !  
That Eden-flower survived the fall ;  
It clings, like ivy, to the wall  
Where virtue dwells, and stands revealed  
The sweetest lily of the field,  
Where all the flowers of earth combine  
To make the landscape half divine.

Domestic life ! the pleasing theme  
Delights us like a poet's dream,  
Suggesting scenes for mental view  
Which fit the Old Year or the New.  
Domestic life ! 't is passing sweet  
Where cares and comforts mingling meet ;  
And where its sweetest bliss is given,  
*That* earthly home resembles heaven.  
Say, reader, have you never seen,  
Not far off from the village green,  
That ancient dwelling, quaint and low,  
With roof moss-covered years ago ?  
See, in its parlor, by the fire,  
Sits, now, an old and gray-haired sire ;  
His wife has passed from time away,  
Nor long has *he* on earth to stay.  
His anchor cast within the vail,  
His bark about to furl her sail,  
And he, exposed to storms no more,  
Just stepping on the sinless shore.

Yet precious memories throng his mind,  
For God hath been both good and kind ;  
And, dew-like, all his path upon  
Hath fallen mercy's benison.  
He thinks of days when joyous love  
Was nestling like a gentle dove  
Within his breast ; when his dear wife,  
His day-star of domestic life,  
With grace did o'er his house preside,  
And how she loved him till she died.  
He calls to mind the happy days  
He spent of yore in prayer and praise,  
When he and his by grace were led,  
And sunshine settled on his head.

He thinks of hours when round his knee  
His children prattled in their glee ;  
And how, when he the babe beguiled,  
Its mother looked on him and smiled.  
Now, feeling he must soon depart,  
He lifts to God a thankful heart,  
That, since his eyes have grown so dim,  
His children's children read to him.  
For with his youngest dwells he now,  
With eighty winters on his brow ;  
And, though with age his form is bent,  
He dwells in peace and calm content ;  
Sequestered from the din of strife,  
Enjoying sweet domestic life,  
He lifts to Heaven his grateful prayer  
For filial love and filial care  
Bestowed on him ; and offers praise  
For all the bliss which crowns his days ;  
For, since his feet have ceased to roam,  
He prizes much his Happy Home.

Dear reader, such may *your* lot be  
When age shall come ; and round your knee  
May children's children read or play  
To cheer the twilight of your day ;  
For this may God our labors bless,  
To crown your home with happiness,  
That calm contentment by your side  
May meekly dwell at eventide.  
And when earth's shadows are withdrawn,  
May faith behold the glorious dawn  
Of sweeter blessings yet to be  
In God's own bright eternity,  
Where ransomed hosts adoring stand,  
With glory crowned, and harp in hand.

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“ EVEN such is time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.”

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

BY A. E. PORTER.

It was a summer's day. I had sent my little boy to school, and, after bidding me "Good afternoon," he had gone down the pathway to the gate, whistling a merry tune. I sat by the open window sewing; a white rose-tree, full of buds and roses, whose pure "petals all unrolled, breathed their perfume freely into the air," had climbed lovingly up by the side of the house, and draped the casement with its green foliage and pearly gems.

I sat with busy fingers, but quiet heart, returning love for the sweet flowers that breathed their life so generously away. Near the white rose was another species, with blossoms of as deep a hue as the crimson tide in my own veins, a rich and rare blossom, royal in name and beauty. Near that a syringa, or mock orange, had rejoiced our eyes, and feasted our sense of smell, with its fragrant clusters. Their beauty had passed away, but the foliage had become dense, and the broad green leaves formed quite a little bower, and wooed to its shade many a rose from the neighbor tree; but it wore its borrowed beauty very meekly, for, underneath the syringa leaves, and amid the thick branches, I found the roses, cherished in a sweet embrace, unseen by the passer-by.

Was it mere accident, or love of the beautiful, that brought a little yellow-bird here to build its nest?

It was a sheltered little spot, entirely hidden from view by the green leaves, and yet on the side nearest the roses. With straw and hair she wove the future home of her offspring, and soon after we found two tiny speckled eggs.

Every day we took a peep into the cosey home, for we were afraid some rude school-boy, entering the yard, would discover the nest, or a storm destroy it. But no such accident happened, and we rejoiced with the parent bird, at length, when two little birdlings burst the shells and cried for food. Now, unfortunately,

we've no baby nor grandma either, in the house,—“the more's the pity,” for no family circle is complete without both,—so that we became as interested in the welfare of these young birds, as many families, more rich in real babies, are in their little children. It was pleasant to watch the mother feeding her twins. An old, mossy apple-tree near, and the rose-bushes, furnished her an ample market, so that she did not need to travel far from home. She was busy and industrious, for she belonged to a species peculiar for their attacks upon the worms so destructive to fruit, and almost any time during the day, if we chanced to look out, we could see her little buff head and orange breast, picking on the brown branches of the old pear-main-tree, or taking a little longer flight to the younger trees in the nursery.

But, alas! bird households have their sorrows as well as our own family circles. One morning we peeped carefully into the little green bower, and only one bird was there. Its mate was gone!—gone before its wings were fledged for flight! Some cruel bird-robber had stolen it away and probably devoured it. We mourned its loss, and its sad fate only made us love the tiny “solitaire” more.

The mother-bird was just as busy for her one child as if she had a nest full. It seemed to me that she seldom went out of sight of the syringa-tree, and felt as fearful of losing her darling as those mothers are who have but one child to cherish.

One summer afternoon, the time to which I referred at the commencement of this sketch, when I sat at the open window by the white rose-tree, I heard the mother-bird making a great outcry. She was on the wing, making circles round the nest, and uttering sounds much louder and very different from any that I had ever before heard from her. I laid aside my work, and went out to watch her. She was very quick and hurried in her motions, now lighting on the apple-tree, now on the pear-tree opposite, then, with a quick motion, on the branch of a small cherry-tree, that shook as the trembling form of the bird sought to balance itself, the next instant on the rose-tree nearest the nest, then making a broader circle, all the time uttering quick sharp notes. Back and forth she went; but



what struck me as very peculiar, was the unusual brightness of her eyes. They stood out prominently, like the most brilliant drops of jet I ever saw, and though she almost burst her little throat with the sounds she made, yet those eyes were fixed all the time upon the nest.

I sat down upon the grass near the syringa to watch her motions, and to try to get a peep at the nest from under the tree. One look made me shudder! Coiled on the branch that held the nest was a snake two feet long, its smooth, shining, striped coat glittering in a sunbeam that fell on the tree. Its head was on the nest, and it was about to seize the poor, trembling bird there, when the latter, struggling to escape, tried its half-fledged wings, and with a half-flying motion fell to the ground. My husband was in the garden, and, coming to the rescue, his snakeship received no mercy, for a few blows on the head rendered him ever after incapable of robbing birds' nests.

The mother-bird was soon on the nest with her little one, half dead from fright. Just as we raised the bird from the ground, and while the snake was writhing in his death-struggle, our little boy returned from school. He stopped suddenly; the merry song, "Wait for the wagon," which he was singing as he bounded along the path, was hushed, and he looked alternately to his father and myself for an explanation. "But she's safe now!" he said, exultingly, as he peeped into the syringa-tree, and then, raising the snake with a long stick, said, "I'll throw it 'way off, where the bird will never see it again."

As he ran along, these words came suddenly into my mind,— "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." Let us guard our children as we may, danger is ever around them. We may surround them with roses; we may fancy their resting-place secure and quiet; but temptation is there. It entered Paradise, came to our Saviour in the desert; it haunts the fairest places of earth, and from its presence none are exempt. Loving mothers, while you are busy providing for the temporal wants of your children, the enemy may come unawares. Ever watch and pray, and remember that all our labor is of no avail, unless we are aided by a Higher Power.

The poor bird could not remove the snake, but, with a loving mother's stratagem, she tried to ward danger from her offspring by attracting his attention to herself, while by her loud cries she gave warning of danger. Her cries were unceasing till help came. It was in reality nothing more than the instinct which God has given the bird to aid her in protecting her young.

The little lone bird, reared with so much care, has now learned to take care of herself, and has left its home and flown away ; but, every time I see the empty nest, I think of my own little one, and of the passage, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch !"

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#### A LESSON FOR BOYS.

Boys are admonished, by a sensible writer, to beware of the following descriptions of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prison for their crimes :

1. Those who ridicule parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath, or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.
8. Those who loaf around grog-shops and drink whiskey.
9. Those who play cards and gamble.
10. Those who visit places of dissipation.
11. Those who reverence not the aged and their superiors.
12. Those who slander others.
13. Those who trifle with honorable love in the other sex.
14. Those who think more of play than of study.

## FAULT-FINDING CURED.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

It was a long time since we had met, — sister Anna and I. When she left home I had seen only eight happy summers; but I can recall the incidents of that morning as vividly as if they had transpired yesterday, instead of twenty years ago.

The bridal party so pleasant; the old minister, cheerful, yet solemn, praying earnestly for those who were to leave the homes of their childhood; our dear father blessing his eldest child; mother smiling through her tears; and I receiving kisses from my dear sister and new brother; — all this I can see now clearly. Then came the parting, to which I was easily reconciled by the promise of a slice of wedding-cake if I would not cry; and another summer they would return and take me with them to their home in a distant state.

But the long-promised visit was, from year to year, delayed. New ties were continually forming among the associations by which they were surrounded; old ties were weakened by absence and separation. Prosperity was their lot for many years; then misfortunes came, and the pleasant place where their children were born, and beneath the shade of whose trees they had played, passed into the hands of strangers; while in a humble home they commenced life anew.

But sad and yet sadder tidings reached us. Anna wrote of the strange dealings of God with her; then the fever came, and in one night she closed the eyes of two loved children, and they were buried in one coffin. Her husband sent us word how they mourned the bright lights that were quenched in their dwelling; but the Lord sustained them.

Other children came, in later years, to cheer the hearts of their stricken parents, but they bore not the names of the departed; for they well knew that in the better land their dear ones still lived.

Now, after a long separation, and the death of her husband, sister was with us again; and, although she would have lingered near the last resting-place of her heart's treasures, yet, to our earnest solicitations, she yielded, and blessed us again with her presence.

How pleasant, now, to render her those kind attentions which were in our power, that she might feel less the desolations that had visited her! And we had the sweet happiness to know that the severed tendrils of her heart were healed.

The influence shed forth from a sanctified sorrow is always of a gentle and sympathetic nature. My children soon loved "Aunt Anna" almost as well as they did me; and they were never disappointed when they carried their joys and griefs to her, for she was as ready to increase the former as to alleviate the latter. How much the cousins enjoyed playing together! They never quarreled, for her little ones yielded pleasantly to mine when a difference of opinion arose. I could not possibly divine the secret of that discipline which could govern by a *look*.

Anna was always patient and self-possessed; no petulant or taunting word ever escaped her lips. I was pleasant naturally, and did well when everything went smoothly; but I had never felt the necessity of self-control.

I remember, once, when I had sent my eldest daughter from the room, for exhibiting an improper spirit, which I knew was only a shadow from my own, sister Anna looked up to me so sadly, and yet so mildly, that I felt reproved; but, not liking to appear so, I said, in a light manner, "You know, sister, I have not that wonderful faculty you possess. I suppose you never got out of patience with your children in your life; but mine act so I cannot help it."

"Ellen," she replied, "I have spoken and acted in many times; yes, *many more* than I wish I had. I have spoken to you on this subject for some time, yet have been fruitless; but I think I must tell you when and where I learned the hard lessons of *self-discipline*. Some time I will tell, if you wish," she added, after a pause.

Dear Anna, how kind and gentle! I never thought that



she had spoken a harsh word to any one; but I made her heart ache that morning, and now the sad past must be recalled for my warning.

That evening, after our children were quiet in bed, I drew the little work-table before our pleasant coal fire, and sat down with my sewing, while Anna, as usual, took a book to read to me until my husband should come in from his office.

She did not commence at once, and, when I looked up, I saw that her feet were braced against the fender, and the expression on her countenance was of a mental struggle. I suspected the cause, and after a few moments, with a tremulous voice, she said :

"Ellen, *once I had two little girls*, just as you have now; and yours bear such a strong resemblance to what mine were at their ages, that I have them continually associated together.

"For several years after we were married Edward was successful in business; every want, real or imaginary, could be supplied, and we were very happy. I always kept help, and had an opportunity to give my family that attention which I ought, without being wearied by a multiplicity of calls upon my time, which I had neither strength nor ability to meet.

"We were satisfied with ourselves and each other, and never felt the necessity of going abroad for enjoyment; and we likened our happy home to Paradise before the tempter entered it.

"Anna, my oldest girl, was one of the sweetest children I ever saw. There was a pensive softness blended with a sincere spiritual expression on her countenance, which seemed to show a yearning for purer happiness than is found on earth. After she was two years old there was no occasion for me to correct her. 'Is it right for me to do this?' or, 'Will it please my mother?' were the only questions to be settled.

"Ellen, your namesake, was just the opposite. She was a pretty, light-hearted child, full of fun and frolic, and often forgetting to ask 'mother's permission' until her amusement was all over.

"How often I have wished since that I had learned the heavenly art of self-discipline in those days of sunshine! How it would have lightened my future labors, how clearly revealed

a silver lining to the clouds of sorrow which soon darkened my horizon!

"It is but little that we know of ourselves until adversity comes; and then, too often, we realize the humbling truth that much of our fancied goodness is only the result of circumstances.

"When my husband failed we changed our home, dismissed our help, and I commenced the double duty of practising the strictest economy and performing the daily labor for my family. I knew the *theory* of housekeeping, but the practical part was quite a different affair.

"I became ambitious. I wanted people to see how *smart* I was, and how little I cared for the change of fortune. I determined that my children should look just as they did when I had *more time* and a *great deal more money* to bestow upon them. Ah! the evil one was entering our garden,—*had entered it*, I should say,—but he was in so respectable a form I did not suspect or know he was there.

"Outwardly everything was fair, and I was possessed of a kind of satisfaction that I succeeded in my plans so well; my proud heart was gratified; but, overtaking myself in this foolish desire to 'keep up appearances,' my health sank, and I became irritable and petulant.

"I found cause for displeasure in my husband; I found fault with my children, and with circumstances around, which I imagined were conspiring against me.

"My husband saw and felt the change, but he loved me too well to allude to it. I knew my children felt it too; but, instead of seeking rest, and praying for strength from above to bear my trials, I vented my ill-humor on every one with whom I came in contact.

"The apostle says, 'FATHERS, provoke not your children to wrath!' I have often wondered why it did not say *mothers*, too. I know I needed the admonition; but perhaps I should not have heeded it. Yet I suppose I am included in the address.

"My happy Ellen always seemed to catch a glimpse of a rainbow, even when the clouds were the darkest; but it was

not so with Anna. She felt for me, and would devise every way she could to lighten my labors. It was surprising how useful she made herself. I do not believe she ever thought I could do wrong. O, would that the love and confidence, which flowed forth so freely from her heart, had been better deserved!

"One Thanksgiving morning, when I was more wearied than usual, by the exertions which I had been making to have everything just as mother used to at that time, I stepped to the door to shake my table-cloth. I noticed a clothes-pin, which had been dropped in the yard, and was covered by the light snow. Picking it up, I returned to the kitchen, where Anna was washing the dishes, and tossed the pin into the sink, at the same time telling her to wash it when she cleaned her sink.

"She did so; and, as I passed her to go to the pantry, she held the pin playfully over the spout, saying, 'There, mother, that could go down there.' The words had not passed her lips before it slipped through her wet fingers, and was lodged in the pipe. Anna was very sorry; but I did not think of that, for I was angry. Several times I had met with trouble from the closing of the pipe, and now I saw a renewal of difficulties. So I called her 'a careless girl,' and spoke harshly to her; but my husband was near, and his kind words had power to scatter the gathering clouds. The storm passed over, and the sky became comparatively clear; yet there was one dark shadow, all unseen, which hung over a loving and wounded heart.

"The next morning Anna found out that the clothes-pin could be seen; and, anxious to repair the 'mischief' of the previous day, she took a fork and tried to reach it. She dislodged the pin; but it passed further down, and the fork followed it.

"O, mother!" she said, in a distressed tone, "*I have lost the fork too!*"

"*I knew it was an accident*; and that I could not recollect the time when she had *wilfully* disobeyed me; yet, in the face of all this, and the love she bore me, I blamed her in severe terms. I told her I could not trust her to do anything; that

she hindered me more than she helped me, and that I chose to do my work alone, if I could not have better assistance than she was disposed to give. Why, O why, did I not speak kindly to her?

"Very often have I been waked in the morning by sound of her pleasant voice, from the adjoining bed-room, inquiring, 'Mother, what have you to do to-day?' and if she was answered that it was *washing, ironing, or baking*, she would say, 'Now, mother, you won't work hard, will you? Because it will make you feel sick.'

"Anna made no reply when I reproved her, but, turning away with a sorrowful face, took her low chair and sat down by the stove. I saw her struggling to repress her feelings, and, in my blinding passion, I called it *temper*. So I went to her, and said, 'Anna, are you angry with mother?' She shook her head, but did not speak. 'Then,' I continued, 'why do you act as if you were?'

"She could contain herself no longer; the fountain of her tears was broken up, and, throwing her arms around my neck, as I bent over her, she sobbed out, '*O, mother, I can't do anything right! I am not good for anything! What shall I do? I don't know what!*'

"No wonder she could not tell what to do, when I had called darkness, light; and light, darkness; put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, and given it to her to drink! Ah! she was '*discouraged*,' and I had made her so. Her father was moved by my injustice, and her plaintive moan went to his heart; still, not by a word would he lessen my authority over the children; but, going to her, he gently disengaged her arms from my neck, while he talked in soothing accents.

"*I was ready to do so then*; I felt rebuked, and, kissing her, told her 'I was hasty; that she almost always did just as I wished. I called her 'my little helper, whom I could not do without,' and she kissed back again, while, with the tear-traces on her cheek, she went to the breakfast-table, and I hoped my wicked words were all forgotten; but I was mistaken. As I was preparing the dinner for the children to take with



them to school, Anna begged to be allowed to return at noon, as she should not feel like *playing* if she remained. When her father commenced the removal of our '*sink difficulties*,' she was constantly blaming herself. Her little sister brought in our morning's milk, and placed it upon the breakfast-table. In passing, her father accidentally overset it. Then Anna cried again, and said, 'if she had not done wrong, father would have been at his work, and the accident would not have happened.' Had I not '*discouraged*' her by my fault-finding? As the sisters took their satchels and dinner-pail, Anna looked back and said, 'I do not think I shall get my lessons right. I am afraid I shall miss.'

"All day long that sweet, sad face was before me, and the words, '*I can't do anything right*,' rang in my ears.

"I felt like one awakening from a dream. I saw how foolishly I had acted in bartering the happiness of those around me, for the paltry gain of flattery and show. 'The opinion others might have of me seemed not worth a straw, and I prayed for divine help to begin a new life, which, by its devotion to duty, should atone, in some measure, for the errors of the past.

"That night, when the children returned from school, Ellen complained of a sore throat and commenced vomiting. My worst fears were realized. In less than one week both were prostrated by fever. How I longed, whilst I watched by their sick-beds, to hear some expression of irritability, that I might show them how kind I could be! But even this consolation was denied me. The most nauseous medicines were taken without a murmur. I prayed that my dear children might be spared to me. But when I thought of the unfaithfulness of other days, I said, 'Let not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.' You know the rest.

"Now, Ellen, you have heard my story. If I have a better faculty for '*getting along*,' I have acquired it at the foot of the cross. Strive, my dear sister, to learn the heavenly art of self-control, if you would be spared the reproaches of conscience which I have so righteously endured."

## PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

BY C. KIMBALL.

IN the town of —— there lived a mother in Israel, who was blessed with a lovely family of children, growing up around her in the fear of the Lord. Her children were indeed buds of promise, blossoms which were to yield fruit unto eternal life. They were all hopefully converted to the faith of the Gospel in the morning of life, and were strongly attached to each other, not only by the ties of natural affection, but by those holier bonds which unite in one body all the members of the household of faith. They lived together as heirs of grace, and rejoiced in hope of a life of honor and pleasure amidst the brighter scenes of a blissful immortality. It was indeed a happy family, — happy in their endeavors to assist, please, and honor their parents; in their domestic labors; in their meditations; in the study of the Bible; in looking unto Jesus for pardon, peace, justifying righteousness, hope, strength, faith, holiness, and eternal life; and in doing good to all as they had opportunity, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. If one member suffered, all suffered with it; and if one was honored, all rejoiced with it.

The joyful mother looked upon her rising family with animated hope and reasonable expectation that they would prove a blessing to herself, to the church, and to the world; nor was she disappointed. On being asked by what course of training she had been the instrument of leading her children so early to Christ, she replied in substance as follows: “When I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed from their sins in the blood of Jesus; when I dressed them, I prayed that they might be clothed with the righteousness of Christ; when I fed them, I prayed that they might be fed with that living bread which came down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never hunger, and be nourished with that living water

of which if a man drink he shall never thirst." Thus she habitually commended her little ones to the mercy and compassion of her precious Redeemer, seeking for them, first of all, those gracious influences so essential to their renovation, sanctification, and meetness for the service and enjoyment of God in his holy and spiritual kingdom. She felt her dependence, and acknowledged it. She knew her weakness, and rejoiced that an arm, almighty to uphold, was stretched out for her relief. On that arm she was enabled to rest, and derived from it strength equal to her day. Feeling her entire inability to produce a radical, saving change in the dispositions of her children, she looked up to God, as the boundless source of grace and salvation, for that spiritual renovation, which no human agency could ever effect. Her eye was not dim nor misdirected. Her confidence was not misplaced. Her hope, resting upon the eternal Rock, was not shaken. Her expectation did not fail. To her the divine promises were a bright reality. She read in her Bible, Ask, and ye shall receive; call, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not. Some of these great and mighty things she soon received. Her children, one after another, were converted, till all of them, as she hoped, were secure and joyful in the ark of safety. Her conversation and deportment before her household were as chaste and consistent as her prayers were unremitting and fervent.

Had Paine been blessed with such a mother he would not have been ruined by infidelity, nor cursed the world by his "Age of Reason." Like Wilberforce, he might have shone with uncommon brightness as a statesman and a Christian, and left to the world a pattern of godliness to be admired and imitated, and reared for himself a splendid monument of intellectual and moral greatness. Had Hume and Bolingbroke been trained by such mothers, they would not have dipped their pen in gall, nor poured upon the world a tide of corrupt principles and debasing sentiments, to pollute and destroy the superficial and unwary in coming generations. Their powerful intellects, controlled and sanctified by the grace of God, might have been employed for the highest purposes of good. Like John Newton

and Thomas Scott, they might have studied and prayed, and sent forth productions, evangelical, pungent, and practical, adapted to arrest wandering sinners, and bring them back to Christ and to heaven.

Should such mothers be found at the head of all the families in the United States for thirty years to come, what a gratifying change would be realized in the social, civil, and religious condition of the nation! How much sin would be prevented! How many unhappy divisions, broils, and animosities, we should escape! What happy families, peaceful neighborhoods, quiet villages, prosperous churches, and flourishing towns and cities, would be sprinkled over this great republic! The ministers of religion, with highly cultivated intellects, devout and spiritual, earnest in their profession, and deeply devoted to the responsible work of winning souls to Christ, would preach to full and interested congregations. The Bible would be studied with diligence and prayer. The Sabbath would be sanctified, and would be regarded not only as a day of rest, but of spiritual consolation, and moral and religious improvement. The rising generation would receive a good common and religious education throughout the land. Social order would prevail. Intemperance and outbreking crime would be nearly or quite unknown. But few would be found in our almshouses, and still less in our houses of correction, jails, and state penitentiaries. Crimes deserving capital punishment would be extremely rare. Trained to habits of industry and economy, families would generally be furnished with a competence of earthly good, and millions would be annually saved which are now consumed in extravagance, folly and sin. There would be far less of wild speculation, and much more of sober, honest industry. Acts of treachery and fraud upon a mammoth scale would be unknown. Men of tried integrity and earnest piety would be entrusted with the immense interests of our banking institutions and large moneyed corporations. Our country would be blessed with a pious, industrious yeomanry, with upright and successful merchants, and with religious mechanics. Those to whom is committed the education of the young would not only be highly intellectual, but apt to



teach and deeply religious. Pious, well educated physicians would attend upon the sick, and pray with the dying. The law and the bench would be furnished with men of principle, men of piety, wise, judicious, benevolent, able to discriminate, and willing to do right. Our rulers in the state and national governments, both in the legislative and executive departments, would be wise and good men, able to investigate, disposed to legislate upon righteous principles, and to seek the highest welfare of their constituents, both in state and nation. Our seminaries of learning would be fountains of sanctified literature and science, and those who leave them annually would prove blessings to the world. A spirit of Christian benevolence would be generally diffused, converts to righteousness be multiplied, the kingdom of Christ would come, and the land be filled with salvation. To employ the beautiful language of Scripture, "Our sons would be as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters, as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Our garner would be full, affording all manner of store. Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

Such would be the result of correct religious parental training. Dear reader, are you a parent? You see from these remarks what is your position and influence, what by a right exercise of your powers you may accomplish for yourself, your household, and the world. Are your children, who have reached maturity, devotedly pious? If not, may it not be well to inquire for the cause? Have you been in your family all you might have been,—wise, active, watchful, prayerful, holy, and entirely consecrated to the great end of life, which is to glorify God in doing good? I ask the question to excite you to thought. What I say to you, I say also to myself. If we have not done for those under our care all we might have done, let us begin now, begin in earnest, persevere in duty, depending unceasingly upon God for his gracious aid, and be faithful unto death. It is not too late to try. God will assist us, Jesus will help us, the Spirit will aid us in our glorious work. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

## CULTIVATE HOME AFFECTIONS.

## SELECTED.

HOME enjoyments, home affections, home courtesies, cannot be too carefully or steadily cultivated. They form the sunshine of the heart; they bless and sanctify our private circle; they become a source of calm delight to the man of business after a day of toil; they teach the merchant, the trader, the working-man, that there is something purer, more precious even than the gains of industry. They twine themselves round the heart, call forth its best and purest emotions and resources, enable us to be more virtuous, more upright, more Christian in all our relations of life. We see, in the little beings around us, the elements of gentleness, of truth, and the beauty of fidelity and religion. A day of toil is robbed of many of its cares by the thought that in the evening we may return home, and mingle with the family household. There, at least, our experience teaches us, we may find confiding and loving bosoms; those who look up to and lean upon us, and those, also, to whom we may look for counsel and encouragement. We say to our friends, one and all, cultivate the home virtues, the household beauties of existence. Endeavor to make the little circle of domestic life a cheerful, an intelligent, a kindly, and a happy one. Whatever may go wrong in the world of trade, however arduous may be the struggle for fortune or fame, let nothing mar the purity of reciprocal love, or throw into its harmonious existence the apple of discord. The winter evenings afford many hours for reading, for conversation, the communion of heart and of spirit, and such hours should be devoted, as much as possible, not only to mental and moral improvement, but to the cultivation of what may emphatically be termed the *home virtues*.

## Editor's Miscellany.

### BIBLICAL NOTES.

MAT. 6: 34—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THESE words conclude the Saviour's argument against worldliness, the undue pursuit of earthly treasures, or improper anxiety about them. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." This is equivalent to the declaration to-morrow will have its own anxieties. Anticipate them not, so as to disturb your peace. By the wise appointment of God, every day has trials sufficient to accomplish the end of probation. Let not apprehension transfer future trials from the place in the divine plan where God has fixed them, and where only he will bestow his grace to support us under them. Neither let us afflict ourselves with imaginary ills that may never be realized. Let not Christian equanimity or peace of mind be disturbed by borrowed trouble.

The beauty and force of the Saviour's language in this passage depend on its particularity, individualizing *each day*, and also upon his personification making the day *care* for itself. The caution which he gives is applicable both to the natural man and to the spiritually minded, for all are exposed and prone to the sin of borrowing trouble. Before the fall, humanity was free from this exposure. When God said to our first parents in a state of innocence, "in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," he spoke to their fear of a real and great danger. But the apostacy disturbed the harmony of the intellectual faculties, infected and deadened the sensibilities. It delivered apprehension from her subjection to reason, an enlightened conscience, and a pure heart, and filled her with the fear of unreal and borrowed ills. In her vagrant course, she flies down the vista of the future and returns with bared breast and bleeding wing, harbingers of coming woes.

But to this sin all are not equally exposed; the ardent and sanguinary more, the reflecting and phlegmatic less, than others. Yet

external temptations appeal to all and entice them to commit it. Who has not suffered incomparably more from imagined than from real misfortune? To whom has not apprehension cried as Delilah to Samson, "the Philistines be upon thee?" Even Christians sanctified but in part, especially the distrustful and timid, are subject far too much to her tyrannous sway. Their love to Christ casts not out from their breasts the fear of death and of evils from which he has procured their deliverance, or under which he has pledged them sufficient support. Present afflictions are not improved because those more severe are apprehended; their tranquillity is disturbed; the spirit of God is resisted; growth in grace hindered; the fruits of righteousness embittered and destroyed; and life wasted in the forbidden pursuit of borrowing trouble.

While, therefore, we concede that this injunction of Christ was well suited to the disciples of the apostolic age, subject to Jewish and heathen persecutions, yet we claim that it is applicable to Christians and to men of all ages and countries. Alas! how prone we are to distress ourselves with the fear of death, as if Christ had not vanquished him. How often the fond mother looks on her infant resting quietly upon her breast, and weeps at the thought of parting with it. She pictures to herself the scenes of its death and funeral, and dwells upon them till, overpowered by her emotions, she resigns herself to grief, forgetful of her Saviour's words, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." In the absence of her husband, she fears he may not return, and imagines him dreadfully injured, dying, dead, by reason of a collision of the cars, or of the conflagration, of the steamer in which he journeyed; or, perhaps, waylaid and murdered by robbers. She sees herself a widow, clad in the habiliments of mourning, sorrowful and comfortless, when lo, she hears his returning footstep, springs from her delirium, casts herself into his embrace and welcomes him home. To her he is life from the dead.

But it is not woman's sensitive heart alone that is moved by fictitious scenes of woe. Stern manhood often quails before them. An affectionate husband is afflicted by the apprehension of his other and better self, sick, dying, or dead, by the idle fancy of his children bereft of their fond mother's care, of his house converted into a sepulchre, and of his own life turned into a constant communion with death. Alas! Why imagines he himself at his wife's funeral, when behold she is by his side in health and beauty, and, when loving her as himself, he ought to be happy in her society? Where is the merchant



who never imagined himself a bankrupt?—the agriculturist who never needlessly feared the destruction of his crops?—the mechanic who never fancied the implements of his industry in other hands, or himself poor and oppressed?—the man, woman, or child, who never trembled under the apprehension of ills which they never experienced? The sin of borrowing trouble is lamentably common, and deserves rebuke.

It is opposed to the genius of revelation that is mild and pacific—to the precepts which forbid all murmuring and repining—to those that require contentment with such things as we have—to such as enjoin perfect trust in God, a peace of mind as lovely and amiable as that of an infant in its mother's arms, a faith working by love and enabling us to say of adversity "it is well," and to bless God for affliction.

It is opposed to the divine character and plan of government. When clouds and darkness are round about him, we can rest in the assurance, "righteousness and judgment inhabit his throne." He would have us like himself, wise, holy, just and good. By his economy, grace is apportioned to trials, but is not bestowed till these fall upon us; it is never dispensed in advance, nor to sustain us under fictitious wo.

We have not now grace to endure martyrdom for we are not called to a baptism of fire or of blood. We have not dying grace, because we are busily occupied with the cares and duties of life. Parents, whose children play around them need grace to nurture them for God, not to mourn over them dead. The husband, to whom I have referred, should love his wife as himself; and the wife should reverence him, for neither is at present called to surrender the other to the stern conqueror.

Grace is not like wine, improveable by age, and capable of preservation in bottles, but, rather like the air, free and abundant, but suited only to present use and to supply future necessities when they become present. Everything is beautiful in its time, but out of season almost anything may prove quite hurtful. If we will borrow afflictions we ought to be distressed by them, and not to expect grace to sustain us under them. If we will hang mill-stones about our neck, we deserve to sink and perish.

This sinful habit hinders the commencement and progress of grace, excluding from the soul all the comfort of the promises, the peace of God, the reign of the Spirit, and the nobler and richer endowments of grace. It is not oil, but sand upon the machinery. He who yields

to it always perceives a lion in the path of his duty, and advances not near enough to see the chain which confines him. He dwells in the slough of despondence so long that he is chilled and stiffened and cannot climb Pisgah and view the promised land. He is like Jeremiah, a weeping prophet, always foretelling burdens or uttering lamentations. He is like the miner of Peru or Siberia, dwelling so long beneath the ground and in the dark, that he cannot see in the light and breathes the fresh and salubrious air with difficulty. He is like a bird submerged in water, or a fish in the air, out of his native element, in which God fitted all things for his use and joy. He explores the future in those respects in which God has wisely hid it from the view of mortals, and labors against his own interest and welfare. This perverse habit is a kind of scissors with which he cuts short his thread of life—persevered in, it excludes the soul from heaven, for it is allied to “strife, seditions, heresies, envyings . . . revilings, and such like,” of which it is written “they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Or if the borrower of trouble is saved, it will be as by a miracle of grace, so as by fire, just saved and no more. He will not enter the inner circle about the throne; he will not shine as a star of the first magnitude in the celestial firmament. Let us, therefore, live separate from this sin, and adopt this for our motto: *present grace for present trials and future grace for future trials when they become present.*

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## PASSING EVENTS.

### FOREIGN.

OUR summary in our last number chronicled events to the 10th of November. As circumstances render it desirable to anticipate the usual day of publication and issue our January number on the first of December, we can report events only prior to the latter date.

England and France do not agree respecting the state of Naples and the country about it, the first urging their interference and more stringent measures than the second will adopt. The latter of these countries is in an unquiet state, several classes of her artisans and laborers being disaffected with the hard times, the scarcity of money and the high prices of food and other articles of home consumption.

These had occasioned some riotous placards to be posted in the streets of Paris, and had developed other signs of insurrection which demanded special vigilance and activity on the part of the police and officers. The great loss of bullion in the banks of these two countries is attributable to the reduction of their productions for the last year in consequence of the war of the Crimea, to the influx of gold from California and Australia, which has quickened enterprise and increased expenditure and extravagance, and hence also to the larger demand in those countries for the exports of China and India, where labor has advanced from six to fifteen cents a day, thus leaving a balance in favor of the latter countries, the last year, of more than forty millions. By last accounts, it appears that this commercial pressure is somewhat relieved.

The Neapolitans continue their preparations for defense, and against them England and France assume a less threatening attitude.

The English and Dutch colonies in South Africa are apprehensive of another war with the Caffrees, in consequence of a fanatic, related to their principal chief, who, by false prophecies, leads them to believe in the near approach of a revolution which shall restore their dead to life and their plundered cattle to their repossession, and which shall re-establish the government of their fathers and displace the Europeans.

The Asiatic cholera raged in the most fatal manner in some parts of India, in October, slaying its thousands, often terminating fatally in two hours. There had also been great loss both of property and of life along the banks of the Indies and the Ganges by the inundation of these rivers.

#### AMERICAN.

From Cuba, we learn that not only Coolies but Africans are landed from American and English vessels, and sold for slaves. Why are not the laws of these nations executed which pronounce such deeds crimes and threaten them with condign punishment?

The Republic of Mexico continues in a state of revolution, Gen. Vidaurri and others endeavoring to overthrow the government of President of Comonforts; some cities and districts being allied to one, and some to the other. To preserve order in Mexico and Central America, the United States may yet be constrained to take possession of the continent down to the Isthmus.

The stupendous work has been completed of connecting Boston, Portland, and other parts of New England, by continuous lines of railroad, with Montreal, Quebec and Toronto; and the completion of the enterprise was appropriately celebrated at Montreal by a grand fete, in which the Canadians met and mingled their rejoicings with large delegations from the commercial cities and rural districts of New England.

#### *Disasters.*

A sad collision occurred, in November, between the barque Adriatic and the French steamer Lyonnais, off Buzzard's Bay. The barque was injured but escaped without the loss of her crew; but the steamship was ruined and many of her company lost their lives.

Very destructive fires have recently occurred in La Grange, Ga., at Three Rivers, Canada, and at Syracuse, N. Y. In the latter, some lives were lost, and property was destroyed to the amount of \$1,000,000.

Kansas continues in an unquiet state; the war still rages between the pro-slavery and free-state parties, of which the latter are acknowledged by the former to be in the majority. We rejoice in the supplies sent from the towns and cities of the North to relieve and supply the wants of the settlers in that territory during the winter.

Walker's forces, encouraged by recent success, appear to gain strength in Nicaragua.

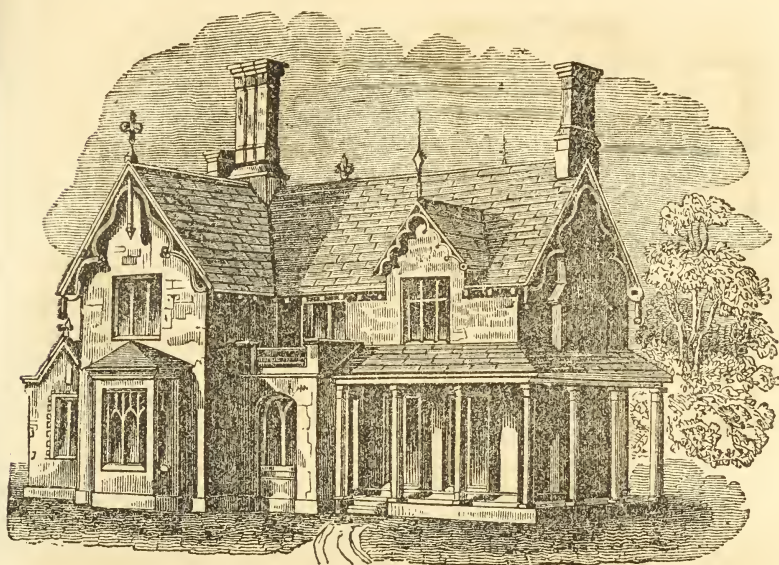
The Indians in Oregon and Washington territories continue hostile to the settlers, but how far their hostility is in retaliation of wrongs which they have suffered, we have no means to determine.

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#### THE CHINA TEA ROSE.

Of the rose, there are many species and varieties which hybridization and other arts constantly multiply. Among the specimens recently added to the list, one of the best of the tea variety is that of which we give a colored plate in this number of the Happy Home. It is unrivalled for the delicacy of its hues and the sweetness of its fragrance. It was raised by M. Marest, of Paris, and introduced to English and American horticulturists by the September number of "The Florist, Fruitist, and Garden Miscellany," published in London. This, the editors of that Magazine pronounce, "very desirable and beautiful, fragrant and quite hardy." It grows in that latitude in the border without protection during the winter. It bids fair to become one of the most popular and delightful specimens of this favorite flower.

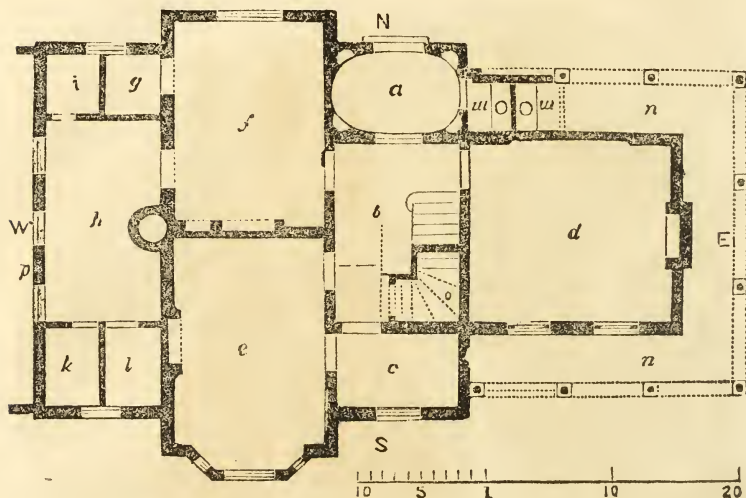




## COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

## DESCRIPTION OF A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

IN the ground-plan, with the points of compass indicated by the letters N. S. E. W., *a* is the extreme porch, which is to be finished with a covered roof, and to have Gothic niches at the angles, for statues, or vases for flowers. From this you pass to the hall and staircase (*b*), by a Venetian door, the upper part of which may be glazed with stained glass; thence to a small ante-room (*c*), which may be used as a book closet, or, having a good southern exposure, as a conservatory for plants. From this there may be a glazed door leading to a piazza, surrounding the eastern wing of the cottage. From the hall you enter the dining room, (*d*), the two windows of which may be brought down to the floor, and open like French casements, so as to lead out to the piazza. From the hall you likewise enter the drawing room, (*e*), which may have a glazed door opening into the conservatory. If preferred, *e* may be made the dining-room, and then a communication may be made with the kitchen, (*f*). From the kitchen there is a door leading to a closet, or pantry (*g*), and another to the back kitchen or wash-house, with a copper, (*h*); a larder for meats, (*i*); a place for cleaning knives, boots, lamps, etc., (*k*); and a store room, (*l*). There are two water closets, (*m. m.*) both under cover; one entering from the porch, the other from the piazza. Under the principal staircase is a flight of steps, (*o*), shut in by a



door descending to the cellar. Behind the wash-house, (at *p*), is a kitchen yard, which may be surrounded by a high fence, and covered with shrubbery; where may be the wood-house, privy, well, etc.

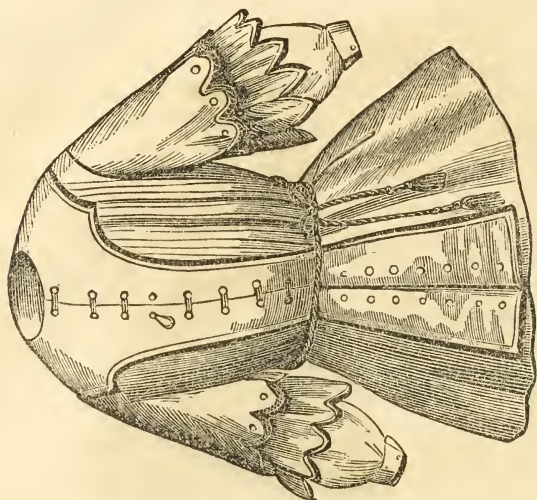
On the chamber floor over the stairs is their landing, and over (*c*) in the ground plan is a balcony entered from the staircase window. There are chambers over *d*, *f*, *c*. Between the two latter are a passage and closets. For a small family, this is a very neat, tasteful and economical design.

## FASHIONS.

We are indebted to "The Beau Monde," for this beautiful winter style of cloak and ladies dresses. The form is one of the most graceful introduced this season, being that of a large sized shawl, composed of the richest Genoa velvet. The back is rather more than a yard in depth, and the fronts are of corresponding length. The decorations are in keeping with the rich material; a row of guipure lace, six inches wide, surrounds the entire garment, the lower edge is wrought in deep scallops, enriched by light graceful leaves, forming a wreath which encircles the entire edge. From the scallops descends a heavy fall of fringe, nearly as wide as the lace; a narrow border of jet forms a rich heading to the lace, and gives an air of richness to the garment. The neck is finished with a medium sized collar, forming points in front and back, to correspond with the body of the garment; a border of lace and fringe, headed by a narrow border of jet, forms a finish to the edge. A narrow border of guipure and jet surrounds the neck, and extends down the fronts. The lining is of heavy Turk satin, quilted in a double diamond pattern.





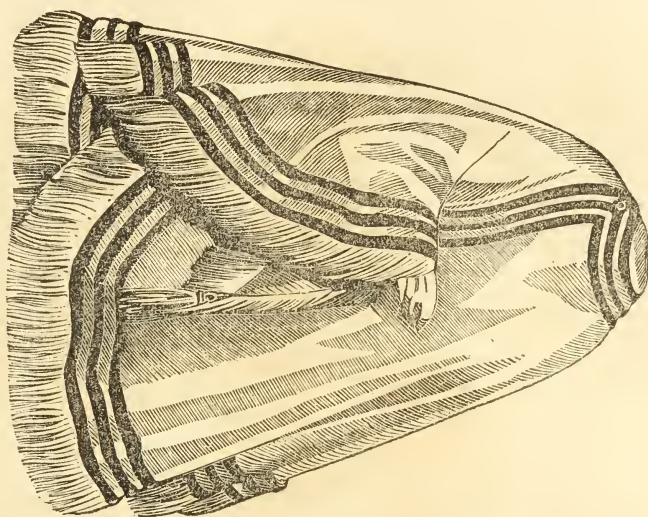


OVER DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.

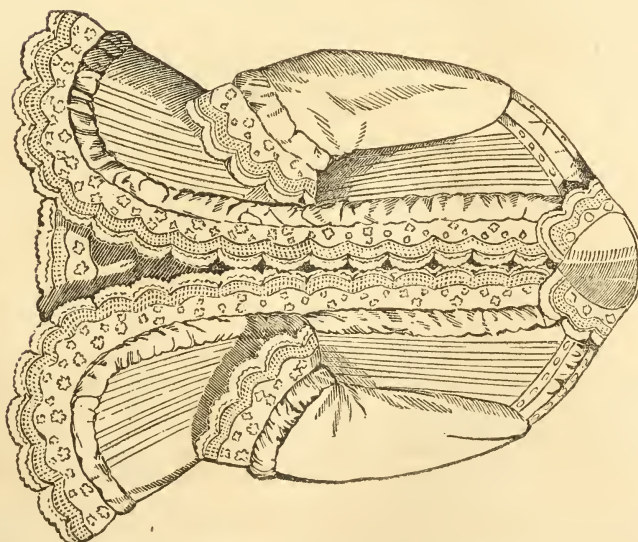


BERTHE CAPE.





THE MARION.



SACK OF CAMBRIC FOR MORNING DRESS.

## A BLOW AT THE HOOP.

It is not the boy trundling his hoop to whom this caption refers; but the ridiculous hoop-dresses of certain ladies who value themselves by their conformity to fashion. A gentleman who was lately returning from his office in this city to a suburban town, entered an omnibus. His first step towards a seat, influenced somewhat by the sudden motion of the coach, brought his right foot in contact with a lady's dress; and as, with a hasty expression, he strove to extricate it from the embraces of the hoop, he was suddenly plunged forward, and in a twinkling found his left foot in the same unfortunate connection with a hoop on the other side. This was more than our hero had bargained for. For a moment he seemed fairly nonplussed. "Good heavens, madam!" said he, and then nervously pulling the strap, he cried, "stop, driver! stop! stop! stop! I thought I was getting into an omnibus; but I find it's a cooper's shop!"

## GOLD ! GOLD !! GOLD !!!

The following by Tom Hood, is one of the most remarkable stanzas in the language. It is one of the last of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg :—"

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered, rolled,  
 Heavy to get and light to hold,  
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
 To the very verge of the churchyard mold;  
 Price of many a crime untold;—

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !  
 Good or bad, a thousand fold,  
 How widely its agencies vary;  
 To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,  
 As even its minted coin express—  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
 And now of bloody Mary.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.—1. Engage in no business inconsistent with the strictest morality—none in which you cannot daily seek the blessing of the Most High.

2. Follow your chosen vocation—and that alone—whatever temptations to speculation or rapid acquisition may present themselves.

3. Adopt no "tricks of trade," however sanctioned by custom, that involve deception or untruthfulness.

4. Never incur a debt beyond your resources.

5. Always live within your means.

6. Devote a fixed portion of your income beforehand to charitable uses, to be employed and accounted for as systematically as family expenditures.

## MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,  
 Around the dripping eaves;  
 And where its pinions stop to play,  
 Among its fallen leaves.  
 There's music in the river's flow,  
 Along the pebbly shores  
 When all the winds have gone to sleep,  
 And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,  
 I hear through evening shade,  
 And in the low of distant herds,  
 Returning from the glade.  
 There's music in the household tones  
 That greet the sad or gay,  
 And in the laugh of innocence  
 Rejoicing in its play,

But there is music sweeter far  
 In memory than this—  
 The music of my mother's voice  
 Now in the land of bliss;  
 A music time may never still—  
 I hear it in my dreams.  
 When all the fondness of her face  
 Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear,  
 In mansions in the skies—  
 But there is not a sound on earth,  
 Like mother's gentle voice.  
 The tears are in my clouded eye,  
 And sadness in my brain,  
 As nature whispers in my heart—  
 She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs,  
 Her like is never known;  
 The records of affection speak  
 Of only, only one!  
 And brighter will that record grow  
 Through all the changing years—  
 The oftener to the lip is pressed  
 The cup of sorrow's tears.

## ITEMS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

**GOOD MANNERS.**—Ministers should teach good manners to the people, kindness, courtesy, sociability, affability, and hospitality. Solomon did this, so did Paul, and Jesus Christ. Some professors are sour, crabbed, morose, unsociable, inhospitable, repulsive in their exterior, lack common respect, and good breeding, especially to strangers. Is this Gospel?

**"BE COURTEOUS" AT HOME.**—Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home, to your husband, to your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgement! if your husband, ah! it's a matter of course, no need of thanks. Should an acquaint-

ance tread on your dress, your best, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "Never mind, don't think of it, I don't care at all!" if a husband does it, he gets a frown, if a child, it is chastised. "Ah! these are little things," say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you, little as they are. A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He sees nothing for which to apologize—never thinks of such matters. Everything is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable. He goes home, where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out, don't see why things can't be kept in order; there never were such cross children before. No apologies accepted at home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweetly they sound, those little words, "I thank you?" or "You are very kind!" Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when her smiles make the eye sparkle with the light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple.—*Christian Treasury*.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—The intensity of maternal affection was well illustrated in the observation of a sweet little boy, who, after reading "Pilgrim's Progress," asked his mother which of the characters she liked best. She replied,

"Christian of course; he is the hero of the story."

He replied:

"I like Christiana best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone, but when Christiana started she took the children with her."

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#### INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

**A YOUNG LADY** on being told that her lover was killed, exclaimed—"Oh, that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

**A WONDERFUL WOMAN.**—A female school teacher in her advertisements stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

—**WE** once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over.

"It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind: that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an infernal swill cart, that makes me mad."

**LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.**—A big boy in a school was so abusive to the younger ones, that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him, except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher. "Because if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still." "Do you forgive him then?" said the teacher. "Yes," said he "papa and mamma; and you, all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgive me, too; and I must do the same."



PARSON D — (Orthodox) of Marblehead, liked a joke; so did Parson A —, (Baptist.) The latter being near the former's house when a shower came up, called on Parson D., and requested the loan of an umbrella. "I thought," said Parson D., "that you liked water." "So I do," said the Baptist, "but I wish to avoid sprinkling."

ANARCHARSIS, the Scythian sage, was asked one day, "In what respect do learned men differ from the unlearned?" "As the living from the dead," he answered.

### REVIEW OF THE PRESS.

*"Arctic Explorations: the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55, by Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N., published by Childs & Peterson, 124 Arch street, Philadelphia."*

These two octavo volumes are an honor to their author, whose Polar explorations and discoveries have immortalized his name, to the publishers who have executed the work, as to typography and embellishment, in the best style of the art and to this republic whose science and literature they greatly advance. Very few, if any, publications contribute more to the progress of learning. The conception and plan of the expedition are bold and adventurous. The thought of Dr. Kane and his company sailing in their barque far north of civilization and other expeditions, enduring the long night and intense cold of the Polar regions during two winters, playing with icebergs and making them their chariots, is sublime. They explored the coast of Greenland along the northern shore of Baffin's Bay, passed through Smith's Straits into Kane's Sea, examined the coast of Grinnell and on the left, and on the right the great glacier north of Greenland, and above that the coast of a country called *Washington*, in lat. from 80° to 82° north; and from the sea above named they made their way through Kennedy Channel, which leads into an open sea around the Pole. They escaped dangers and deaths in various forms; no, they did not *all* escape. Some of their company perished; and others who survived and returned will carry through life to their graves the marks of hardship and suffering. Besides the discoveries which this work announces, the account it gives of the polar winter and summer, of the fisheries, especially for seal, of the *E-quimaux*, of the vegetation and animals about the Pole, of its snows, ice, and glaciers, will abundantly reward the reader, who will find a vividness given to his conceptions and a gratification to his taste by hundreds of plates and cuts from the original designs of the author. No public or private library can be considered complete without these volumes. We can conceive of few better employments for these long winter evenings than for a family to read them while circling their centre-table or sitting around their social fireside. Most cordially do we commend them to our readers.

*"The Rural Poetry of the English Language, illustrating the seasons and months of the year, their changes, employments, lessons and pleasures, topically arranged with a complete index, by Prof. Joseph Wm. Jenks, M. A., published by John P. Jewett & Company."*

This is a book of gems, bright and sparkling like diamonds in royal diadems. It contains not all, but the best rural poetry in the world's literature, from the days of Hesiod to the poet of yesterday. No man is more competent than Prof. Jenks to make such a compilation; and he has executed the trust with accuracy and good taste, with distinguished learning and ability. The selections are arranged according to the seasons or months of the year, divided into topics for convenience of reference and accompanied with valuable notes, both historical and explanatory, with glossaries and a copious index; and the whole is most beautifully embellished with cuts designed by Billings. The volume is an important contribution to American literature, and we have no doubt the extensive sale of it will encourage its gifted author and enterprising publisher to make future contributions to the republic of letters, equally valuable. Its dedication to a gentleman who has contributed much to enrich the pages of our magazine, we shall transcribe in our next number.

We have received from the well known firm of Crosby, Nichols and Company of this city the following books, a present of one or all of which on the gift-days will, we hope, make the eyes of many of our young readers sparkle with delight and fill their hearts with joy.

The first is "*The Pearls and other Tales*," translated from the German, beautifully illustrated, written in an attractive style and adapted to exert a salutary influence.

The second is entitled "*Hurrah for the Holidays or the Pleasures and Pains of Freedom*," translated from the German of Letters of a School-boy who gives an account of his holiday excursion, in conformity with his teacher's wishes — a noble device to engage the young in the art of composition and to render it not a task, but a pleasure. It is handsomely embellished.

The third is called "*Titania*," Tales and Legends translated from the German of Auguste Linden, with colored plates and illustrations, a work similar to the preceeding, with the exception of two fairy tales.

The fourth is "*The Homeward Path*," and consists of a series of familiar letters to a young inquirer after the path of life and peace, simple, direct and earnest. Many of them are of a most elevated, moral and religious tone; and all are after the best type of liberal or Unitarian Christianity; but they would have seemed to us more hopeful of good, if the author had run his probe a little deeper into the old sore of depravity, and had surcharged the letter on regeneration somewhat more with divine efficiency.

"*The North and the South; or, Free and Slave Labor*," by Messrs. Henry Chase and C. W. Sanborn. Published by John P. Jewett & Co. This volume was compiled from official documents, and is designed to show the comparative progress and present condition of the Slave and of the Free States, in respect to territory, population, industry, wealth, education, morals and religion. It is a powerful argument from our national history for emancipation and freedom.

By Shepard, Clark & Co., of this city, we have been favored with the sheets of two new books, by Mrs. Madeline Leslie, associate editor of this Magazine; "*Old Moll and Little Agnes; or, the Rich Poor and the Poor Rich*," the substance of which was printed in the Happy Home during the last year. It is here revised, enlarged, and printed in a book, illustrated with cuts by Billings, and admirably adapted to the young.

The other book, by the same author, is entitled "*The Household Angel in Disguise*," a tale of domestic life, containing many thrilling passages, and from the first page to the last filled with pure and elevating sentiments, with exquisite moral painting, and adapted to exert a most salutary and powerful influence. It should be read in every family. Both of these we may notice more at length when they come from the press.

We have also received and shall notice in our next issue, *Whistler; or, the Manly Boy*, by W. Aimwell. Published by Gould & Lincoln.

*The of Harmony Ages; a Thesis*, by Dr. Hiram Parker. Published by John P. Jewett & Co.

*Violet; or, the Cross and the Crown*, by M. J. McIntosh. Published by the same enterprising house.

*Home Studies*, by R. A. Upton. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

*Life and Thought; or, Cherished Memorials* of the late Julia A. Parker Dyson, by Miss E. Latimer, published by Whittemore.

We have received an unusual number of sheets of choice music, so many that we can do little more than to name them. From the old and popular music store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, in this city, the following songs and ballads, with appropriate accompaniment: *Fremont and Freedom*; *Our Chieftain*, words by Geo. Wm. Pettes; *Fremont Ralying Song*; *Pop! goes for Fremont*; *All Hail to Fremont!* — music by S. Lawrence, words by J. G. Whittier. *The Magic of Home*, by J. Blewitt; *Elenore*, music by E. C. Phelps, words by H. S. Cromwell; *Early Flower*, words by W. H. Potter, music by W. H. Hartwell; *Early Days*, by E. Chapin; *Dr. Watts'* divine and moral songs for children, set to music. We have also received from the same gentleman, *Selections from the Oratorio of Eli*, by Mr. Gusta; *Amphictyon Waltz*, by E. McKinney, Jr.; *Amusement Waltz*, by Charles Gimbei; *Jungfrau Polka*, by J. H. McNaughton.

The new firm of Russell & Richardson, successors of George P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont street, in this city, have placed on our table the first fruits of their ingathering, from which we have a foretaste of an abundant and rich harvest. Success to their enterprise. We have from them *Happy Days of Old*, a song with accompaniment, by A. H. Wood; *June Training Slow March*, by T. F. Molt; and *Encouraging Pieces for Young Pianists*, by Fr. Burgmuller.







CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM





BUFFUM PEAR



# THE WELCOME.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.

*Dolce.*

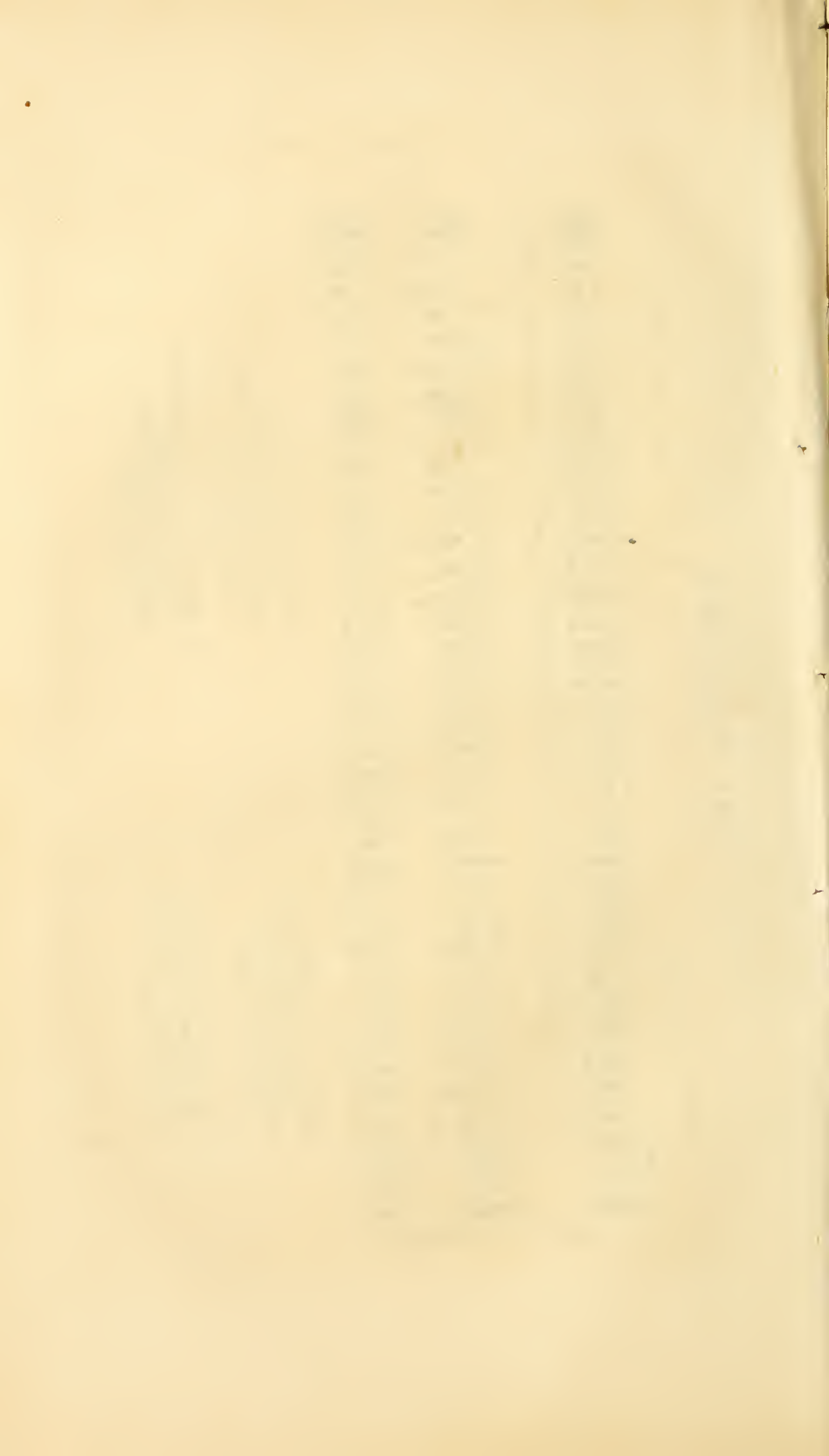
1. When is near the night of death, Then, my mother dear, I will watch thy parting breath, Breathe, within thine ear.

2 Melodies of that bright land,  
Opening on thine eye,  
Of the sweet, celestial band  
Luring thee on high.

3 Fast the rapid time-glass fills ;  
Through the misty gray,  
O'er the distant, clouded hills,  
Lo ! the breaking day !

4 When the veil is rent apart,  
Thou shalt see thy dove,  
Fold her to thy yearning heart  
With seraphic love.

5 Bright will be the beaming dawn,  
Past thy mortal strife ;  
Rapturous the glorious morn  
Of immortal life.





## CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

MORNING dawns, and the king of day rises from his ocean-bed, and darts his arrows of light through the sky, when the Saviour and a company of his disciples emerge from the little village of Bethany, and wend their way, through groves of the palm and the fig, up the gentle ascent of Olivet. Before them are Calvary, where, in six days, he is to pour out his blood an offering for the sins of the world, Gethsemane, which is to hear his prayer and to witness his agony, the brook Kedron, which runs through the valley of Jehoshaphat, and also Jerusalem, with its walls, towers, and turrets, its gates, pool, and temple. These and a thousand other objects of hallowed association were in full view. He well knew that the scribes and Pharisees, who constituted the aristocracy, and controlled the public sentiment of that city, had conspired against him. But, in fulfilment of prophecy, he advanced "riding upon an ass," while the multitude spread their garments in the way, or cut down branches of the trees, and strewed them in the way, shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Among them were a few Pharisees, who, fearing lest this acclamation should rouse the anger of their brethren to frenzy, and lead to scenes of violence and blood, besought him to quell the tumult, saying, "Master, rebuke thy disciples." His reply, while it evinced his popularity with the common people, showed the wonderful manner in which he blended promptness and decision with forbearance and melting tenderness. "I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

This suggested to him the doom which was impending over that city, and the thousands of its unbelieving inhabitants, for their abuse of the prophets, and for their rejection of Christ and his Gospel. Yet they were his covenant people, his kin-

dred according to the flesh, his fellow-countrymen, and the persons whom he came to save, dear and most tenderly loved. The thought of their destruction was more distressing to him than the fear of pious parents or of Christian ministers can be to them, lest their children and hearers should fail of eternal life. His apprehension of their ruin, combining with his perception of the scene before him, and imparting to it great vividness and power, so excited his pity and grief that he wept and said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now are they hid from thine eyes." As he wept, he predicted to those about him the siege and overthrow of the city, and the termination of the Jewish polity.

Two days, most eventful in his history, pass away, and he has another vision of the same catastrophe. His emotions are deeper than before, and his flowing tears more abundant. Again he weeps, and utters this doleful lament: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" He amplifies his former prophecy of the destruction of the city and nation, and contemplates the event as a prefiguration of the end of the world, and of the scene of the future judgment.

To the unbelieving Jews it seemed improbable that their city and temple, which Herod the Great, only seventy years earlier, had rebuilt with the most costly magnificence, and so fortified as to render Jerusalem, in their view, impregnable, would be razed from its foundation before the generation then living would go down to the grave. Yet they heeded not the voice of prophetic warning, nor the mighty signs and wonders which signalized its approaching fulfilment; and the sentence which had gone forth against them was executed. They invoked upon the heads of themselves and of their children the responsibility of the Saviour's blood; and they fell beneath its crushing power. While some of that generation yet lived, God made the Roman army under Titus the executioners of his will, who in less than forty years from that time, and after

the little company that believed in Jerusalem was safely quartered at Pella, in testimony of the divine faithfulness and favor, demolished the temple, leaving not one stone upon another that was not cast down, slew its inhabitants, to the number of eleven hundred thousand, without regard to age or sex, and completely overthrew the city, sparing only three of its towers and a small portion of the wall on the western side, as relics of its former greatness, and monuments of their military prowess. The blood of themselves, of their wives and children, ran down the streets like a river, and the ploughshare turned up the foundations of the temple; all to teach individuals and nations how terrible a thing it is to sin against God, to be the subject of Zion's grief and lament; and with what certainty our heavenly Father will punish those who reject his beloved Son, and will protect such as love and obey him.

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### WE MEET AGAIN.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Joyful words, — we meet again !  
 Love's own language, comfort darting  
 Through the souls of friends at parting,  
 Life in death, — we meet again !

While we walk this vale of tears,  
 Compassed round with care and sorrow,  
 Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,  
 " Meet again ! " our bosom cheers.

Far in exile while we roam,  
 O'er our lost endearments weeping,  
 Lonely, silent vigils keeping,  
 " Meet again ! " transports us home.

When this weary world is past,  
 Happy they, whose spirits soaring,  
 Vast eternity exploring,  
 " Meet again ! " in heaven at last.

## THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

BY MRS. E. L. C.

THE sexton tolled the village bell ;—  
 As on the ear its deep tones fell,  
 The quiet cottagers knew well  
 Death's mournful errand done, —  
 How, to his drear and shadowy clime,  
 He bore a youth in manhood's prime,  
 Ere half the fleeting sands of Time  
 Their ebbing course had run.

Though fairest on the village green  
 His form among the youths was seen,  
 And came the mother's soul between  
 And treasured joys on high ;  
 Yet, ere the summer's prime had passed,  
 Her sky a fearful cloud o'ercast,  
 Which on her pathway burst at last ;  
 Her only son must die.

As gently sinks the lonely star,  
 Which cheered the storm-tossed mariner  
 When lowering clouds were seen afar,  
 Her being's light withdrew ;—  
 Yet calmly its expiring ray  
 Beamed o'er the darkness of that day,  
 And scattered doubts and fears away,  
 As sunshine drops of dew.

\* \* \* \*

Another song in heaven is sung,  
 Another harp in glory strung,  
 " Praise, Praise," through heaven's high arches rung,  
 " Hosanna to the Son !"  
 A soul hath crossed death's swelling sea,  
 A soul, redeemed from death's decree,  
 Receives its crown of victory  
 Before the holy throne.

\* \* \* \*

While yet that funeral knell was rung,  
 The church-yard gates were open flung,  
 And mourners entered, old and young,  
 With solemn steps and slow ;



The village pastor, old and gray,  
With tearful eyes, came forth that day,  
And spake of Christ, the Living Way, —  
How He sojourned below,

And sank beneath death's dismal wave,  
And rose, triumphant o'er the grave,  
And liveth evermore to save

The souls for whom He died ;  
Then bent the pastor's knee in prayer,  
That old and young, assembled there,  
In Christ's inheritance might share,  
And feed his flock beside.

Then to the mourning one he said,  
" My sister, weep not o'er thy dead,  
For sin and death are captive led ;  
Thy son shall rise again !  
Bear well these chastenings of His love,  
And be thy guest the heavenly Dove ;  
Safe in His treasure-house above  
Thy ' jewels ' all remain."

Then from the Holy Book he used  
The Saviour's words, which balm diffused,  
Like Gilead's buds when crushed and bruised,  
As o'er her soul they came ; —  
He lives ! the Saviour lives ! the grave  
Th' immortal soul can ne'er enslave ;  
" He gave, He taketh that he gave,  
And blessed be His name."

Ay, bless His name, the mourner said ;  
Though in this chill and narrow bed  
He rests among the dreamless dead,  
God's holy will be done !  
She knelt above that burial sod,  
And blessed the kindly chastening rod  
Which drew her thus anew to God,  
Nor spared the widow's son.

The setting sun's last lingering ray  
Beamed brightly o'er that burial day,  
As mourners sought their homes to pray  
That thus their close might be  
Like flowers that fold their leaves at night,  
To open with the morning's light,  
More freshly beautiful and bright,  
Its gladd'ning beams to see.

So goes the Christian to his rest ; —  
 He falls asleep on Jesus' breast,  
 He wakes, in princely beauty dressed,  
 To everlasting day ;  
 The dreary precincts of the tomb  
 Confine not *him* amid its gloom,  
 He hastens to his heavenly home,  
 • Where Christ has led the way.

### SABBATH MORNING.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,  
 When village bells awake the day ;  
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
 Call me from earthly cares away.  
 And dear to me the wingéd hour,  
 Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord !  
 To feel devotion's soothing power,  
 And catch the manna of thy word.  
 And dear to me the loud Amen,  
 Which echoes through the blest abode,  
 Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.  
 And dear the rustic harmony,  
 Sung with the pomp of village art ;  
 That holy, heavenly melody,  
 The music of a thankful heart.  
 In secret I have often prayed,  
 And still the anxious tear would fall ;  
 But, on thy sacred altar laid,  
 The fire descends, and dries them all.  
 Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
 Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
 This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,  
 And lets my spirit loose again.  
 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;  
 The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;  
 These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
 And always bid that heart rejoice.  
 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
 Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
 Ours be the prophet's ear of fire,  
 That bears us to a Father's arms.

## THE OLD COMMANDMENT.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

HERE is one commandment on which ministers seldom preach. Yet it is nearly six thousand years old. It has been binding on each successive generation through all this lengthened period. As a natural law it has been sanctioned and enforced by the positive command of Almighty God; and when was it ever repealed? It was framed and instituted by the author of the marriage relation, which conferred on the first human pair the crowning bliss of Eden.

God is both wise and beneficent. The Psalmist has told us that "in keeping his commandments there is great reward;" that obedience to his laws, whether natural or revealed, conduces greatly to human happiness.

Come, now, and I will show you God's idea of a *happy home*. It is where love, having found a congenial mate, smiles on answering love; where the marriage relation is regarded, not as a divine expedient to screen the guilt of sensual passion under the sanction of law, but as a sacred compact entered into by two rational and immortal beings, for mutual benefit, and with a view to fulfil, as best they may, the great end of their being. It is where there is no shrinking from the care, the anxiety, the expense, or the responsibility, of obedience to God's earliest command to the wedded tenants of Eden; where conjugal love honors God by cheerful, filial obedience, and where God delights to bestow honor.

A *family* is essential to a happy home. Two persons, however tenderly allied, do not constitute a family. Conjugal love has its endearments; but the love which flows deepest in the human soul is parental. There is a love wrought by the renewing grace of God, which is stronger than death; but I am not now speaking of that. I refer to the love which God

infuses into the parental bosom with the gift of the eldest born, and to which the parent was an utter stranger till that joyous moment. This is an instinctive affection, which increases with years, and flows out from the hearts of fathers and mothers towards their offspring as from an exhaustless fountain.

Yet thousands, in the weakness of erring, or the wickedness of selfish or sinful hearts, loudly deprecate the thought of a numerous offspring. The joys such lose are known only to those who find them. God's rewards are meted out to those only who keep his commands. His "thoughts are not as our thoughts." So wisely and beneficently has he constituted us that in the multiplicity of domestic cares there should be a multiplicity of comforts. And in those cares or comforts there is a wholesome discipline to be experienced, there are important lessons of wisdom and virtue to be learned, and there are joys to be tasted, which none know but they who are habitually exercised therein.

When God would describe his tender compassion for his people, he chooses an illustration which none can fully comprehend, in all its depth of meaning, except those who have sustained the parental relation: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." To parents no illustration could be more impressive and affecting.

He declares, by the pen of the Psalmist, "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

When he would declare the incomparable domestic blessedness of the man that fears the Lord, and walks in obedience to his commands, he makes him this rich promise: "Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." He adds, still further, "The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all



the days of thy life; yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel."

Would God have promised such things as rewards, had he not regarded them as blessings to be desired? And yet how many wickedly count children curses, and regard a birth in their own dwelling a calamity; and that not in heathen lands alone, but in communities nominally Christian!

Yet, what service can poor sinful mortals render to God so acceptable, in this brief probationary state, as cheerfully to assume the responsibility and faithfully discharge the duty of receiving and training up the souls of children for usefulness on earth, and for glory, honor, and immortality, in heaven?

"I will, therefore," says the apostle, "that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house." Most evidently, then, it is the will of God that sinful mortals stand at the head of families; that they "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and glorify God by training up their children in the fear and nurture and admonition of the Lord. Yet how many shrink from this solemn duty which God has expressly enjoined in his word!

It is certainly better that increasing wealth be expended on the necessary wants of children, on their bodies and souls, than that it be hoarded or consumed upon our lusts. It is better to be obliged to labor to subdue the earth by the sweat of the brow, than to be what the world calls independent, a mere idler and consumer of the fruits of another's toil, and rust out in inglorious and sinful disobedience to God's commands.

I envy not the heart that has no love for children, that does not regard them as a blessing to be received with devout thanksgiving; and I hesitate not to express the sober conviction of my judgment, that numerous, God-obeying, hard-working households are every way the happiest. Give me the home that rings from time to time with the merry laugh of childhood. The portion of worldly goods may be scanty, and the diet spare; but these things, instead of diminishing domestic happiness, not unfrequently strengthen the bonds of domestic love. Happiness consists not in *possessing*, but in *loving and obeying*; not in being "clothed in purple and fine raiment,

and faring sumptuously every day," but in doing the will of God from the heart, in having respect to *all his commandments*. We are constituted actors in the great drama of human life, and God never meant that we should fold our hands in idleness, and shrink from wholesome care and responsibility. He never meant we should call evil good, or good evil; or should reject as a curse what he sends as a blessing, nor hide our talent in a napkin, or bury it in the earth.

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#### HAPPY HOME.

WE fear there are but few happy homes in this world. We do know that if any constitution be formed on any other basis than that of Christianity, there can be no permanent enjoyment. A happy home! How much is embraced in that sentiment! how glorious and instructive! Alas, how rarely do we find one! We enter family circles daily where there seem to be mutual love and happiness. How little of it is real! It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house. How easy it is to destroy the peace and unanimity of home! One unquiet spirit may transform the calmest circle into a place of torment. A family circle resembles an electrical one; while all are similar in disposition, and governed by the same motives of mutual love, the current of love will flow free and undisturbed. Let there be introduced a foreign nature, and the circle is broken; and, where all was harmony before, there is now chaos and confusion.

## THE ORPHAN CHILD'S LAMENT.

BY VIOLA MAY.

THEY say I am an orphan child; and very true is the sad tale they tell. I never knew what 't was to have a mother; ere my infant lips could lisp the name she was sleeping in the silent grave. There are no pleasant pictures treasured in memory's gallery for me. No mother's loving kiss and winning smile are there. No whisperings of sweet music from a mother's gentle tones have ever fallen on my ear. 'T is very, very sad to be an orphan! When in childish glee my playmates speak a mother's cherished name, they know not the bitter feelings it awakens in my heart. They know not how I strive to check the gushing tears; and how I wonder why I have no mother. Together we stray beside some gliding stream, gathering ripe berries and pretty flowers. The choicest and prettiest they always reserve for mother; and, with childish joy, they tell how kindly she will smile on them, and how happy they shall be, while I sadly wonder why there is no one to receive my gathered treasures. When their lessons trouble them, or the much-prized toy is broken, a mother's smile chases away the falling tears, and brings again the sunshine to their hearts. Alas for me! a mother's gentle tones ne'er charmed away my childish sorrows, and when they press too heavily on my young heart I long to hide me in the silent grave.

'T was not enough that I was motherless. Again the death-angel hovered o'er our broken circle. Relentlessly he seized his victim, and I was fatherless. Silently, with sobbing hearts, we gathered round his couch. I saw him gasp; they told me he was dead, that I was now an orphan child. They led me to a darkened room; I looked into the narrow coffin where he lay so still and pale. He did not speak to me; but a loving smile lingered around those lips, which seemed to say, "My child!" He was very kind to me; well do I remember how lovingly he used to call my name, how gently he always spoke

to me, and the little presents that he brought. They carried him away. And now, in the church-yard lone, side by side, my parents sleep. The winter snows will melt upon their graves; summer flowers will bloom and die; the birds will carol sweetly there; autumnal winds will chant their requiem; yet still will they sleep on, while I, sad and lone, tread life's way; yet not *alone*, — an angel-presence my path encircles; guardian spirits keep watch around me, gently chiding when I stray, soothing all my sorrows, and to my spirit sweetly whispering of a brighter, better land beyond the grave. Trials will come, gloomy shadows oft will cross my path; yet I will never fear, for loved ones are guarding me. God in heaven keeps watch o'er the orphan child.

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#### IMPOLITENESS.

SEVENTEEN things in which many young people render themselves very impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering and laughing in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking, jesting, or foolish talking.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.



## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY META LANDER.

AH ! my loved ! my lost ! my daughter !  
How my sorrows shall I bear ?  
Thou hast passed away, sweet flower,  
As the dew exhales in air.

Oft, from spirit-land descending,  
Thou art with me through the night ;  
In my dreams I still enfold thee,  
As a lovely vision bright.

Then around my neck I feel thee  
Soft thy clinging arms entwine,  
Blessing me with loving kisses,  
With thy glowing cheek to mine.

When the night her curtain lifteth  
Slowly from the earth, above,  
Azure eyes are still upon me,  
Mirrors soft of earnest love,

Deeply in my bosom thrilling,  
With their beaming spirit-look,  
Softly stirring hidden fountains,  
Opening memory's magic book.

Widely then its leaves unfolded,  
Pages show, distinctly traced  
With thy history, darling cherub,  
Never more to be effaced.

Much I weep to read the record  
Of thy brief and joyous life,—  
Life of sunshine, all unclouded,  
Till there came the dying strife ;

Strife which we, alas ! were sharing,  
As we watched around thy bed ;  
Saw thee wasting, wasting, wasting,  
Till thy weary spirit fled.

Fled, and yet thou art beside me,  
From the dawning, golden light,  
Till the shadowy, tearful even,  
Through the peaceful, dreamy night ;

With me in this weeping valley,  
Till I yield my dying breath ;  
And, when breaks the voice of Jesus  
On the slumbering ear of death,

May I then with thee awaken,  
Tread the upward, starry way ;  
Through the pearly gate admitted,  
Spend with thee an endless day.

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### THE LARGEST FLOWER.

It is said that the largest, and perhaps the most remarkable production of the floral kingdom is the flower called *Rafflesia Arnoldii* — discovered in Sumatra by Sir Stamford Raffles and his friend, Dr. Arnold. This plant possesses neither stem nor leaves, but is a mere flower, which grows parasitically from the stem of a species of vine. Its roots, which penetrate the vine, are very minute. The first appearance of this flower is that of a small knob, or tubercle, on the bark of the vine. This knob gradually increases until it attains the size of a large cabbage, and at length bursts forth into a gigantic flower. It is said that the diameter of the flower is three and a half feet, its weight fifteen pounds, and the hollow in its centre of the capacity of fifteen pints. The petals are an inch and a half thick near the base. The color is a brick red, inclining to orange, marked occasionally with blotches of white and of a deeper red. The plant is diœcious — the stamens forming a bearded circle around a large, fleshy excrescence in the centre, which is beset with thorny projections, shaped like cows' horns. The flower is endowed with a powerful, although disagreeable odor. Its period of existence is brief.

## INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

In the education of children there are often powerful influences at work, to which most parents attach little or no importance. They may not underrate their positive counsels, nor the lessons of the secular and religious teacher. They may even overrate the influence of these. Indeed, the point to which we wish to direct the reader's mind is this, that some of those influences, usually regarded as only incidental, often exert a greater formative agency upon the young heart than the most positive and excellent precepts of the fireside or the school. Direct instruction is not all that moulds human character in the family. The parent who relies entirely upon the good lessons which he communicates, and the excellent opportunities afforded his children by the Sunday-school, and other Christian agencies, may at last see all his hopes blasted. Not that these means of grace fail to accomplish all that they are suited to accomplish, but other and more secret influences are at work (all the more potent for their silent, unseen operation) to counteract the most careful and wholesome parental counsels.

Take the following as an illustration. A traveller in Vermont stopped to tarry for the night with an aged couple, from whom he learned, during the evening, that they had three sons away upon the sea. These were all the children they had, and it was a great mystery to the parents how their sons came to cherish such a love for a seafaring life, when they had lived far away from the ocean, and had scarcely beheld a ship until they embarked upon one in the capacity of sailors. They entered upon this new sphere against the advice of the parents, who employed every argument and entreaty to detain them at home. The final consent, on their part, was won by the persistent appeals of the sons, who finally decided that go they must, and go they would.

While the traveller was listening to the story of these parents' sorrow, his eye was viewing a picture over the fireplace, painted upon the wall, as was the custom in the days of the fathers. It was a view of a full-rigged ship, sailing, swan-like, upon an unruffled sea, with a cloudless sky looking down smilingly upon the scene. "There," said he, when the sad tale was finished, pointing to the picture, "there is the secret. That painting has educated your sons for mariners. They gazed upon it month after month, and year after year, until a desire for a seafaring life was awakened and acquired resistless activity. It had more force to determine their career for life than all your instructions and warnings. Indeed, it trained them to resist the most tender expressions of your love, so that they would leave you alone in age, in spite of entreaty and affection."

The parents at once saw and felt the force of these remarks. It was a reasonable cause to be assigned for the course of their sons; but they had not thought of it before. In common with the majority of parents, they had not been accustomed to ascribe any influence upon childhood to such incidental things. The painting was no part of the furniture, but simply an ornament upon which the eyes might feast. It was not placed there for any educational purpose, and, consequently, no one dreamed that its silent power upon young hearts exceeded that of the living teacher and counsellor. It, nevertheless, decided the destiny of that household.

This incident illustrates the particular topic under discussion. We need scarcely say that incidental education is not confined to works of art. The pictures that adorn the walls of costly mansions are not the only silent educators of the young. The toys which they handle, the sports in which they engage, the expressions of the face, the tones of the voice, and many other things, are constantly impressing them for good or evil. We shall consider these in their proper place, in future communications. As we have illustrated incidental education by reference to a work of art, the remainder of this article will be devoted to the power of pictures.

If a painting may determine the pursuit, and thus decide the



destiny of a son, then we are introducing a very powerful agency into our families. For nearly all of our juvenile literature is illustrated. The pictorial art is here plied with unremitting industry. Our children are conversant with pictures several of the most important years of their lives. Sunday-school books are very generally ornamented with plates. Sunday-school papers are not considered well furnished for their mission, without from three to ten cuts. This is true, also, of that vast number of children's books issued by various publishing-houses. It is not expected that a juvenile volume will sell, unless it contains a good share of engravings. Even our school-books for the young are eminently pictorial. Experience has taught us that their attention can be more successfully secured by a generous addition of pictures to the text. In these various ways a vast number of engravings are laid before the young every year. Almost every day their eager eyes rest upon some of these more or less impressive illustrations. If one of them can make a sailor, what may not all of them accomplish? How important that they be of unexceptionable character! A single one may neutralize a valuable parental lesson, as the following fact shows:

A Christian mother taught her little daughter the duty and benefits of trusting in God. She introduced the story of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," as an illustration of the subject. The little girl appeared much impressed with the narrative, but made no reply. Within a few days, however, she came running to her mother, and declared that she did not believe the Bible. Her mother was much surprised at this announcement, and inquired the reason. "Because," said the daughter, "the Bible says that God shut the lions' mouths, so that they did not bite Daniel; but here they are in this picture *with their mouths wide open*." Sure enough, she had found a picture in which the lions were represented as falling upon Daniel with open mouths; and the picture had so much more force with her than the Bible, that she gravely concluded the latter must be false. She did not even think that the plate might be a false representation, but at once concluded that that must be false which contradicted the picture. It is plain that the en-

graving contradicted the mother's teaching. She taught her, just what is the pith of the narrative, that God will take care of those who put their trust in him; but the picture taught that Daniel was in great danger of being devoured. How easily parental counsels may be frustrated by even incidental causes!

Yet it is doubtful if parents generally have been wont to ascribe any influence to the plates usually laid before their sons and daughters. They are considered very pleasant sources of amusement to the young, and this is the highest consideration attached to them. But such a view is a dangerous error. Engravings convey thoughts and lessons to the young mind. There is often more power in a single pictorial illustration than there is in the text which it is designed to enforce. Who would be willing that a son or daughter should gaze often, or even once, upon a corrupt painting? Would not the *representation* of the lascivious scene be almost as demoralizing as the terrible reality? At least, would it not be likely to school the beholder for the actual commission of crime? On the other hand, is it not the tendency of elevating pictures, those which represent some sublime fact or thought of religion, as the crucifixion of Christ, to awaken high and holy aspirations in the heart of the beholder? Here, then, is a direct educational influence. We cannot call it incidental, except for the reason that it has not been generally regarded in this light.

The last incident cited shows the difficulty of illustrating books pictorially. Many would not stop to think of the importance of shutting instead of opening the lions' mouths in the picture. But the whole truthfulness of the representation depends upon this. It may seem a small matter; but it is not so, unless the distinction between truth and falsehood is unimportant. We have seen a painting of the crucifixion, in which the foes of Jesus were represented as triumphing. On their countenances was depicted the air of exultation; and their whole appearance signified decided glorification. Very different from this is a painting of the same scene in a European picture-gallery. The enraged populace appear to be terrified. As the sun is hid, and nature becomes convulsed, terror deepens

upon their brows, and their very faces seem to say, "Truly this was the Son of God." This latter painting presents the true idea of the narrative, as it appears in the Scriptures. The first is a gross misrepresentation, and ought not to be tolerated by the lovers of truth and art. The crucifiers were evidently terrified when the unnatural darkness and the quaking earth surprised their senses; and thus they should appear upon the canvas.

It is, then, a nice piece of art to convey just the idea of a truth or fact in an engraving, so that the impression shall be correct. Those who are engaged in the publishing of books and magazines will testify that this is the most difficult and perplexing part of the whole business. If amusement were the only advantage of the plates, Christians ought to forego the trouble and expense of inserting them. It is only their fitness to impress and educate, that can render them paying sources of gratification, in the view of good men.

There are many facts of interest, showing the power of pictures in the family, which might be added to the foregoing. The three following must suffice. The mother of Doddridge taught him religious lessons from Scripture-scenes painted upon the tiles of the chimney; and he always ascribed much to her instructions in this way. No doubt the pictures themselves enabled the mother to impress teachings upon his mind which otherwise might have been speedily forgotten. Probably the impression that she made was derived as much from the paintings as from the nature of the truths communicated.

The mother of the gifted Chatterton said that it seemed well-nigh impossible to teach him even the alphabet, until she procured illuminated letters; and then he learned them at once. A pictorial view of the letters impressed him as nothing else had done.

The late Dr. Kitto, author of "Daily Bible Illustrations," has left a statement on record, with reference to his early life, touching this point. He ascribes his interest in the narrative portions of the Bible, and the direction of his thoughts to the preparation of his "Illustrations," to the impression made upon his mind in childhood by the plates of an old Bible that he

found in his grandmother's tenement. The plates attracted his attention, and he spent hours and days in viewing them. Through them his attention was called to the narratives which they illustrated, and he read them over and over. Before this time, he had not been interested in the Word of God, and for some time thereafter was interested only in those portions that were pictorially illustrated.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that if the influence of pictures upon the young is only incidental, it is, nevertheless, no inferior element of power in their education. It certainly demands the consideration of parents, who are ever anxious, or should be, to avail themselves of every useful instrumentality in the mental and moral culture of their offspring. Perhaps a little more attention to the character of the pictures that are brought into families might prove beneficial, even though it must be done at a sacrifice of some attention to certain apparently weightier matters of family discipline.

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### MUSIC.

AN excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied: "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, *sing*; and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away the causes of discontent and every disposition to scandal." Such an use of this divine art might be the means of fitting a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accomplishment.



## THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

## CHAPTER I.

MISS HELEN RUSSEL, the subject of this sketch, was a beauty and an heiress. Though she had passed to the shady side of thirty years, yet her charms of person and manner were unimpaired. Indeed, to all appearance, she was a brilliant belle of twenty.

I am sorry to confess it, but Helen had been, and still was, a genuine coquette. Handsome, witty, and wealthy, she counted her suitors by scores. She lavished her smiles on all, and each one considered himself the favored individual until he laid his laurels at her feet, when he found, to his sorrow and chagrin, that what all the world said must be true, that his lady-love was a heartless flirt.

Helen, or Miss Russel as she ought now to be called, had received warning and advice, not only from her uncle and aunt with whom she resided, but from her numerous friends. On one occasion Mrs. Russel earnestly expostulated with her in regard to her course respecting a young man, of unexceptionable character, who had paid her his addresses.

Her niece put on an air of offended dignity as she asked, "But, aunt, what would you have me do? Must I wear a placard notifying every one who makes my acquaintance that I shall say 'nay' to all proposals for my hand? Or must I state the fact upon being introduced? I don't see how I am in fault. For instance, in the case of Mr. Lothrop, the gentleman of whom you have been speaking. I was introduced to him at an evening lecture. He waited upon me home, though I was in company with my friend, Mrs. Lawrence, and assured him it was not necessary. The next evening he called at the house, and so on until, somehow or somewhere, we met every evening. Now, what should I have done? It appears to me

it would have been in the highest degree unmaidenly to have taken it for granted, that, because he paid me common civilities, he wished to marry me. If he was foolish enough to propose such a question without having ascertained whether he possessed my affections, *he* certainly is the one to blame, and not *I*."

"My dear niece," answered Mrs. Russel, gravely shaking her head, "your cousin Laura, you will acknowledge, certainly possessed equal charms of person and manners with yourself; her fortune was more than treble yours, and she might have drawn around herself admirers by the dozen. There were a great number who fluttered around her, both here and at the South; but I have often heard your aunt remark upon the modesty and dignity of manner by which she assured them that her heart was not moved by their flattery or attentions. She was polite to all, but conducted herself toward them in such a manner that they needed no 'placard' to assure them that there was no hope of winning her."

"But, aunt, she did have offers; and a good many, too. There was Mr. Jameson, who afterwards married that rich girl from Maine; and Mr. Barnes, and — O, I could not mention half of them!"

"Yes, my dear; Mr. Jameson fell in love with her property, and in a pompous manner sought your uncle, and asked his consent to address her, after having passed only one evening in her society. Mr. Russel discouraged him from mentioning the subject to Laura, and told him what would, in all probability, be her reply. But he insisted, until your uncle rang the bell, and sent for her to the parlor, where he left them together. In less than half an hour he took his departure, leaving your poor cousin with a violent headache from the suddenness of his proposal. Then Mr. Barnes' case gave her serious trouble. He had been paying marked attentions to a friend of hers, and Laura supposed an engagement existed between them. He was a lovely, modest young man, and she always took pains when he called to talk with him on her friend's account. At length, finding that he called oftener upon her than she considered proper under the circumstances,

she persisted, on several occasions, in remaining in her room; when one evening he found her alone, and abruptly confessed his attachment. I always thought Laura liked him, and probably would have accepted him, on further acquaintance, had it not been for the knowledge that her friend was interested in him.

"Now you, Helen, have no such excuses. You have in several instances, to say the least, been fully aware of the gentleman's wishes, and still you gave him no indication that his attentions were displeasing to you. You led him on, as it were, to make a definite proposal, when you expressed yourself in the highest degree surprised. 'It was really wholly unexpected.' 'Indeed, sir, I am so taken by surprise, I know not what to say.' 'If I had an idea that you were serious in your attentions.'"

Helen blushed deeply as her aunt imitated her to the life; but she laughed, as she said, "Really, aunt, your preaching is extremely personal."

"I should be fully repaid for it, my dear, if I thought you would lay it to heart. Your conduct, in this particular, has cost me many wakeful hours while you were quietly sleeping, and I have often asked myself whether I had faithfully executed the trust your dying father reposed in me."

"Dearest aunty," exclaimed Helen, thoroughly subdued by her moistened eye and kind tone, "you have done your duty faithfully and tenderly; you have been like an own mother to me. I do thank you sincerely for your advice, and will try to improve by it. But don't expect me to be good, like Laura, who is my model of perfection; neither like my sweet sister Clara. I must be good in my own way. Brother William always said I was *sui generis*."

This conversation occurred but a short time before Miss Russel's visit to her only brother, and her kind aunt's friendly advice had taken such effect, that, in a postscript of a letter to her, she wrote: "Your sermon has done me a vast deal of good; so much that during the two months that I have been in Cheswell I have added but one solitary name to my list of *avowed* adorers, and his I liked so well that I had serious

thoughts of changing mine for it. But, at the last moment, I could not consent to give up my own freedom. I have the consciousness that, in this case at least, I endeavored to do right; and, if he had not been quite so precipitate, perhaps — well, as William says, the right one will come some time.”

When Miss Russel reached New York, on her way home, she had no intention of remaining more than a few weeks; but her cousin, Mrs. Warren, was on the point of starting for Cape May, and invited her to join their party. After waiting to obtain her aunt’s approbation, she gladly accepted the invitation.

Cape May is a favorite resort for sea-bathing; and during the warm season the houses erected for the accommodation of visitors are usually crowded. Mr. Warren, however, had engaged ample accommodations for his family some weeks previous, and they were thus enabled to provide a place for their friend.

At the same hotel was a gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of Colonel Drummond, with a colored nurse and two beautiful children, of the ages of three and five years. On the very evening of their arrival Miss Russel was attracted by the children, and inquired of their nurse to whom they belonged. The next day she was introduced to the father, who was walking on the beach, leading his little girls. The lady who presented her informed her in a whisper, as they approached, that he was a widower in search of a wife. But Helen herself shall describe the scene.

“DEAR AUNT: We reached this fascinating place in safety, and were delighted with the scenery; but I must hasten to tell you what has occurred. I was this morning invited by a lady, a city acquaintance of Laura’s, to walk upon the beach, and see the company who were going in to bathe. We were sauntering along, stopping occasionally to look at a party, when I saw a gentleman approaching with two of the most beautiful cherubs that ever blessed the sight of mortal eyes. The lady whispered that she should introduce me, saying, ‘He is a widower searching for a wife.’ The gentleman I recognized



at once, as the very man who in my day and night visions had always figured as my husband. I trembled and blushed like a girl of sixteen, for I felt that my hour had come. The lady smiled archly as she introduced us; but he — O, I cannot describe the impressiveness and grace of his manner! You know I was always crazy about the martial bearing of officers. Bidding his little girls run on the smooth beach, he offered me his arm, and we walked back and forth, the lady embracing an opportunity afforded by meeting some friends to return to the house. The hour which followed was the most delightful of my life; and, when I left him at the door of the parlor, I had engaged to bathe with him in the afternoon (the surf here comes in with such violence that it is necessary for a lady to have a male attendant to prevent her from being carried away), and if, instead of asking me to walk from the hotel to the sea with him, he had asked me to accompany him through life, I believe I should have returned the same answer: 'Thank you, sir; it will give me pleasure.' He is the most refined, elegant man I ever met, with curling black hair, eyes that flash and melt by turns, and a magnificent set of teeth. Then he is possessed of so much general information, having travelled in Europe, that his conversation is equally interesting and instructive. So, dear aunt, your anxieties for your wild niece are nearly over, for something assures me that I shall marry this man. Certainly I shall not say him 'nay.'

"With a heart brim full of joyful hopes, and earnest expectations of happiness, I remain

"Your loving niece, HELEN."

Before the expiration of a week from the time of her first introduction to Colonel Drummond, Miss Helen Russel had pledged herself to walk with him through all the changing scenes of life, sure of happiness if he were by her side.

In vain her friends entreated her to take more time to inquire into his character. "He has been perfectly open and frank," she said. "I care for nothing more."

She was perfectly infatuated, and he no less so. Mr. Warren wrote her uncle, and himself made inquiries concerning

the gentleman from some of his acquaintances in Baltimore, but could hear nothing especially to his disadvantage. He was a man of wealth, retired from business, had been a kind husband, and was considered perfectly moral. All of this was well, as far as it went. But he made no pretensions to religion, and was a gay, fashionable man of the world. But they supposed Helen would marry no other, as these things were perfectly congenial to her taste.

Of one fact, however, which proved of great importance to her happiness at a later period, Colonel Drummond had omitted to speak, and this was that the cherubs Ella and Virginia were not his only children. That there was also a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve, who were in Georgetown at school, she did not learn until after her engagement, and then through the friend who introduced them.

At first she did not believe this statement; but, when she put the question to him, he answered frankly, "Yes, dearest Miss Russel, two more, whose whole aim shall be to render your life happy. Forgive me that I did not tell you all. My only excuse was the fear of losing you." This was said with the blandest of smiles, and concluded by a perfect volume of terms of endearment.

What cared Helen whether she were to be the mother to two or four children? Her glance of affection convinced him of this; and he eagerly embraced the opportunity to tell her that Ferdinand and Myrtilla were the children of his first wife, whom he had met while abroad in Germany. She was daughter to a Jewish Rabbi, of great wealth, and had died soon after the birth of Myrtilla, leaving a large property to her children.

For the first time since her short acquaintance with him, Miss Russel was displeased. That this fact had been kept from her, and she had been allowed to suppose that she should be the second wife, seemed to corroborate the oft-repeated warning of her friends that she really knew nothing about her lover; and she questioned herself, "Have I not acted hastily?"

"And is this all?" she asked, at length, heaving a deep sigh. "Have you now told me all?"

"All, everything," urged Colonel Drummond warmly,

having watched her varying color with intense anxiety. "My whole heart is laid open before you. Henceforth the most perfect confidence on my part shall atone for this delay to tell you that which it certainly concerned you to know."

When Miss Russel left him to join her friends she was more than ever in love with her affianced. In the mean time, Ella and Virginia had become very familiar with the party of young people to whom they were so soon to be related. Thomas Wells Warren, a lad near the age of his cousin Henry, with his sister Susy, loved nothing better than to play with the gentle little girls, who, with their blonde complexions, blue eyes, flaxen ringlets, and silvery voices, had won for themselves much admiration among the hundreds assembled at this favored spot. When they had been at Cape May a fortnight, Dr. Wells arrived with his family. After tarrying a few days he returned, and Miss Russel accompanied him as far as New York, from which place she hurried home to make hasty preparations for her nuptials, which were to take place at the end of another month.

The wedding ceremony was performed in church, and the bridal party were conveyed from the door of the sacred edifice to the cars which were to take them to Baltimore. The elder children had been summoned from school to greet their new mother, and all was in readiness for a brilliant reception. Mrs. Drummond, who had always loved to converse with little girls, and therefore imagined herself fond of children, really was awakened to something resembling a mother's desire to fold all her new treasures to her heart. Alas! this pleasing expectation was not soon to be realized.

On the arrival of the cars in Baltimore, Colonel Drummond's carriage was in waiting to convey them to his house. It was on the verge of evening, and the whole front of the spacious mansion was brilliantly illuminated. Mrs. Drummond sprang lightly from the coach, and accompanied her husband through the wide hall into a large parlor.

"O, there's papa!" shouted Ella, springing towards him,



"and mamma, too," she whispered, timidly, in obedience to her sable nurse.

On the opposite side of the room stood a swarthy woman just in front of a tall youth and a young girl, in whose low, broad brow and classical features the new mother was at no loss to recognize her Jewish children. But why did they stand there aloof? Why did they not advance to meet and salute her by the holy name of *mother*? The father's brow grew stern as he stepped hastily forward and in a foreign tongue spoke a few words to the attendant, when she stood aside, and he led, first Ferdinand, and then Myrtilla, to their new parent. The youth almost shuddered as he placed his cold hand in hers; and there was a defiant flash in the dark orbs of the girl, which chilled the warm blood of the bride, and sent it sluggishly back to her heart.

The brilliant repartee, the ardent enthusiasm, which had so charmed her husband, had ceased for that night, and she presided with frigid politeness at a table where sat the members of what was now her own family; persons from whom she had vainly been led to expect a cordial welcome.

When, in the course of the evening, Colonel Drummond invited his bride to accompany him through the spacious suites of rooms, she answered sadly, "Not to-night. I have received a sad wound, and from those whose welfare had become very dear to me."

"I did not intend to deceive you, Helen, with regard to my children," he replied with warmth. "Ferdinand and Myrtilla are enthusiastic in their attachments, and I had no doubt would meet you with open arms. They must have been influenced by their nurse who accompanied them from Germany. I think, after all, she has been the one to blame."

Mrs. Drummond retired at an early hour to her own apartment, and, throwing open the Venetian shutters, sat down in the moonlight, and allowed the cool breeze to play around her brow. This was the hour to which she had looked forward so eagerly, when she should gather around her the dear ones whom she had already learned to love, and impart to them her hopes and expectations with regard to the future. Ah!



how soon the bright morning of her wedded life had been overshadowed by heavy clouds! As she sat gazing at the Queen of Night a small cloud passed before her, and soon shrouded her in total darkness. Helen was not superstitious; but she shuddered as she gazed, and said to herself, "The little cloud has arisen. Is this to foreshadow my fate?"

Her meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a loud, angry voice in a room not far distant. "But they must yield, I insist upon it, or I will never forgive them. If Ferdinand is the one, upon his knees he shall ask her pardon, or I will not answer for the consequences. He is in my power until he is twenty-one."

A low but musical voice replied; but, though Helen listened intently, she only caught the words "beware!" and "that Gentile." From these, she inferred that the speaker was the attendant, and a Jewess.

"It is then, as I suspected," replied Colonel Drummond, in a voice which indicated suppressed rage; "and I shall know what to do."

A mocking laugh was the only response as the door was hastily shut.

When Colonel Drummond made his appearance in his wife's boudoir, he was equally delighted and surprised to see her calmly reading an annual which she had found on her table. She laid it aside on his entrance, and, pointing to the silvery orb which was now shining in cloudless splendor, she said, in a low but impressive voice, "The shadows have passed, and now all again is bright. So we must sometimes expect shadows will cross our path; but if we only wait patiently they will pass swiftly away."

The husband replied by putting his arm around her, and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. Her gentle voice was soothing his agitated breast, and he feared to break the spell.

During the long hours of that night the new mother lay revolving in her mind what had passed, and making her plans for the future. She confessed to herself that it was a relief to know who it was that had thus prejudiced the elder children against her; for she thought it would be easy to persuade her

husband to dismiss the woman from the house. She even sympathized with her in parting from those who had for so long a period been under her care; but she exerted an improper influence over them, and must not be allowed to remain.

The next morning she arose early, as was her habit, and proceeded at once to the nursery, where she found Fatamer and her young charge. Mrs. Drummond had early gained the good-will of the colored nurse by her attention to the children, and she was cordially greeted. When her husband, after a vain search for her through the house, knocked at the nursery-door, Ella and Virginia were both in her lap, with their arms clasped around her neck. He paused to look upon the pleasing scene. "Papa! *papa!*" shouted the little ones, springing from her to meet him.

At the breakfast-table, Esther, which was the name of the Jewess attendant, was stationed behind the chair occupied by Myrtilla. When Mrs. Drummond entered with her husband and the younger children, this sight rather disconcerted her; but, in one instant recovering herself, she advanced to them and put out her hand: "Good-morning, my son," she said, with a sweet smile, such as would once have sent a thrill of joy to the heart of her admirer.

"Good-morning," was the reply, after a quick glance at Esther.

"Good-morning, my daughter," she added, leaning forward and imprinting a kiss upon Myrtilla's cheek.

Myrtilla started back, gazed for one moment searchingly in her face, then threw her arms about her new mother's neck, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Drummond was entirely overcome by this sudden emotion, but she pressed the child to her heart until Esther, in a foreign tone, said something which caused a revulsion in the feelings of the impulsive girl, and she immediately resumed her cold, defiant air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PASSAGE OF THE DESERT OF SHUR.

BY REV. PROF. LAWRENCE.

ON the fourteenth of March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the camels were brought to our hotel, and we entered on the most peculiar part of our whole tour, the passage of the desert from Egypt to Palestine. Our course was north-east, by what, for four thousand years, has been the great highway. By this way the patriarchs came into Egypt for corn, and over it Jacob passed with "the wagons" sent by his son Joseph. By the same way, seventeen hundred years later, Mary came and returned with her divine Son. And by this way, ever since, multitudes of pilgrims, at the great feast, have gone up to the holy city. The distance from Cairo to Jerusalem is not far from two hundred miles, occupying from twelve to fifteen days.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, our caravan took up its line of march, and, amid parting adieus thrown to us by those whom we had employed, — shop-keepers, donkey-drivers, and other servants, who, as we passed the streets, merrily called to us, "Come again," — it drew its long, serpentine train of twelve or fifteen camels out of the city. Ibrahim was our *dragoman*, the same who accompanied Drs. Robinson and Smith in their tour through Egypt and Syria twelve years before, and who subsequently attended McCheyne and his company. We obtained him through the agency of Dr. and Mrs. Lieder, of Cairo, who have been far more successful in their mission of comfort to travellers than in their labors for the conversion of the Copts.

Ibrahim was an experienced guide, and much above the ordinary character of men in his line of business. Yet, like most orientals, he would lie, and, if strongly tempted, steal a *little*. It had been recommended to us to take a flask of brandy, as a necessary medical provision for the desert, which, for safe

keeping, was entrusted to his care. Having had no occasion to use it, when, on arriving at Jerusalem, we inquired after it, we were gravely told that it had all *leaked* out into the sand. But, on the whole, he proved a good and faithful servant.

Our caravan consisted of five travellers, together with a merchant from Hebron, who sought our protection in crossing the desert, the dragoman, the cook, and four camel-drivers. In their religious faith, three were Protestants, two Roman Catholics, one a Jew, and six Mohammedans. There were three Americans, a German physician, a French priest, two Caireans, and four Arabs. Two of these Arabs, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca, had won among those of their own faith the honorable title of pilgrim. The character of the elder of the two, the head camel-man, verified the proverb, "All goodness goes out of a Mohammedan during one pilgrimage to Mecca."

The usual mode of travelling is by *camels*, aptly styled "ships of the desert;" for a ship is not constructed with more scientific adaptedness for ploughing the sea, than is this animal for crossing the desert. The frequent allusions to the camel, in the Scriptures, naturally awaken an interest in his characteristics. His feet are broad, flat, and spongy, so as not to settle easily into the wastes of sand over which he passes. He lives better on light food, a little cut straw, or the dry, prickly shrubs of the desert, than on the richest green fodder or grain; and, with no inconvenience, he can endure heat and toil for ten or fifteen days without water.

The hump on his back has a natural fitness to receive and keep in its place the straw-stuffed saddle on which the burden is placed. To make the labor of loading easy, he is so formed that he can settle down upon his breast-bone as a firm pedestal, nicely doubling his legs under him as side-braces to keep the body upright. While he is receiving his burden, however small it may be, he grumbles and complains in such dismal tones, and with such an unaffected air of injury and distress, as at once enlists the sympathies of those who do not know his habits. But, when it is well fitted to his back, be it ever so great, he seldom utters a note of complaint; but, rising with



ease, he moves off with a rocking, swinging motion, like that of an elephant.

He is a remarkably observing animal, swaying his long, ungraceful, semi-circular neck from side to side, and sometimes turning his elevated nose, which he carries protruding upwards, inquiringly around, almost into his rider's face. The contrast in this particular, between the camel and the ass, another exceedingly useful animal in the East, is striking. Neither of them has any external beauty, and very little to awaken interest, except their power of patient endurance. But the camel notices everything, the ass nothing. In the one, perception preponderates; in the other, judging from appearance, *reflection*. As to their musical powers, there is not much to choose between them. Neither has a good voice; both have a hard lot. Much of the wealth of the patriarchs consisted in these animals, and they are not less necessary in these countries now than they were three thousand years ago.

The process of mounting the camel is peculiar, and, to an inexperienced rider, a little perilous. When I was in readiness, the driver made the accustomed guttural noise, in obedience to which my animal knelt. He then placed his foot heavily upon his neck, to prevent his rising too soon. Putting my foot into the stirrup, I leaped into the saddle. His first movement was suddenly to raise himself upon his hind knees, throwing me well-nigh over his head. Next, as suddenly, he sprung upon his fore feet, which put me in the same danger of being precipitated backwards upon the ground. His last effort brought him erect, elevating me some ten feet in the air.

The motion of the camel is at first wearisome, but custom soon makes it easy and agreeable, rather than otherwise. His rate of travel is somewhat trying to the patience, being only about two miles an hour. Yet, on a long journey, the camel is to most people less fatiguing than the horse, the motion not being sudden, and up and down, but gradual, and backwards and forwards, with the opportunity of changing your position at pleasure, or of reclining on the broad saddle.

Five of the camels bore the travellers, and the rest carried the tents, canteen, water-casks, luggage, and provisions for the

journey. Each traveller had his over-coat fastened to the saddle behind him, which he would sometimes need in the early morning, his umbrella on one side, which he often required at mid-day to shade him from the sun, and a leathern bottle of water on the other, from which to quench his thirst. Before him, attached to the pommel of his saddle, was his satchel for books, maps, spy-glass, and other conveniences, for daily use.

Our first encampment was only two hours and a half, or five miles, from Cairo. This was as far as caravans usually travel the first day, that, if anything necessary for the journey has been forgotten, it can be procured by the next morning. We pitched our tent near Heliopolis, which in the time of Joseph was called On. The tent-pole was stuck firm and strong in the sand, raising the canvas on its top, fifteen feet in the centre, it being spread out and held firm by cords fastened to stakes driven into the ground. This brought the outer edge of the canopy all around within eight feet of the ground, to which a perpendicular canvas was attached, and, being made fast at the bottom, constituted the circular wall of the tent. Thus we could extend our borders by lengthening our cords, and strengthen our stakes by driving them deeper. A carpet of straw was spread upon the sand for our floor, and our mattresses placed around the canvas wall. After a day or two, never was sleep sweeter than I found on my hard bed in the desert. Our table was set up in the centre, upon which, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, our tawny cook was wont to place our broth and bread, our michmish and mutton, our pilat and puddings. And this was our dinner, for which, after ten hours' riding, and a longer time of fasting, save only a brief lunch at mid-day, we wanted certainly not appetite, and after which we needed only grateful hearts and refreshing sleep to prepare us for the next day's toil. This was our home and primitive manner of life for nineteen days.

## FLOWERS.

BY S. S. ALLEN.

Nothing is more indicative of a fine mental and spiritual organization than a natural and instinctive love of flowers. Nothing tends more to improve the taste, to implant a quick and delicate perception of the beautiful, to cherish a love for simple, natural pleasures, than the study of flowers. Nothing is more conducive to health, both of mind and body, than their cultivation.

The love of flowers seems inconsistent with gross sensual appetites, or with dull, obtuse, natural faculties. If we see a child wholly indifferent to the beauty of flowers, we immediately conclude that it is wanting in those fine sensibilities, that aptitude for the quick reception of external impressions, which mark the dawnings of a superior intelligence. It may have the requisite natural foundations for the modern utilitarian, but we should not look there for the early aspirations of genius or talent. If the child were our own, we should regret to see an indication that it was insensible to feelings in the highest degree elevating and refining, and shut out from the enjoyment of a large class of the purest and sweetest pleasures. On the contrary, when we see the eye brighten, and the cheek glow, and the heart beat with a mysterious, unconscious pleasure, in the contemplation of these heaven-sent gems of beauty, we feel that *there* has been implanted a germ which may be led and trained to high and noble development; for this delicate, poetic sense of beauty is seldom or never confined to one class of objects. In very early life it rather marks that aptitude for quick perception and vivid impressions, that warm, rich soil, which render the labor of cultivation easy, and repay it with a luxuriant harvest.

As our native tendencies may be crushed out and misdirected by opposition and repression, and may be stunted and even die

out from neglect and indifference, it behoves all, who would see a growth of the finer tastes and sensibilities, to give encouragement and sympathy to this class of feelings; feelings which have much to do with the happiness and innocence, and even with the length and usefulness, of life.

Among the vivid recollections of a happy childhood, the writer remembers, with peculiar pleasure, the time of the spring gardening. The digging and pulverizing of the soil by the old English gardener, who came annually for this purpose, the laying out of the beds and alleys with stakes and lines, the trimming of the roses and lilacs, all were full of interest. But nothing excited so much gratitude at the time, or affords so much pleasure in the remembrance, as the large and generous space allowed us, by our father, for flowers; the more generous, as the soil was fertile, and every foot of ground made to produce a rich harvest of fruits and vegetables. What a delight it was to transplant the pinks and sweet-williams, to form and set the banks of violets and pansies, to plant the annuals, and then to watch them sprout, and bud, and blossom, day by day, and week by week! No indulgence of the keen youthful appetite, no enjoyment of play, could equal the pleasure of seeing the lovely flowers unfold themselves, each one a surprise and a delight. And when my father took a friend into the garden to look at his melons and rare vegetables, how we watched and listened through the fence to hear their remarks upon our treasures, happy with a word of praise or a look of admiration!

In speaking of the study of flowers, I do not exactly mean mere Scientific Botany, though this has its charms and advantages, if pursued in the woods and fields. The exercise, the scenery, the pleasure of finding something rare, the satisfaction of being able to understand and apply what we have learned, the feeling of importance and the sense of property in making a collection of our own, these are all legitimate sources of enjoyment. Still higher is that branch of the science which relates to the physiology of flowers, which explains their nature, their habits, their properties and uses. But we cannot wholly sympathize with mere science, or consider it the best or



highest light in which to view the subject. The science which calls a double flower a monster, and is indifferent to form and color, prizing only what is rare and curious, though it may develop habits of attention and observation, contains little to expand or elevate the mind. And we must believe that enthusiastic botanists are more attracted than they are aware by the natural pleasure of seeking and finding, and by the wild charm of their wandering, hunter-like excursions through brake, and wood, and field, than merely by pulling their objects in pieces, when found, and applying to them certain hard Greek names.

It is the poetry, the beauty of flowers, the inimitable gracefulness of their forms, the exquisite delicacy and richness of their colors, the sweetness of their perfume, which excites the imagination and qualifies the taste, which leads the heart in gratitude to God who has given us these charming gifts in such beautiful profusion, thereby showing us the gentleness and beneficence of his nature, and exciting us to love and admiration. And the fact that this gracious Power has rendered these sweet presents from Paradise so susceptible of improvement by care and cultivation, enhances the value of the gift.

Flowers, too, especially cultivated, domestic flowers, are strongly inwoven with our affections, and connected with our most delicate sensibilities. In the hour of sickness or loneliness, what can equal the pleasure of receiving beautiful flowers from a friend? How gratefully we dwell upon the kindness which remembered us, and strove to comfort us at such a moment! What a gleam of light the sweet bouquet, gathered for *us*, sent to *us*, throws over the dark and weary hours of an entire day, perhaps a week! And, on occasions of rejoicing and festivity, what more acceptable than these gay messengers of love and sympathy; tokens to be remembered, and to dwell in the heart, long after the occasion has passed away! I have, no doubt, forgotten many of the kindnesses bestowed upon me in the course of my life, but the occasions of the reception of flowers have been bright, marked moments, not to be forgotten. And if it is more blessed to give than to receive, what a store of wealth does she possess, who can, every morning, cull and

send from her own treasures, one of these sweet missives of love and charity !

I have taken great interest in a noble and generous youth, with whose mother I was formerly on terms of intimacy. When he revisits his native town, I receive one mark of attention from him, if he has time for no other, — an exquisite little bouquet, of two or three choice flowers, left at the door, without a name. But this is enough. I know from whose hand they come, and the feeling which dictates the unfailing gift ; and the golden cord of friendly interest is kept bright by the simple offering.

Flowers are inwoven with the first poetical associations of many, of most. The first musical notes which I remember ever to have heard were those of an old English ballad :

“ A rose-tree, in full bearing,  
Had sweet flowers fair to see.”

The first piece I ever committed to memory, beyond Mother Goose, was from Mrs. Barbauld’s Hymns in Prose — The Rose :

“ See how she sits upon her mossy stem,  
Like the queen of all the flowers ! ”

What a charming image ! And, since that time, how many thousand allusions and comparisons, how large a portion of beautiful thought and expression, have been conned and remembered in connection with flowers ! One might fill a memorandum-book, of dozens of pages, with mere references.

As far as I have had opportunity to observe, the cultivation of flowers, as an exercise and amusement, as a pleasure and a passion, has fallen off. It seems now, in large houses, to be given up to a gardener, who reserves to himself the privilege of gathering and arranging them to order ; while, in cottages and farm-houses, the little girl of the family is the only one who takes an interest in them, or devotes much time to their culture. In my early days, all over New England, in the spring-time of the year, the mother, the head of the family, tall and strong, yet dignified and lady-like (a nearer relative to that fine, English middle-class from whom she was descended, than me), with a green calash on her head, and a garden-implement in

her hand, might be seen directing about the flower-beds, and planting and transplanting with her own hand. And she taught her daughters to follow in her footsteps. And after the frequent social teas, which it was the hospitable and friendly custom to give in every neighborhood, a walk in the garden to look at the flowers was as much a matter of course as the biscuits, cakes, and preserves, the snowy caps and the folded lawn neckerchiefs.

Why are these things changed? as changed they certainly are. Is it that the reading of novels and magazines has become more common? that the increase of fashion and the requirements of dress demand more time and attention than formerly? Is it that fancy-work, that great devourer of time, either for the adornment of the person or of the parlor, is so much more practised, of late years, that all leisure is swallowed up in the attractive pursuit? Is it that ideas of city life and gentility, arising from extended and frequent intercourse with a different class, come in to render unpopular and distasteful the simple pleasures and occupations of country life? Is it that delicacy of complexion, or of the form, or of the hands, may be injured by the necessary labor and exposure which gardening requires? If any or all of these suppositions be true, we consider that infinitely more is lost than gained by this change of tastes and pursuits.

Suppose a young girl has an hour of leisure at her own disposal morning and evening. We will leave out of our consideration absolute labor, study, and mere recreation, and take Mrs. Edgeworth's definition of leisure, "Time to do something useful," that is, something which, while it amuses and pleases, shall not be a mere waste of minutes or of effort, but shall leave some exhilarating or beneficial effect upon the mind, the spirits, or the body. The choice lies, perhaps, between a high-wrought love-story, of which the press throws off dozens monthly, a piece of fancy-work, and her garden.

She sits down to the story. The most exciting descriptions of fashionable life, gorgeous dresses, splendid furniture, inconceivable beauty, overwhelming passions, are presented to her fancy, and engross her soul. She follows her hero and heroine,



probably a couple of impossible characters, translated from a childhood of poverty and ignorance, nobody knows how, into the possession of the most brilliant position and accomplishments, and gifted with untold and endless wealth, through a succession of the most astonishing and wonderful adventures, where horrible crimes and incomprehensible virtues, blind fortune and inevitable destiny, work together to raise them, on the last page, to a height of unsurpassable happiness, splendor and glory, where she leaves them. With what feelings? How do the simple pleasures, the gentle affections, the quiet duties of ordinary life appear to the mind which has been led through such a hot-bed of splendid artificiality, such a whirlwind of false and exaggerated passion? Is that cheerful flow of spirits, that innocent mirth, that openness to enjoyment from one's own actual surroundings, which is so desirable for the young, likely to follow upon this hour?

Or, suppose the fancy-work, — not the worsted slippers, intended as a present to the father or friend, at Christmas, or the buttonholed handkerchief or ruffle (pretty and useful work for odd moments), but the large piece of worsted embroidery for a divan, or the deep, elaborate pattern of English work, four yards long, for a skirt, — is the charmed sea for engulfing every leisure moment. The head and shoulders are bent, the attention is engrossed, every thread and shade on the canvas must correspond with the lines in the pattern, or a mischief is done which cannot be repaired. No conversation is admissible, no thought except of wool and canvas is possible; and at the end of an hour an inch or two inches of an immense work is accomplished. For what object or result? If with the worsted, it is to cover a seat which would look infinitely better if the cost of the materials were expended in a cover of silk or merino; for this purely mechanical imitation forbids the exercise of any taste, and always produces a caricature of nature. And if for the skirt, what a quantity of time and labor for that which adds so little to real elegance of appearance! In both cases what a tax upon the vital forces, for a comparatively worthless object! Comparatively worthless, for neither mind nor body is benefited, and the thing



produced of so small value when the time and labor are considered.

With drawing, or reading a well-written book, singing, dancing, or games of skill or ingenuity, the taste, the imagination, or the phisique, would have received some exercise and development; and, still more, perhaps, in the open air, in gardening, where so many powers are unconsciously brought into exercise, so many healthy influences imbibed. The sun, so bright and genial in the early hours of the day, so soft and golden at his setting; the fresh, inspiriting breezes from the hills; the sweet perfume of bursting vegetation; the strengthening emanations from the soil itself; all act most beneficially upon the frame, as does the gentle exercise, calling every muscle of the body into play, and sending the blood in brisker currents to the extremities. While the loveliness of the objects of culture; the charms of their hidden life and their wonderful growth and unfolding; the feeling, almost like that of creative power, when one's own hand has brought the perfected flower from the tiny seed; the mysterious agencies of nature and providence, in their beautiful and unerring developments, excite the imagination and exalt the mind.

All the accessories are lovely; the singing of birds, the soft hum of insects, the glancing of butterflies, the fine atmospheric changes of morning and evening. One grows into harmony with nature; and this action of pure natural influences, as it gives health and elasticity to the body, disposes the mind to love and goodness. One passion excludes another. Inordinate love of dress, the taste for gossip and scandal, the excitement of the impassioned love-story, the necessity for constant society, are not felt by her who can find occupation and contentment in the simple and natural pleasure of raising flowers.

Let no one suppose that because simple and natural it is childish or undignified. We have high authority for the fact that gardening was the principal employment and great delight of Eve while in her state of innocence. A friend of the writer went to see Miss Hannah More while in her very old age. She was a lady who had tasted and enjoyed almost every pleasure which life could afford, — society, literature, honor.

She said she retained but one natural, undiminished source of pleasure, — this was the charm of flowers. They continued to delight her when the relish for every other enjoyment was dulled, every other passion exhausted.

When a person from our own country visited Miss Mitford, the accomplished lady and charming authoress, she informed her that she had then but two occupations, two pleasures remaining to her ; the care of her aged father, and the culture of flowers. Her favorite flower was the balsam, the common ladies-slipper of the cottage garden. Her great ambition was to raise a fine variety of the white. More than one lady in our own land, high in talent and position, devote themselves with skill and enthusiasm to floral gardening ; and, indeed, in every part of the country where natural tastes are found united to much cultivation, we see flowers, *flowers*.

But it is not in the green-house and conservatory, where their care is delegated, and their enjoyment casual and momentary, that we most delight to see them. It is the gay little patch in the cottage garden, the border, and the porch of the wayside farm-house. Where there are leisure and taste for flowers, we instinctively associate some degree of intelligence, comfort and content. We met, a short time since, with a company of gentlemen just returned from a long pedestrian tour. They said that in travelling through a country where inns were unfrequent, and they became dependent upon private accommodation, they invariably selected the houses where they saw flowers growing, for there they were most sure to find cleanliness, comfort and hospitality. Flowers have been called the stars of earth, as stars have been called the flowers of heaven. It is a cheering thought, that all the poor, as well as the rich, can daily and nightly enjoy the most beautiful things which God has made. The traveller in far distant lands finds nothing which excels the summer cloud, the setting sun, the star, the flower. We have but to open our eyes and our hearts, and the sweet influence enters. Should we not be grateful ?

## WOMAN IN MINIATURE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

As I have gazed upon a gay and blithesome group of young girls, buoyant with an exuberance of spirits, and happy in their contentment, I have given free scope to my fancy, and, in imagination, passed over a few brief years, to a time in which these women in miniature shall have matured and assumed the ordinary duties and responsibilities of active life. I have seen those graceful ringlets disappear, those dimples fade away, and that joy-lit countenance give place to a more sedate yet cheerful expression, when the child should become the grand centre of the domestic group, a leading spirit in the social circle, and an influential member of society. I have traced the gradual development of that energetic Miss, with her broad forehead, and sparkling and piercing eyes, expressive countenance, and lofty bearing, though restrained by a becoming modesty, as she moved on, step by step, suddenly emerging into literary circles, startling the world by the scintillations of genius. I have loved to gaze upon that sedate and comparatively mature girl, with a thoughtful expression, with speaking eyes, in which one might see strength of purpose, sincerity of aim, and lofty aspirations, and follow her to the "dark portions of the earth," which are "the habitations of cruelty," and hear her direct erring mortals to the Great Physician by whom the maladies of sin are healed. I have watched these as they have been guided by a fond mother's counsels, and surrounded by favorable influences, till they have reached high positions in society, and have become its brightest ornaments. I have seen others, differing from them in unimportant respects only, who have soon stepped aside from the path of rectitude,—too soon illustrating the fearful truth, that our fallen nature knows no restraints save those based upon revealed religion.

The true mother, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christi-

anity, need not sigh for a field of labor extensive and interesting, while she is surrounded by him to whom her early vows were plighted, and a group of young immortals, bearing the impress of mutual and conjugal affection. She, indeed, sustains to society in general certain relations, which imply corresponding obligations ; yet her most solemn earthly obligations relate to her own soul and to her household, and her most pleasing duties will ever consist in developing and training the powers of those committed to her charge,— duties which no one has a right to assume, unless willing to engage in them with a zeal based on convictions of right, ever seeking direction from above.

It is unquestionably true that mothers generally exert far more influence than fathers in the formation of the character of their offspring, for reasons too obvious to require even a passing remark. This is peculiarly true as applied to girls, who come almost wholly under the direction of the mother. This arrangement of Divine Providence will seem peculiarly fitting, when the influence of females in refining society, and in restraining the baser passions of man, is fully appreciated. During the few years of early life the seed is sown, seed which produces an abundant harvest. Habits are formed, tastes developed and directed, and, in fine, the great work of preparing for future usefulness is begun. And mothers should never forget society demands that these girls should become *women*,— not merely girls who have attained the stature of adults, but *women* in the strictest sense of that term. Men may become vain and trifling ; for a time, at least, they may choose a life of pleasure and frivolity ; yet even they prefer a *true* woman for a wedded companion, one whom they can respect after the foibles of boyhood shall have been forgotten. A knowledge of French, an ability to draw, paint, sing, and play, are all desirable ; but the possession of these accomplishments *merely*, will never satisfy a man endowed with a fair share of common sense. The notes of the piano-forte are not the only music of the domestic circle ; the parlor and drawing-room are not the only apartments in which the wife may sometimes make herself useful. The *real* may be found as truly as the ideal, labor



as well as recreation. While the mind may, with propriety, be pleased by decorations and ordinary works of art, the body has also its claims; and she who can superintend the kitchen, and even become its sole mistress, in addition to the proper exercise of taste, and the productions of art, will find that she has not labored in vain. The art of painting a fine picture is a desirable accomplishment; but still more desirable is the art of making a loaf of good bread. An ability to write a poem is by no means to be underrated; but there are circumstances, amid the every-day realities of life, where a word of encouragement to a husband, who is harassed by the cares and perplexities of business, will be far more acceptable. A song may please the gay; but there are occasions when the mother's lullaby is more appropriate. In youth, the glare of artificial life may for a time beguile a leisure moment; but, sooner or later, stern realities must be met, which present the more truthful phases of human existence, if not its more fascinating features. The gay morn has its beauties and its charms; but the day follows, and evening's shades throw a different and often a sombre aspect on nature. So it is with life.

It must be admitted, however, that our physical wants are by far too numerous; or, rather, that many of our supposed wants are the offspring of vitiated tastes. It is true, that much of the time spent in catering to our abnormal appetites — so prolific of disease and misery — might be reserved for more rational and noble enjoyments; yet society must be regarded as it now is, and not as the theorist and reformer might wish to make it. While the *animal* predominates, it may be advisable, for those who mingle in society, and perform its most important offices, to conform in some degree, at least, to its present condition. Such a course would probably secure a greater good to the whole, than one which could only be appreciated by a few. In fine, it should be remembered that

“ Life is real, life is earnest ; ”

that those educated for its various duties must inhabit *earth*, not Paradise. Mothers, especially, should remember that their daughters will encounter the ills of life, and that they are des-

tined to perform its duties, that its spring-time may be spent more profitably than in scenes of hilarity and mirth. Early years are especially designed for culture, for the formation of habits of industry, habits that will be promotive of usefulness. Toys may be purchased at the shops, and dolls may be tastefully dressed at the milliner's, but such will not satisfy sensible men. They wish for partners in life, for genuine *women*, not "fancy stocks." Real men, — and there are some still remaining, — in making their estimate of human character, look beyond tinsel and gay attire, and prefer intrinsic merit to merely external adornments. They do not disregard taste, but wish *nature* for the foundation, and works of art as appendages. They neither wish for a "Princess of the Parlor," nor a drudging servant, but for a *companion*, who can adorn the one, or be useful in the other; one who can adapt herself to the various conditions in which men are liable to be placed in the busy world, whether in affluence or in penury. Fops, for a time at least, may admire the coquette and the flirt; but *men* prefer *wives*, such as are worthy of the name.

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#### CHARITY.

THE JEWS would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet truly there is nothing but good religion in it if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of as to give his precious blood for it; therefore, despise it not. — *Leighton*.

## Editor's Miscellany.

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### BIBLICAL NOTES.

BY REV. PROF. JOHN BROWN, D. D., OF EDINBURGH.

JOHN, XII. 46, 47.—“*I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.*”

These two declarations are parallel,—they are of synonymous meaning. What the first indicates by a beautiful figure, the second states in plain literal expressions. Men, in their fallen condition, are in a state of darkness—a state of ignorance and error—of guilt and depravity—of discomfort and misery—of distance from God, who is “light, and in whom is no darkness at all.” Jesus proclaimed himself the light of the world—the author and bestower of salvation—the deliverer from ignorance and error—from guilt and depravity, and discomfort and misery—him who procures for, and communicates to, man the knowledge of truth, the possession of holiness, the enjoyment of happiness,—him who brings men to all these by bringing them to God. He came, “not to judge the world, but to save the world.”

The word translated “judge,” when placed, as here, and in the third chapter of this gospel, in contrast with “save,” means to punish. The design of his coming, of his doctrine, of his expiatory sufferings and death, was not to punish men, as they deserve, but to save them,—to deliver them from guilt and depravity,—from divine wrath and everlasting destruction. This is, as it were, the very key-stone of the arch of Christian doctrine. This, Jesus declared with peculiar plainness. “The Son of man came not to be ministered to, but to minister, and give himself a ransom for many.” “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the

world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." It was love, pure love, which brought Jesus into our world, to do the work of love — to deliver, to save. The design of our Lord's mission was entirely benignant.

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## PASSING EVENTS.

### TRANS-ATLANTIC.

OUR last number chronicled events to the first of December; this, to the first of January. Intelligence from Europe is less eventful than usual.

*The Sub-marine Telegraph Company* have succeeded in disposing of their stock amounting to \$1,750,000, and contemplate the completion of their line connecting the two continents in the course of the next summer.

Specie again flows into the National Banks of England and France, and business resumes its wonted energy and direction. English ships of war have sailed from Malta for Constantinople. The reason of the British demonstrations against New Granada are earnestly demanded of the ministry. Opposition waxes warm against the war with Persia. France agitates the question of establishing a government line of steamers to this country.

*Prussia's* attempt to extend her regal authority over Neufchatel is still resisted by Switzerland; and the other nations of Europe generally, support the claim of the first. A neutral power recommends their requiring Switzerland to accede to Prussia's demand for the release of the Neufchatel prisoners, thus furnishing her with a pretext for modifying her decree.

*Austria* has at last consented to a convocation of the Protestant Synod of Hungary. She may yet meet a merited retribution for her oppression of it.

An unsuccessful attempt was recently made to assassinate the King of *Naples*, and the assassin was publicly executed.

*Russia* is marching an army toward the shore of the Black Sea. Her design in this movement is not yet manifest. She still urges a



re-assembling of the Paris Conference, to define more exactly certain specifications of the late treaty, pledging her adherence to the majority vote of the body when convened. She continues her war with the Circassians, and has taken some of their strong posts.

Apprehensions are expressed, in several European journals, of a famine in *Lapland* in consequence of the destruction of the crops by the severe cold in that country of last July and August.

The war still progresses in *Persia*, and England increases her naval force in the Indian Ocean and her army in India; while Russia shows herself ready to aid the Persian force, if her assistance should be invoked. Herat has already fallen. God avert from that country the judgment of a protracted war!

#### A M E R I C A N .

*Congress* assembled on Monday, December 1st, for a short session, which will terminate with the present administration on the 3d of March. The President's message took the usual review of the state of the Union, and of its foreign relations, all of which appear to be peaceful, except those to New Granada and Central America. There they are disturbed by the unsettled and revolutionary state of those countries.

*The Warden* and *Deputy Warden* of the State Prison have recently been murdered by convicts, under most distressing circumstances. Were not the perpetrators of these crimes encouraged and emboldened by the relaxation of the death-penalty of our laws, relating to capital offences?—also by the plea, so frequent and often utterly false, of insanity in extenuation of the crime of murder; and of other deeds of violence? We hear of a *mania* for murder, for forgery and for other villanies, as if the persons in whom it rages, were urged to these acts against their wills, and deserved commiseration rather than condemnation—a place in the Insane Retreat rather than in a dungeon or on the gallows. When it becomes a moral certainty that every murderer will be speedily executed, is it not probable that this crime will be less frequently committed? We are no advocates for undue severity; but we would have the divine law obeyed,—“Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” Neither would we have a false sympathy for criminals encouraged. We believe in punishments

inflicted upon the guilty for the safety of the public, and to express its just abhorrence of crime.

In the early part of December, *Walker* engaged unsuccessfully in several battles with the Costa Ricans, and his army, poorly clad and provisioned, was much reduced.

*Kansas* is more quiet, the difficulty between Gov. Geary and Judge Lecompton, (the first re-arresting and imprisoning certain Free State men whom the second had liberated, and the latter fining him for contempt of court,) has terminated by the removal of the Judge and the appointment of J. O. Harrison, of Kentucky in his place by President Pierce. Why does our Chief Magistrate select so large a majority of the officers whom he appoints in that Territory, from the Slave States?

The Governor of *South Carolina*, in his Annual Message to the Legislature, recommends the revival of the African slave-trade, long since anathematized by the civilized world, and that body honored it by a reference to a special committee. We are glad to see that the recommendation receives the condemnation which it merits, from the Southern press. But there is one argument against it, which we hope will not fail to receive the attention of that committee and of those journals. It would indeed be inhuman and cruel to take the poor sons and daughters of Ham from Africa, where our missionaries can teach them the good word of life, and settle them on the plantations of that State where law prohibits such instruction under a severe penalty. Yet it may be urged, in favor of the recommendation, that if the trade must be carried on, it were better that it should proceed under legal regulations, than clandestinely and most cruelly as, report assures us, it is now conducted by ships owned in some of our Northern cities. If it is unscriptural and wicked to steal Africans or Coolies, can it be right to freight a ship with them? Yet both of these are landed weekly on the island of Cuba, from English and American vessels, despite the laws of this republic and of the parent country.

Great excitement prevails in the region of Memphis, Tenn., and in some other parts of the South, on account of the *apprehended insurrection* of the blacks. The jails are crowded, and vigilance committees and patrols were appointed in many townships.

## THE BUFFUM PEAR.

This ranks high among pears of American origin, for quality of fruit, the vigor of the plant, its constant fertility, and its fitness to various kinds of soil, and to produce good crops. It was produced in Newport, R. I., where the parent tree is still standing.

"The fruit is of middle size, obovate and tapering a little toward the stem. The skin is dull green, overspread with russet, which color goes over to yellow ochre and dull brown, occasionally dotted and tinged with red and rich brown, when the fruit is about to ripen. The ripening process is slow, and can be retarded by keeping the fruit in cool places without danger of sudden decay.

The flesh is firm, but melting and juicy, with a pleasant peculiar flavor and sweetness enough; a little grit about the core is its only defect, which will perhaps be removed by longer cultivation. In some localities it grows to a larger size, without an abatement of its rich qualities. It is a good orchard and garden fruit. Like the Lawrence pear, it is capable of being barrelled and conveyed to distant markets without injury."

## A STARTLING QUESTION.

—  
SELECTED.  
—

"Was I worthy to be parent of a soul, with its eternal, immense capacity for weal or woe.—*Margaret Ossoli.*

A deep, earnest cry from the fathomless depths of a maternal heart! An awful question that must, that *will* make itself heard? What are we that we should close our ears against it? Time-servers, world-weary, indifferent or apathetic, still this startling cry will interpenetrate and *move*. A majestic intellect was there, under whose sway the greatest of the earth had been held captive, world-renowned and cherished, yet throbbing beneath all, *above* all, a mother's holy love! *Worthy* to be parent of a soul? *Worthy* to hold as one's own an image of the Deity? Alas! alas! who among us with solemn truthfulness can say—"Lord, the talent thou hast bestowed upon me I have improved as seemeth best in thy sight?" Who, with arms clasping so great a treasure, can declare this as truth to be taken down by the recording angel? Oh, continual, increasing mystery! how is it with thee, when thy quick ear catches the sharp word, may be sacreligious, that falls from lips that also can bestow sweetest kisses upon thee? How is it with thee, when the arms that should close about thee in prayer, are turning in the giddy waltz? How is it with thee, loved one, when thy food is shared with swine, and the gutter, perchance, is thy resting place? And how many of the latter are there, a wretched little host, ignorant of all that serves to make more prosperous childhood

glad, destitute of everything that brings comfort and lightness of heart, knowing *too* well all that sinks the yearning, struggling soul beneath the beams of that light its primal nature craves.

Oh, mothers who read this, perhaps the child sweetly sleeping on your bosom, belongs to neither of the classes here described; yet look to it that your influence is toward the highest good the child's soul can attain. Your fire-side may be away from the hum of the busy world, and your influence, in the simplicity of your heart, you may deem of little value; but, remember, that influence, be it what it may, *never dies out!*

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## HOME.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Home's not merely four square walls,  
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;  
 Home is where affection calls—  
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.  
 Home!—go watch the faithful dove  
 Sailing neath the heaven above us;  
 Home is where there's one to love,  
 Home is where there's one to love us,

Home is not merely roof and room,  
 It needs something to endear it;  
 Home is where the heart can bloom;  
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.  
 What is home with none to meet?  
 None to welcome, none to greet us?  
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—  
 Where there's one we love to meet us.

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POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.—These maxims by Dr. Franklin, though often printed, lose nothing of their value by repetition:

1. Plough deep while the sluggards sleep, and you have grain to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a deal more saucy.
3. Silks, satins, scarlets and velvets put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of Good Luck.
5. Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.
6. Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimneys than keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.
9. The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.
10. What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
11. He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.
15. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needest not, and thou shalt sell thy necessities.



## FASHIONS.

## A LADY'S BASQUE.

On this page we present our readers with an illustration of a lady's basque, which may be made of black velvet or any rich material, according to fancy. The decorations consist of small silk buttons, narrow crotchet fringe, and bows of ribbon having ends. An elaborate description is unnecessary, as we have furnished below a diagram of the same garment which has been arranged with great care, the different parts being marked with the number of inches desired, thereby rendering it an easy task to a person possessed of a reasonable degree of mechanical skill to construct a garment at once useful and elegant.



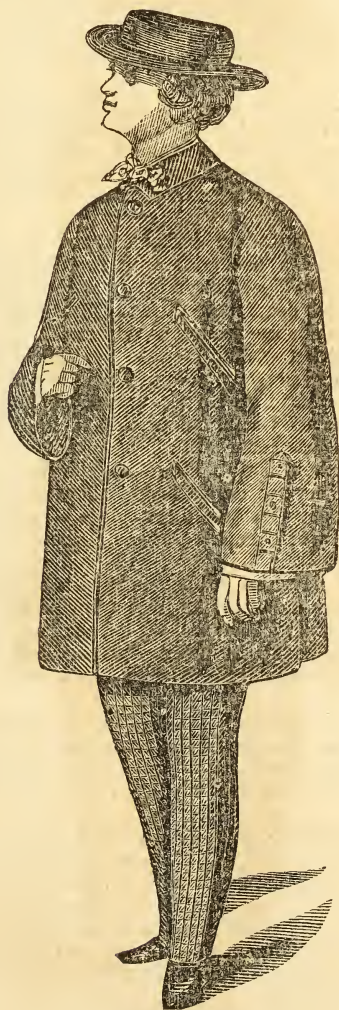


(1)

## GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

No. 1 is a gentleman's promenade suit. The outside garment is a Raglan, cut double breasted. The pants are of fancy cassimere, with a wide stripe at the side.

No. 2 is a youth's walking suit. The overcoat is cut in the Raglan style with wide sleeves; it is single breasted and buttons to the neck. The pants are of small check cassimere.



(2)



## WINTER STYLES FOR LADIES.

All thin materials except for levee dresses have given place to rich silks and velvets. The latter, of course, do not admit of trimmings on the skirt, and moires antiques and brocaded silks are likewise often made up without flounc-es. The pattern of the brocades consists, in many instances, of broad stripes. There is a rich silk of the Isly green, which has a stripe of black and green brocade nearly four inches wide; and a blue silk has a cluster of ribbon-like satin stripes of many colors at intervals of a few inches. A watered broche of grosellie color and black also deserves to be particularly mentioned; and we may observe that the manufacturers usually produce the same design in a variety of colors.

Some leaders of fashion are attempting to discard the basque and to bring in the corsage, that fits close at the waist, and may be worn with or without a sash or band. The graceful and becoming jackets have had a long reign, and variety is said to be charming; moreover, the pointed bodies set off a perfect figure to the greatest advantage: we shall see which of the old favorites carries the day.

Plain silks continue to be made with flounces, and are more profusely trimmed than ever. There is a pink silk with two deep flounces, each flounce being trimmed with rows of black velvet, placed at short intervals so as to form triangles five or six inches deep, while each end of the velvet is finished with a black silk button. Two flounces seem now preferred to three or more.

Double skirts richly trimmed with broad velvet are also a good deal worn.

Mantles are represented in great variety. There is a particularly stylish one of grey cloth trimmed with black fringe, buttons, and gimp, so arranged as to form scallops. Another grey mantle is prettily trimmed with narrow velvet; and one of brown cloth ornamented with black is quite as attractive. Mantles of black velvet, richly trimmed with fringe and jet beads, may be noticed as more costly articles. They are always made rather large, and very warm, and often have an arrangement which gives the graceful appearance of hanging sleeves. Shawls, usually of French cashmere, make a variety in walking costume.

One of the greatest novelties in bonnets consists of a felt bonnet, having a curtain of velvet of the same color. It is trimmed with black feathers, arranged in a somewhat fantastic, and yet—if it be not a contradiction to say so—simple manner. This bonnet has a roll of green velvet inside coming across the head, with a blonde cap intermixed with green velvet, and a small black feather on one side.

To those, however, who approve of a less conspicuous style, we recommend winter bonnets of velvet. There is a charming bonnet of blue terry velvet, blonde, and black feathers; and one of groseille velvet mixed with white tulle and black feathers; while black velvet bonnets, trimmed with scarlet are much liked.

For carriage wear there is a white terry velvet bonnet, with white feathers arranged in a novel style outside, and green velvet flowers next the face. Another white terry velvet bonnet has flowers of violet velvet inside and out.

A pink terry velvet is trimmed with black lace and black feathers.

A very quiet-looking, and yet elegant bonnet is composed of brown velvet, laid on in folds, and has a trimming of brown and black feathers, and two long lappets of velvet and lace. Inside there is a white blonde cap with tufts of brown plush and white roses.

Sometimes the bonnet has a double curtain, with a bow of ribbon having long ends placed between the two.



Head-dresses are particularly elegant this winter, and flowers, either alone or intermixed with ribbon, continue to be worn for evening dress. The wreaths are still arranged to be very full at the sides and to cover the back of the head; and when there are ribbon ends they have generally drooping tendrils.

For more matronly wearers than the wreaths would suit, there are head-dresses composed of black and white lace with ribbons and flowers intermingled; and others of velvet and gold.

A head-dress of scarlet and black velvet is profusely ornamented with coral beads, which mixed with gold coins and gold beads, hang in loops and ends. It is fastened to the hair with large coral and gold pins.

Another head-dress is composed of white blonde, ivy-leaves, and gold, and has scarlet flowers of a beautiful description. A head-dress of blue ribbon and pearl beads is simple, yet effective. Another of blonde and black velvet is trimmed with moss-roses and green leaves; and a head-dress of a similar description is ornamented with violet velvet flowers.

The prevailing colors this winter seem to be scarlet, groseille, French blue, violet, and a peculiarly bright shade of green.

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### LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

An old ballad, printed in 1569, on a broadside, in black letter. No name was attached to it. There is a great deal of true poetry in it.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song;  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste;  
Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold!  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
It will not prove as true a touch;  
Love me little, more than such,  
For I fear the end;  
I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough with true intent,  
To be steadfast, friend.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persevere,  
Give me that with true endeavor,  
I will it restore:  
A suit of durance let it be,  
For all the weathers that for me,  
For the land or for the sea,  
Lasting evermore.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempest do it beat,  
It can never know defeat,  
Never can rebel:  
Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
Thou must give or woo in vain;  
So to thee farewell.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

## PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

**FAMILY DEVOTION.**—It is a beautiful sight to see age and youth assembled around the hearth-stone, engaged in prayer—to hear sweet words from the lips of the aged sire, imploring Heaven's blessings on the wayward youth—to listen to the heartfelt response, as they all with one accord repeat Amen!

The pure thoughts of the aged man find utterance in simple language, which falls upon the heart like dew-drops on the opening rose, bearing up sweet incense o'er the clouds, and wafted thence on angel's wings, through ways of light to the Source of all.

Then to listen to the sweet voices of youth, chanting a song of angelic sweetness, as makes us stop and pause, and wonder if Heaven's choir more sweetly harmonizes.

“ When shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever—  
When shall peace wreath her chain  
'Round us, forever ?”

is uttered in such winning harmony, that we tearfully respond, “when shall that time come.”

**THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.**—The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a filial spirit—“Father.”

A catholic spirit — “Our Father.”

A reverential spirit — “Hallowed be thy name.”

A missionary spirit — “Thy kingdom come.”

An obedient spirit — “Thy will be done on earth.”

A dependent spirit — “Give us this day our daily bread.”

A forgiving spirit — “And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

A cautious spirit — “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

A confidential and adoring spirit — “For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.”

**ANTIDOTE FOR BAD TEMPER.**—Our excellent minister, possessing much knowledge of human nature, (which many good ministers never acquire,) instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, “When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, ‘Sing, and when I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal. Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels.”

Such a practice would sweeten many sour dispositions. It would annihilate that morbid love of tattling and scandal that often embroils a community and involves it in personal and family feuds. If there were more singing, there might be less tale-bearing and slander.

If you find yourself speaking against any person, try the minister's recipe, and it will act as a sovereign remedy. Do you allow your temper to be disturbed? Try the minister's recipe, and it will calm you into a placid spirit. Indeed, the clergyman's recipe is a panacea for many of the ills and disturbing causes of life.

Try it, and you will find its application very simple and harmless, pleasant to the taste and melodious to the ear.

## INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

A certain college professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name?" asked the professor looking through his spectacles.

"You are a Brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir," said the professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not sure that he had understood him correctly, "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a Brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me."

"Insult you," said the student in turn astonished, "how have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the professor with stifled indignation.

"No, you asked me my name, and I answered your question. "My name is U. R. A. Brick. Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. "It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—a-hem—Mr. Brick?"

The other day, the conductor of the Camden and Amboy two o'clock train, discovered an Irishman in a car soon after starting from Camden, and demanded his fare. Pat declared he had no money. The Conductor, after lecturing him, told him to leave at the first stopping place, not far distant. Accordingly Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station. But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath, to find him aboard when fairly on the way.

"Did I not tell you to get off?"

"And shure I did."

"Why then are you here again?"

"And sure did you not say 'all aboard!'" This was too much for the worthy Conductor, who let him pass on his own responsibility.

A fellow was wending his way a short time ago, through some narrow passage, when he met a pretty, modest girl.

"Pray, my dear," said he, "what do they call this passage?" "Balaam's passage," replied the girl. "Ah, then," continued the puppy, "I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel." "And I," rejoined the girl as she pushed past him, "am like the angel—stopped by an ass."

On a sailor's gravestone, in the Brooklyn navy yard, are the following words to be seen:—"Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone aloft."

The best capital for a young man to start with in life, is industry, good sense, and courage. It is better than all the friends or cash that was ever raised.

\* \* \* WHEN was Punch a coach-maker? When he made Brougham a vehicle of fun.

## HOUSEWIFERY.

**SNOW PAN CAKES.**—Take one-third flour, to two-thirds rye meal, add salt and milk to make a thick batter. To every pint of milk add one tea-cup of new fallen snow, then fry in a deep spider. Some prefer to add a little sugar and spice. Eat while hot with sugar and cider.

**SOUP FROM BEANS.**—*To make a soup out of Spanish beans hardly to be distinguished from Turtle Soup.*—Take the usual quantity of beans, (the Spanish, a black bean, sometimes called the *Black Mexican*, at others, *Black Dwarf*,) wash them, put them into a pot with the proper quantity of water, boil them until thoroughly done, then dip the beans out of the pot, and press them through the colander, return the flour to the beans thus pressed through the colander, into the water in the pot in which they were boiled; then tie up some *thyme* in a clean linen or cotton bag, put it into the pot and let it *simmer* a few minutes; then boil a few eggs *hard*, take the shells off, quarter the eggs, and put them into the soup, together with a sliced lemon, add a little butter, and season with salt and pepper, and you will have a soup so nearly approaching the flavor of the real turtle soup, that few, except for the absence of the meat, would be able to distinguish the difference.

**TO CLEAN SILK.**—Pare and slice thin three washed potatoes. Pour on them half a pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also, cloth, velvet or crape. To iron velvet—lay a damp towel over the bottom of a smoothing iron; put on it the wrong side of the velvet, and whisk a brush over the pile till the surface is free from wrinkles.

**BEEF STEAKS.**—The beets, after being washed carefully, may be baked either whole like sweet potatoes, or in slices, and then served up hot with butter, pepper, &c., to the taste. There is a delicious flavor in beets cooked in this way, which is lost when they are boiled. The best sorts for this purpose, are Bassano, Waite's dwarf black, and turnip blood beet.

**A STRONG PASTE FOR PAPER.**—To two large spoonfuls of flour put as much powdered resin as will lie on a shilling; mix with as much strong beer as will make it of a due consistence, and boil half an hour. Let it be cold before it is used.

**TO PRESERVE LARD SWEET.**—Instead of putting it into large vessels, put it in stone crocks, or jars, of from one to four gallons each; when cooling or thickening, put in your salt, which will mix through the lard, instead of settling on the bottom of the crock. The next day take clean bits of cotton cloth, rather larger than the top of the vessel, and after putting it smoothly down, and pressing the edges snugly around so as to exclude all air, pack in a close layer of salt; then lay over it another piece of cotton cloth, and turn over it a plate or a cover which will fit tightly; then tie over two thicknesses of paper, and set it in a cool, dry place. In this way I have kept lard perfectly sweet eighteen months. Crocks of butter should be kept in the same way.



## REVIEW OF THE PRESS.

*The Whistler; or, the Manly Boy.* By Walter Aimwell. Boston: Gould & Lincoln of this city—an interesting volume for children in style and sentiment; it is much like the Rollo series, and happily combines instruction with entertainment.

*Violet; or, the Cross and the Crown.* By M. J. McIntosh. Published by John P. Jewett & Company. In style and sentiment, this book is not only unexceptionable, but possesses great merit; yet, in many of its incidents, it reminds us of what we have previously read.

*Home Studies.* By Rebecca A. Upton. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Company, of this city. This book is replete with valuable recipes on the various arts of domestic economy. It will prove an important assistant to the heads of families.

*Life and Thought; or, Cherished Memorials of the late Julia A. Parker Dyson.* By Miss E. Latimer. Published by Whittemore, Niles & Hall. Especially interesting to the personal friends of its subject who seems to have possessed unusual natural amiableness, combined with refined and poetic taste; but her life, not very fruitful in incident, was short, and pleasing, in the circles in which she moved.

*The Christian's Gift.* Edited by Rev. Rufus W. Clark. Published by John P. Jewett & Company. This volume is precisely what its title indicates, its contents being on a variety of religious subjects ably discussed by authors favorably known to the public, with a number of beautiful engravings, and several poetic effusions, elegantly printed on good paper, and neatly bound. It cannot fail to be a welcome gift to any individual or family of good taste.

*The Harmony of Ages.* A thesis on the relations between the conditions of man and the character of God. By Hiram Parker, M. D. Published by John P. Jewett & Company. This book was evidently designed as an answer to "the Conflict of Ages," or rather as a removal of its foundation, showing that no such conflict as it presupposes, in reality exists. It is the production of an original and independent mind; but it is not entirely free from what seem to us unwarrantable assumptions and doubtful issues in philosophy or theology. For instance, its author uses the word "instinct" for the word "reason," (p. 103,) the term "will" as synonymous with the term "understanding," (p. 53,) in which latter he thinks he finds the source of man's responsibility and accountability, (p. 102.) The real cause of the apostacy he makes Eve's curiosity and Adam's love of his wife, (pp. 110, 196.) The federal headship of Adam lay in the constitution, physical and mental, which his posterity receive from him, and not at all in *his covenant revelation to them*, (p. 196.) He rejects total depravity, because he employs the word *total* to express the utmost possible perversion of the human faculties and agencies, a sense in which few, if any respectable theologians use it, (pp. 37, 79, 157.) He says, "Adam was allowed to transgress—in order that his character should become fully developed," (p. 259.) But does this either explain the subject

or relieve it of difficulty? It is still pertinent to inquire why the All-wise and the Infinite endowed him with a constitution or the elements of a character which transgression was necessary to develope? Could he not have so constituted him as to have exempted him from this necessity? And if he could, why did he not? We cheerfully conceded to every man the right to form and to express his own opinions on these points; but when any assume the responsibility of authorship and instruction, they ought to be well versed in the subjects of which they treat.

*The Child's Keepsake.* A book of original poems for the Young. By E. Porter Dyer. Published by C. Stone. This little volume, a former edition of which we have before noticed, contains many sweet hymns for infant minds, and should be in every family.

*The Happy New Year.* A New Year's present for the child. By Wm. M. Thayer, second edition. Published by C. Stone, well adapted to interest and teach small children.

*Report of the Special Committee of the Deputation to India.* On the subject of this delegation we have previously expressed our conviction that the plan thereof should have been submitted to, if not devised by, corporate members of the Board, certainly should have had their sanction before its adoption by the Prudential Committee or its execution by their Secretary, then the necessity for this special committee might have been superceded. The whole thing was wrong end first, and recognized a centralization rather than a diffusion of power. We hope the day may yet arrive when the churches either in their particular organization or as associated in Conferences and Presbyteries, will send out and support their own missionaries, as the church at Antioch sent Paul and Silas without any intervening Board; and as a harbinger of this result, we wish that this and every other Missionary Board would act the part of a fiscal functionary or commission-house, collecting the facts and transmitting the funds and supplies, and thus instituting a far more intimate connection between missionaries and the churches at home that support them. This, we sincerely believe, would greatly hasten the world's evangelization.

This report evinces much patient inquiry and research, is candid and worthy of confidence. The patrons of the Board, we doubt not, will be glad to learn that henceforth a larger share of their funds will be expended in teaching and preaching the gospel to the heathen in their native tongue.

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MUSIC from the house of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, Boston: "The Wreath," "Pantuler Polka," by Armurt, "The Brooklyn Schottisch," "I Ne'er can Love Again."

From the house of Russell & Richardson: "Silver Bells," "Idylle," for the Piano Forte; Compositions of Thalberg, "Andante," "Regard, a Cluster of Precious Gems," Ruby, Emerald, Garnet, Amethyst, Roselile and Diamond—all very fine pieces.







*Moses Receiving the Commandments.*





THE KING APPLE



# EVENING SONG OF THE HOME CIRCLE.

WORDS BY WM. PHIPPS.  
ANDANTE.

MUSIC BY GEO. G. PHIPPS.

1. When the passing day-light's fading,  
2. Mellow songs, the weary cheer - ing

In our cheerful home we sing:  
Wake the music of the soul,

Loving hearts, each other  
Close the ear from sorrows

The first system of the musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The first two staves are vocal lines, with the first staff starting on a whole note and the second staff on a half note. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a whole note. The lyrics are: '1. When the passing day-light's fading, 2. Mellow songs, the weary cheer - ing'. The piano part has a melody that rises and then falls, with a final whole note chord.

aid - ing,  
hearing,

Their u-nit - ed tones we bring;  
Soothe with peace "the golden bowl."

Soft or slow,  
Soft or slow,

Or,  
Or,

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano part has a melody that rises and then falls, with a final whole note chord. The lyrics are: 'aid - ing, hearing, Their u-nit - ed tones we bring; Soothe with peace "the golden bowl."'. The piano part has a melody that rises and then falls, with a final whole note chord. The lyrics are: 'Soft or slow, Soft or slow, Or, Or,'.

# EVENING SONG OF THE HOME CIRCLE. Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics "high or low, high or low," with notes indicating a rising and falling melodic line. The second staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature, containing the lyrics "Warbling with each tuneful string, On our murmuring numbers roll." and a more complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The third staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing the lyrics "Warbling with each tuneful string, On our murmuring numbers roll." and a simpler melodic line. A "Ritard." marking is placed below the second staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3 So when life shall cease its smiling,  
 And the hour of death draw near,  
 May the triumph-song beguiling,  
 Banish every doubt and fear.  
     Soft or slow,  
     Or, high or low,  
 Each sweet tone the soul shall cheer.

4 On across the swelling river,  
 Shall that triumph-song delight,  
 Where the ills of life shall never  
 Bring a clouded morn or night.  
     Soft or slow,  
     Or, high or low,  
 There we'll sing in endless light.



## INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

## NO. II.—TOYS.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

HAVING discussed the influence of Pictures upon the young, the subject of Toys next deserves attention. Parents generally think that toys are indispensable to the amusement of children. A nursery is not well furnished without more or less of these articles. A country store has not a good assortment without them. A fair, in city or rural district, usually offers a good show of them, if it be thoroughly furnished. In almost every habitation we find them—dolls, horses, carts, wagons, beds, tea-sets, whips, whistles, marbles, and other things too numerous to mention, manufactured expressly for the juvenile portion of families. There is no end to the variety of toys now offered for sale; and we might almost say that there is no end to the expense incurred by parents in providing their children with these sources of amusement. For this reason, the subject becomes important as connected with the training of the young. Month after month, and year after year, they are amused in this way. Surely, an influence so constant and long-continued, must have its effect upon character.

It is probable that few parents have given the matter much attention. To the majority of them it may seem of little consequence, whether a son or a daughter plays with this, that, or the other thing. "It is only amusement," they say; as if amusement left no impression after its enjoyment. There are facts on record, which show that toys have decided the destinies of the young. In view of them, no considerate father or mother can regard with indifference the toys presented to their offspring. Their legitimate influence must be decidedly educational.

Every body has read of the boyhood of Napoleon. He amused himself with his little brass cannon, day after day, going through with those mimic exercises of war which be

came to him reality in later life. He was accustomed, also, to drill his companions in warlike manœuvres; and, on one occasion, after an unusual fall of snow, he marshalled his school-mates into rank and file, threw up imposing snow bastions, and led on the assaulting party for ten days, the battle waxing warmer and warmer, until it terminated in active conflict, with stones and other deadly missiles. That such amusement had an influence in deciding the career of Napoleon, no writer has denied. Probably the miniature cannon did its part toward making him the ambitious warrior that he was.

It is said of Nelson, the distinguished English naval commander, that his favorite toy in early life was a knife-cut ship, with paper sails. This, in company with his school-mates, he was wont to sail upon an artificial pond, which they made by hard pumping. Day after day this was the sport he enjoyed at the school in Downham, and here he took his first lessons in navigation and naval tactics.

It is also true that the boyhood of Washington was characterized by warlike displays as an amusement. A wooden sword and paper cap were the toys that pleased him most. At one time he commanded a company of boys in the neighborhood, all of whom were furnished with uniforms of domestic manufacture, the little sword included, of course; and many were the juvenile trainings and battles for which that period was distinguished. The fact of Washington's early life, is often cited to show the connection of childhood with age.

Such facts as the above, have turned the attention of some parents to the pernicious influence of toy guns, swords, cannons, and such other things, as tend to beget and foster warlike sentiments. There is no doubt that the appeal of these toys, and the sports in which they are used, may be to the lowest and basest passions of the human heart. Here we may discover a reason for the continued and prevailing sentiments of unrighteous war in the face of the plainest precepts and duties of Christianity. It seems, at first, strange that good people should now extol the glories of war, with its bloody horrors, and speak of old warriors as being among the noblest

heroes of the world. But it is not strange, when we consider that they are educated thus from the cradle. When the soldiers were out, it was to them a gala-day. They thronged the streets to gaze upon the pageantry, and the jeweled sword, the nodding plume, the golden epaulette, and fiery steed, with the inspiration of martial music, associated the concomitants of war in their minds, with all that is grand and noble. The result was imitation of this martial display, and hence the demand for tin swords, wooden guns, and other parts of war equipments. Nor has this state of things altogether ceased. Go into a toy-shop, and you may find any quantity of the toys of war, selling at a rapid rate. One of the most recent inventions of toy-mongers, is the representation of battle scenes. We have just examined one, called "The Battle of Alma," presented to a little boy by an indulgent uncle. It consists of about three dozens of pewter soldiers, cavalry and infantry, "armed and equipped as the law directs," together with two brass cannons fitted for firing peas by means of a spring. On the lid of the box containing this army, is a picture of a fierce battle, with its incidentals of blood and terror. The little fellow who received this present was greatly delighted with it. Nearly all boys will choose a sword, feather, gun, or some "battle of Alma," in preference to less warlike toys. Time after time he has set up the soldiers in battle array, and then brought his tiny field-pieces to bear against them, "to shoot them down," as he said. True, his ammunition was nothing but dry peas, but he who may delight, when a child, to prostrate pewter men with peas, may take pleasure in shooting men of flesh and blood, with leaden balls, when he becomes a man.

This particular point deserves more attention than it has received. Toys of war are of very questionable propriety, to say the least. If we desire the young to grow up without a love of martial glory, and with more respect for a philanthropist than a general, then their early pleasures must not be connected with mimic demonstrations of war.

We have viewed the influence of certain toys in the light of facts. Look now at them in the light of reason.

There is a little girl with her waxen doll in full dress. How much of her time is employed in playing with it! She seemingly does not tire with dressing, undressing, and caressing it. Hear her words of love and tenderness addressed to it, as if it were a living babe. All the affections and tender sensibilities of the future mother are now seen in her. Reason affirms that such amusement must exert a happy influence upon the mind and heart of the child. She may become a better woman and mother for this communion with her little protégé. If she is taught to make its dresses, the influence may appear in her future skill. And, in other ways, a doll may become a good educator in the family.

A boy is furnished with a rocking horse. It is a favorite toy with lads generally. He manages it as he would the living steed. Does not the sport tend to increase his love for horses? Does it not, also, tend to develop the more boisterous propensities of his nature? Will he not become more noisy and turbulent by lording it over the hobby-horse? Notice one of these juvenile horsemen, playing the part of an uproarious, tyrannizing driver, and say if such does not appear to be the influence of the rocking-horse. For a boy of too feminine qualities it might be an excellent discipline. For a lad of the opposite character, it fosters propensities that ought to be curbed.

We might go through with the whole list of toys to ascertain, in this way, their probable results. Parents should certainly ponder the influence of any toy they contemplate giving to a child before they purchase it. If a son has too great fondness for martial display, it is not wise to strengthen it by giving him a gun and sword, though they be made of tin. Whatever be the evil propensity that predominates in a child it should never be increased by a toy.

Here, too, we do well to consider the influence of those toys which are more or less connected with games. Ninepins may serve for an example. If it be true a game of whist for pleasure may result in a game of whist for money, then the child's play at ninepins may educate him for the bowling alley. If there is this tendency in one case, there is in the



other. Even the use of marbles needs to be guarded. A few days since a little boy told his father that he had been playing "*keep*." Upon inquiry, the father found that he had been playing marbles in the street, with the understanding that each one should keep all the marbles he won. This was what he called "*keep*;" and was it not juvenile gambling? We have been told that the selectmen of a large town in this Commonwealth recently stopped the playing of marbles in the streets by the boys, because they saw it was initiating them into the evil of gambling. The sport of "*keep*" where only a marble is involved violates an important moral principle as really as the sport of "*keep*" where a dollar is staked. The wrong does not lie in the value of property staked, but in the nature of the act. This branch of the subject opens a wide field for remark, since it brings us in conflict with old customs; but there is not space at present to pursue the topic.

Toys often teach lessons as really as pictures. Hence care should be taken that the toy and parental counsels do not conflict. The following fact will illustrate the point: A father taught his little boy, four years of age, to be benevolent; believing that benevolence was as much a matter of education as honesty, he was somewhat particular in his lessons upon the subject. Sometimes when beggars came, he called the child, and asked him if he would not like to give one of his own cents. One day the father brought home a toy bank for his boy. It was one of those tin coffers of modern invention which has a place for deposit but none for discount. They are seen in almost every family at the present day. The child was delighted with the new treasure, and proceeded to deposit the money he already possessed. When the last copper was in, he discovered that his money was safe, for his best endeavors were foiled in getting it out. Holding the bank up before him, and surveying it on every side, he exclaimed, "Father! how shall I get my money out to give to the poor man?" The father saw at once that the toy contradicted his counsels; he had taught his child to give away his money, but the little bank said "get all you can, and *keep* all you can get." He might desire to give a cent, or more, to a beggar; but he

could not draw it from his safe. The father saw that the lad could not put his instructions into practice with that toy to hold his money, and he immediately purchased a little trunk for this purpose, which he could open and shut at his pleasure. Then the toy and his lesson harmonized.

This incident shows the importance of having regard to the teaching character of a toy. It is of little use to give a boy lessons upon the bounty and value of peace, if, at the same time, you furnish him with toys of war. It is quite absurd to discourse to him upon the evil and dangers of gambling, if you tolerate his playing "*keep*." "Consistency is a jewel," and just as much of a jewel here as elsewhere.

A word about *useful* toys. Any toy that fosters good habits and sentiments is useful. But some are more valuable, in this respect, than others. Those which discipline the child for the duties and responsibilities of future life are most useful. We have seen that the doll tends to develop the affections of the daughter, and to prepare her for the better discharge of those matronly duties that will devolve upon her. Hence it is a useful toy. So the use of the tiny tea-set, if accompanied with proper directions from the mother, may fit the child for certain domestic cares which the mistress of every well ordered house must meet.

Children love to be useful. How elated they often are with the assurance that they have actually assisted their parents! Why, then, should not the choice of toys have reference to this thing? We are too apt to practice upon the sentiment that children can only play, and the little creatures are almost compelled to believe that they cannot work *until* after they have ceased to be boys and girls. It is not surprising that we have so many idle, lazy people in the world, when we reflect that they were almost forced to play during the first fifteen years of their lives. They are supplied with toys, and left to amuse themselves until such a time as they can be of service in the trades. No wonder they love to continue playing when they reach their teens. Let an adult simply amuse himself for the next fifteen years and he would be a drone the rest of his life, unless starvation stared him in the face.

If a boy must have toys, furnish him with a hoe, spade and wheelbarrow, of a size suited to his years, and take him into the garden with you for actual work. He may help the wrong way, possibly, but the discipline is all the same to him, so long as he understands that he works. Tell him what he can do, and teach him how to do it; it will be a real treat to him, full equal to play. When the haymakers are in the field give him his rake and send him forth to be one of their number; he can rake a little. Perhaps he has visited a boot manufactory and is fascinated with what he there saw. Buy him an awl and some pegs and let him go to work on an old boot or shoe, or even drive the pegs into a pine board. It is an amusement that may be of service to him hereafter. If he exhibits considerable tact in any branch of labor or learning, let his toys, if possible, point in that direction.

A father in the city of Hartford, distinguished for his excellent family discipline has always observed this principle. When his son was about ten years of age he had much taste for printing. For the sake both of the amusement and discipline his father procured types for him, and he commenced to print a paper called the "Hartford Express." It was a sheet about three by five inches; he made the selections and did all the work himself. We begged one of these sheets not long since, and value it highly as an illustration of an important principle in the training of children. Some parents may say that they cannot incur the expense incident to this mode of discipline. We reply that many parents expend twice as much for useless toys, that last but a day, as it would cost to reduce the above principle to practice. The dearest toys, in the long run, are usually those of the least utility, mere things of fancy.

No person has enjoyed a more enviable reputation for family discipline than Leigh Richmond, and he ever taught his children to be useful. He never bought a useless toy; yet no children ever possessed a pleasanter home. It was a study with the father to make home the most attractive place to them. So far as possible he connected their amusements with some useful acquisition. For instance, the magic lan-

tern was the kind of toy which afforded them amusement ; with this, pleasure and profit mingled. One room in his house was a sort of museum, where a great variety of articles were found, suited to please and instruct the young. He ever discarded toys that had nothing but play in them. He was too thoroughly convinced of the importance of childhood and youth, as a season of preparation for the high responsibilities of life, to allow a single day or hour of a child's time to run wholly to waste. Who dare say that he was not right ?

This subject will yet receive the attention which it demands. The community cannot afford to spend millions of dollars every year for toys unless it yields some income by way of good to the rising generation. How many, and what toys, shall be tolerated, is yet to be publicly discussed and settled. The discussion and settlement will certainly come.

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## A PARENT'S LOVE .

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

How beautiful a thing is a parent's love. It resembles, in its clinging fondness, the honeyed woodbine which throws its flexile arms most tenderly around the objects from which it hopes to derive support in the future, and binds together the stones which are built up into the family edifice, and which might otherwise become disjointed and fall asunder. Beautiful in its sacred thought is that love which thus unites the members of the affectionate household. Distance may cut off personal communion between the parent and his children, but parental love, like the spider's web, has fastened a thread of delicate texture to each absent heart, and not a rough breeze sweeps one of the strings that does not cause the whole fabric to vibrate in sympathy to its very centre.

The ivy is not more proverbial for beautifying the ruins of departed grandeur and glory, as it casts its shadow by moonlight on the abbey's broken wall, than is parental love for



hiding the deformities and beautifying the ruins of the blasted reputation of a wayward and disobedient child. I have heard the wailings of David over the fall of a beloved though erring son, when it seemed that all the fountains of the great deep of parental love were broken up. I have seen Rachel wringing her hands in agony and refusing to be comforted, because the tender cords of parental love were violently snapped asunder. I have seen the widowed mother follow the bier of her only son when it seemed that her heart was in the coffin, and nothing but a miracle could prevent it from being forever buried with the child, and wondered at the depth, the fervor, the constancy of a father's or a mother's love. It is true, parental love has sometimes seemed to be utterly eclipsed by parental pride. For some unequal marriage, or for some sad misdemeanor, the haughty father has been known to disinherit his disobedient son and banish him forever from his hearthstone. But while an air of sternness is assumed for the child's good, who will say it is not merely assumed?

“The deepest ice that ever froze,  
Can only o'er the surface close;  
The living stream lies quick below,  
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.”

So in the father's bosom the current of love will flow. It is not in nature to crush out her own deep-wrought instincts. The mother's love lives through all changes. Never can she cease to love the child she bore, and that love has seemed to me beautiful, exceeding beautiful in its sacredness, its truthfulness, its undying fondness. It is a love stronger than time, or distance, or change, or adversity, or even death. In the mother's heart lies its deep fountain which gushes up in the sunlight of prosperity, and overflows in the twilight of adversity. Whatever centrifugal forces may combine to alienate the members of her household, the stronger attraction of the grand central orb, preserves the equilibrium and illustrates the beauty and strength of that attachment, which parental love knows how to employ to bind together the various orbs

that gem the domestic circle, however isolated in their interests, however remote and independent in their orbits.

Parental love's  
A holy thing !  
On earth it proves  
A magic ring !

And ever, while  
Glad ages roll,  
His love, his smile,  
Shall cheer the soul.

It binds the blest  
In worlds above,  
To joy and rest —  
For God is love !

To all above  
This joy shall be,  
That God will love  
Eternally.

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### L I F E .

BY A. S. HUSTED.

WHAT *is life* ? It has been *compared* to a spider's thread, — to a cup, containing sweet waters and bitter, — to a flower, unfolding its beauty and breathing out its perfume in the morning, but at eve lies withered and scentless, — to a drama, where each is the *author* and actor of his own part ; but none of these similes answer our question — what *is life* ?

Is it a spider's *thread* ? Though frail, that tiny architect fastens his fibres securely, but our life is a fragment that Time has snatched from Eternity, incomplete, alone. He places this fragment in the hand of man, and bids him fashion it to comeliness. Leaving us for a time he suddenly comes again, and grasping the web now woven flings it back for trial. Has it been wrought with earnest heedfulness, or has the shuttle been plied dreamily, listlessly ? Every thread will be strictly scrutinised, each broken fibre will tell its tale of carelessness, and woe for the workman whose task is condemned !

Is life a *cup*, containing sweet and bitter water ? Say rather that in every soul a chalice is set, and this is filled for us as our Father judges best. Sometimes the waters of joy and gladness sparkle there, making the heart light and gay. Again those bright waves ebb, and dark waves of afflic-

tion overflow. Then, sad and sorrowing we leave our earthly idols, and weeping, sue for favor from the mercy-seat.

Is *life* a *flower*, blooming in beauty at the sunrise, and which the evening star sees withered and scentless? Our life is not a flower, for though its beauties fade, the spirit that illumed it lives still unseen, and the perfume, the influence, we breathe will not be destroyed. Time may cause it to grow faint and fainter, but in some heart an emblem of the vanished one will remain. Shall our influence prove a blessing or a curse? Will they who live after us, beholding our course, be purer and holier, or will they cling to earth with a firmer grasp? The *soul's life* is not a flower.

Is life a *drama*? It seems like this. The world for our stage, seraphs for an audience, and the Holy One for our judge. Are our parts carefully prepared; are they arranged for the inspection of the Omniscient? Do we act for his approval? As children, we enter upon the already teeming platform. Bewildered and delighted we go mechanically through our part of childhood. There are so many charming novelties, so many allurements by the flowery wayside, that our foot-steps are tracking many merry paths. Youth creeps into our veins, and still rejoicing, with a firmer tread, we venture to look more widely around. We see much of gladness, but here and there are pallid faces, telling of crushed, weary hearts. Our hearts sadden too, but we may not stay. Action demands our attention and we pass on.

Middle age finds us fulfilling the promise of our youth for good or ill. We have wandered amid our fellow actors, and at length chosen the part best suited to our minds; now with unwavering tread we follow the path marked out. If we tarry still longer, with a feeble, tottering step we shall leave the scene, perhaps with rejoicing, perhaps mournfully, wistfully, gazing backward to the earlier days. Our departure amid the crowd will be unnoticed. The similitude is indeed good, but there are points in our existence which no drama can typify. It *can* symbolize our outward movements, but what of the thoughts and feelings so often masked?

One author has told us that "the earth is a thought of

God," — that the gleaming, glittering stars are "thoughts of God." If the earth, in its grandeur and verdure, with its sweeping rivers and surging seas, with its wide, level plains and active volcanoes, is a manifestation of a divine thought; if the beaming worlds rolling through the etherial sky and chiming their high harmonies for His praise, are His thoughts, how much more is man a creature from that mysterious, glorious Being, "Who gathereth the winds in his fist, Who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens," and before whom, "the nations of the earth are accounted as the small dust of the balance." With such a being for our Creator and Father, beholding our every secret imagination, let the web in our hands be woven with care; let us be joyful when he gives us peace and cheerfully submit to his chastenings. Let the influence we diffuse be pure and right, and, in the world, let our parts be well sustained, ever remembering,

"Life is real, and life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal:  
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,  
Was not written of the soul!"

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### H O M E .

What a beautiful place is home  
Where the husband and wife agree,  
Where the children are happy and glad,  
And skip about blithsome and free!  
What a beautiful place is home,  
Where Christian love reigns in its pride,  
Where the husband and wife still appear  
Like affectionate bridegroom and bride!

What a horrible place is a home  
Where the man and the woman e'er wrangle,  
Where the children are brought up 'midst strife,  
And taught little else but to jangle!  
What a horrible place is a home  
Where religion doth never preside,  
Where the heads scarcely seem to remember,  
They ever were bridegroom and bride!



## THE SEA SIDE.

BY REV. C. P. HEADLEY.

THE ocean has always been an object of wonder and admiration. The Hebrew king and poet delighted to contemplate the perfections and glory of God through the marvels of the visible creation. At one time he retires to the battlements of his palace to consider the heavens, "the moon and the stars." Again he looks with devout rapture upon the landscape glowing beneath an oriental sky, finding, as did the Redeemer, ages after in the flesh, instruction in "the lilies of the field." Then his imagination, in another musing mood, would soar away to the majestic ocean, and he exclaimed with elevated thought: "The sea is His, and He made it."

There is, perhaps, no more attractive spot to the reflective mind, one more suggestive and refining, in all the walks of nature, than the solitary ocean shore. Even the misanthropic, sceptical, guilty and wretched Lord Byron, felt this, when he wrote:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea and music in its roar."

The vast expanse of waters, stretching from the pole — the resistless force and violence of the crested billows — and the thunder of commotion heard around the globe, are all illustrations of the greatness and power of God, which arrest the attention of the most careless man. A poet has beautifully expressed this aspect of the deep:

Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light and Love,  
Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!  
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers,  
Or the glad hills leaped upward, or the earth  
With swelling bosom waited for her child;  
Before Eternal Love had lit the sun,  
Or Time had traced his dial plate of stars,—  
The joyful anthem of the ocean flowed.

The frailty of man is no less apparent in the scenery of the ocean shore. A mouldering wreck, and other memorials of disaster meet the eye. It was not long ago that a friend carelessly drew a boot from the foam of the surf, which contained a *human foot*. What a suggestive relic of mortality! Whose son — brother — perhaps husband and father, was he who once pressed the walks of business and *affection*, with that wave-washed foot? Life is displayed in the moods of the ocean. Shipwrecked hearts and souls are a sadder ruin than dismantled ships and lost treasures. And David said of afflictions, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me."

But the sea is also a symbol of eternity. To him who looks afar on the waste of waters, where in the haze of distance sky and waves meet, there comes a solemn suggestion of that unseen deep

"We all must sail so soon."

And how inexpressibly precious and glorious that "good hope through grace," which permits the Christian, standing on the sands of the ocean shore, to exclaim as truthfully as poetically:

"But hold! when thy surges no longer shall roll,  
And the firmament's far length is drawn back like a scroll,  
Then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,  
Be more mighty, more chainless, more glorious than thou!"

Surely all that can pray, should remember the mariner, exposed to perils of body and soul, nor less remember the widow and the fatherless, whom the sea has bereft and left desolate.

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LITTLE FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks *so pleased* to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we have?

## THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

[SEE PLATE.]

It was Pentecost in Israel. On the fiftieth preceding day while they celebrated the Passover, all the first born of the Egyptians died. Eventful period! It witnessed the exodus of God's people, or the emancipation in one night of two millions of slaves, their passage through the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host, the triumphal song of Moses and Miriam, the sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah, the sojourn at Elim and in the wilderness of Sin, the miraculous gift of the quails and the manna, the water gushing from the rock at the stroke of the prophetic wand, the victory over the Amalekites, and the encampment on the plain at the foot of Mount Sinai.

There the tents of these confederated Nomadic tribes had not been long pitched, when God called Moses, their leader, to meet him on the Mount; and the summons being obeyed, He sent him to remind them of the wonders his hand had wrought for their deliverance and preservation, and to assure them of his readiness to forgive their guilty murmurings and to adopt them as his peculiar people. They accepted the gracious overture and their divinely appointed commander re-ascends the Mount.

Again God sent him to command them to sanctify themselves that day and the next, and to be in readiness against the third day when he would come down in their sight upon the Mount and establish with them his holy covenant. When they should see the symbols of the divine presence and majesty, and should hear God's voice, long and distinct as the clangor of a trumpet, they were to assemble in a vast congregation, and, under the direction of their elders and deliverer, to approach the base of the Mount, which, on pain of death, they might not even touch, no, nor transcend their prescribed boundary.

The morning of the third day dawned, and the thousands of Israel awake in expectation of divine wonders. They look out of the doors of their tents ; and behold, a thick cloud radiant with divine glory crowns the Mount ! The lightnings flash, the thunder's peal, a silence succeeds, which is soon broken by the voice of the trumpet long and loud, the appointed symbol for marshaling the hosts, each under its own banner and leader, and all under the command of their captain general.

" Clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign  
Of Wrath awaked : nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds,  
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah."

At length, all stand at the foot of this throne of God ; some trembling with fear at the lightning and thunder, the smoky fire and quaking earth ; others flushed with hope of divine gifts. " When the voice of the trumpet sounded long and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice and called him up to the top of the Mount."

But all was not ready. There was no witness to hear God's words and to be an immediate spectator of the scene. Besides the curiosity of the people followed Moses. They knew not what would become of him. Was God about to translate him as he had Enoch ? Would they ever see his face again ? Every moment increased their exposure to transcend the prescribed limits and perish. They needed an additional caution, and Moses must descend to deliver it from God's mouth, and to call Aaron, the high priest, to go up with him and witness the transaction. This commission being fulfilled, the work of preparation is finished, and the solemn transaction begins.



Here our plate represents the scene. The opening cloud discloses Moses to our view in the act of receiving the commandments from God. These were engraved by Divine direction upon tables of stone, and thus presented to Israel. Several times he ascends that Mount, now with Aaron, then with him, and Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders, and finally alone. The object of these seasons of communion with God was to receive the decalogue and the constitution of the Jewish theocracy. Artists commonly group these successive scenes, and represent Moses attended by witnesses, in the presence of the Divine Legislator.

It was the tables on which this moral code was written that Moses dashed to pieces, in his indignation at the worship of the golden calf, tables for which others like them, and containing the same commands, were afterwards substituted, deposited and kept in the ark till the destruction of Solomon's temple. But long before that catastrophe, these commands had been transcribed upon so many sacred rolls and treasured up in so many memories that faithfully transmitted them, as to secure with God's blessing their preservation.

Christ and his Apostles re-enacted and explained them. They are an epitome of man's duty to God, to himself, and to his fellowmen. If they are taught, as they should be, in childhood, their meaning will unfold in manhood and old age. They are a rule of life, a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ, and to make us perfect in him. To one who inquired "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" the Saviour replied, "Keep the commandments." To the tenth, Paul ascribes his spiritual knowledge of sin. More frequently than most other parts of Scripture, they are a means of conviction, conversion and salvation.

Parents teach them diligently to your children; make them the law of your house, so constantly expounded and enforced by your example, that they shall be to you and to them spirit, power, and life eternal.

## THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

## CHAPTER II.

COLONEL DRUMMOND was now thoroughly roused, and forgetting for the moment his wife's presence, commanded Esther to leave the room. She retorted angrily, but he again pointed to the door and she retreated, muttering something which to Helen sounded like a curse. Ferdinand put aside his chair and followed her. His father started to call him back, but she put her hand on his arm, and with a moistened eye, said,

"For my sake do not insist that he shall return. It is hard for him to feel that I can ever love him like the one who has been dismissed from the room on my account. I hope at no distant day he may realize that I wish to be a loving mother to him."

"Helen," exclaimed he, catching her hand to his lips, "I do believe you are an angel; but," he instantly added, "I do not deserve you."

The young wife gave him a glance, full of trust and affection, and they soon were seated at the table. She knew she had often been called irresistible, but never in her coquetish days had she exerted herself as on this occasion. Myrtilla's dark eye flashed with interest, and on one or two occasions she laughed aloud; but her new mother did not check her mirth; she seemed rather to enter into her girlish feelings, and it was evident to more than one present that if she could be left to herself, would soon give her whole heart to her mother.

After breakfast Colonel Drummond invited his wife to ride, but, with a thoughtful glance, she declined, and added—

"I shall be quite busy this morning in my boudoir and intend to ask Myrtilla to assist me to unpack my trunks and jewels. I think we should be happy to go toward evening. What say you, my daughter?"

The young girl joyfully accepted the proposal of both the

morning task and the evening ride; and Mrs. Drummond having kissed the children, and telling them when her trunks were unpacked she should find something for them, took the hand of Myrtilla and led her to her own room.

Several days passed in the same manner. Ferdinand she never saw, except as she met him casually in the hall; but she always stopped, put out her hand, and said pleasantly, "are you well, my son?" He was perfectly respectful, though, as she touched his hand, she often observed that a shiver passed over him, and that his hands were like ice. She mentioned this to her husband with the fear that he were ill.

"He is always so when laboring under excitement," said the father, and turned to another subject.

She had several times hinted to him that she wondered he retained Esther in his family, but he replied in such an indefinite manner, that she became convinced that for some reason he feared to turn her away. The more she saw of Myrtilla the stronger was her feeling that if she were separated from her brother and nurse, she would soon feel for her the affection of a child; and one day, after an exhibition of temper such as invariably followed the pleadings of Esther, she was constrained to speak to her husband upon the subject. "If," she urged, warmly, "you do not wish to have your daughter ruined, you will either send her back to school or dismiss Esther."

"Perhaps," he answered, "you are not aware that if she goes to school Esther accompanies her."

"Why so? Has this been the case heretofore?"

He turned suddenly to the window, as he said,

"Not of late; but generally while Ella's mother lived."

Helen suddenly grew very pale, and put her hand to her heart. An explanation not very honorable to her husband flashed through her mind. After a moment she said,

"Colonel Drummond, Esther must leave this roof. I think you will agree with me, that it is neither right nor proper for me to submit longer to her obtrusive interference. Of course if you think it wise to trust your daughter's morals with such a person, you have the right to do so; but I feel already such

a strong interest in her that I cannot advise such a course. Of one thing, however, I am sure, Esther must leave."

The gentleman was rapidly pacing the floor, but stopped when she ceased speaking, and in an embarrassed manner, said, "Helen, I told you I was not perfect, and that there are some things which I should be heartily glad to do that are not in my power. I dare not turn her away. You don't know her; why, she would not hesitate a moment to kill us all or burn us up if we should offend her!"

"Then I have only to say that you deceived me when you replied to my question on a certain occasion, 'have you told me all?' You kept back the fact that you should require me to live in daily intercourse with a murderer and an incendiary. You concealed the fact, vastly more important in its bearing on my welfare than that you had already been twice married and was the father of four children, namely, that the happiness of this woman, or the fear of offending her, was of more consequence than the peace and comfort of your wife and the well-being of your family."

Mrs. Drummond spoke calmly but in a tone of injured feeling which touched him more than the most violent burst of anger could have done.

"Helen, my dear wife," he commenced, approaching her; but he suddenly stopped; what could he say?—nothing, surely, unless he explained all. A struggle was going on in his breast. He glanced at her; never had she looked more beautiful. There was a pensive expression which became her well. "No, not yet," he murmured, "I cannot bear to lose her respect."

When she was alone the young wife pondered long and sadly upon her husband's words, in connexion with the agonizing suspicion which had taken possession of her thoughts. Yes, in the freedom of their first interviews subsequent to their hasty betrothal, he had indeed told her that he had led a gay life, that, especially since the death of his first wife, he had been what was called a man of the world. Could he have intended more than his words properly imported? Did he mean to convey the idea that he had stepped aside from



the paths of virtue? She shuddered as she recalled to mind the warning of Dr. Wells, as she was travelling with him from Cape May to New York. "Miss Russell," he said, "as a friend I entreat you to postpone your marriage until you know something more of the private character of Colonel Drummond. He has lived abroad for many years where the laws of society are very easy with regard to a man's morals; and, even if strictly virtuous, his habits may not be congenial with yours." She well remembered the credulous smile by which she answered him. "And I have loved him so devotedly, and do still love him," she added with emotion. "Oh, if this which I suspect prove true, I have been cruelly deceived!" Ah! she was only reaping the first fruits of her too hasty marriage.

Later in the evening she heard a carriage stop before the house. After waiting a few moments and finding it did not pass on she went to the window, and saw a man, she thought it was her husband, shutting the door of a coach, which, after a few hurried words to the driver, whirled rapidly away.

When, the next morning, the family were called together for breakfast, she ascertained that Myrtilla and Ferdinand had returned to school, accompanied by their attendant.

"But why," she asked her husband, "did they steal away from the house at night, and without paying me the common civility of bidding me adieu?"

"Helen," he responded, "I confess there is a mystery attached to the history of Esther which I cannot reveal even to you. Rest satisfied that she has gone, and that for your sake I sent her away. After what you had said I would not have her remain another night under my roof. And she shall never return even if for her sake I give up the society of my children."

"How then can I perform my duty to Myrtilla? I love her tenderly, and would like to have her for a few years under my own care."

"Esther would never consent to it," he replied, with great excitement. "I had no idea she was so bitter against my marriage——" but thinking he had perhaps said something to commit himself, he stopped short in great embarrassment.

His wife was every moment more and more surprised, and finding he did not conclude his remark, asked,

"By what right does she withhold her consent to your wishes with regard to your own child, or pretend to oppose your marriage?"

Colonel Drummond coughed, hesitated, stammered, and at length said, "I told you there was a mystery which I could not at present explain."

"Answer me one question and I will try to be satisfied."

"Well, I will answer one question."

"Are you as well as she involved in the mystery?"

"Of course I am, or I should not have felt obliged, indeed, I should never have consented to bring her from Germany, and I wish devoutly I had left her there."

"But I meant ——"

"I have answered one question," suggested he, making an attempt to speak playfully. "Come, let us drop this unpleasant subject; now let me see the smiles return and hear your merry laugh once more. You have no responsibility in the case, as it was all done without your knowledge. With Ella and Virginia you shall have your own way."

In the comparatively quiet, happy months which followed, Mrs. Drummond, who was naturally of a hopeful temperament, enjoyed herself so much in her husband's affection and in the society to which he introduced her, that she looked back upon the first week of her residence in Baltimore, and asked herself if her trials then were anything more than a troubled dream. In the letters she wrote to her friends she assured them that their earnest expostulations with her had been wholly unnecessary, that her husband was as devoted to her as ever, and her little girls increasingly lovely. Her elder children, she merely added, had returned to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Russel rejoiced heartily that their fears had proved groundless with regard to the result of her hasty marriage, and hoped that the delightful duties of wife and mother would wean their beloved niece from the gayeties of a fashionable life.

## CHAPTER III.

THE year following her marriage, Mrs. Drummond passed the month of July at her Northern home, as she still called her uncle's residence. Ella and Virginia accompanied their parents, and remained with her while her husband proceeded to visit a friend in Maine. On his return, he tarried nearly a week at Mr. Russel's hospitable mansion.

During his stay he was deeply impressed with the gentlemanly character of his host, who was now considerably advanced in life, and the perfect confidence existing between each member of the family. He saw religion most beautifully exemplified as he had never witnessed it before. Several times he appeared to his wife just upon the point of making some confession to her, but, after a moment's thought, restrained himself.

Mrs. Drummond, too, could not help drawing a contrast between this peaceful, quiet retreat and the more enlarged and elevated aim before her beloved relatives with the fashionable life she was leading. She perceived that her husband had made a very favorable impression upon her friends. Unusually affectionate after their short separation, and brought at once, as it were, into another world where the inhabitants shared purer joys than he had ever experienced; his manner was softened and his heart really touched. "I should like to die here," he said to his wife; "I should feel that I was already half way to Heaven, and the earnest prayers of your good uncle would certainly carry me the other half."

Taking his little girls by the hand he sauntered away into the woods, and there sitting down upon a decayed tree or stone, meditated as he had not done for years, while the children laughed and shouted with delight. On several different occasions, when he returned to the house, his wife perceived that he avoided meeting her eye, and seemed somewhat troubled in mind. If she alluded to it, however, even in the most distant manner, he invariably changed the topic.

When Mr. and Mrs. Russel bid them farewell, they did so with far different feelings from those which had agitated them



the previous year; and they joyfully acknowledged to their neice that in her case a hasty marriage had proved a happy one. Alas! the end was not yet!

During the following winter Colonel Drummond was attacked with a violent fever, connected with delirium. In his hours of returning reason he was exceedingly anxious to know what had been the subject of his aberrations. According to the direction of the physician his wife soothed and quieted him with indefinite replies, as the least agitation might prove fatal. But during the long hours when she sat alone by his side, because she would allow no one to hear his incoherent ravings, no pen can describe her mingled horror and grief as she listened to his words. He seemed to imagine Esther ever before him, threatening to reveal some dark plot, from which he tried by promises of great gain to Myrtila to divert her.

During his sickness several letters came to him from Georgetown, which, without opening, Mrs. Drummond locked in her private desk. When he was pronounced convalescent his first inquiry was for these letters, and, with the doctor's permission, she placed them in his hands; but the intelligence they contained was of so exciting a nature that he had a relapse. While he was still dangerously ill, a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and Esther followed by Myrtila entered the house.

Mrs. Drummond, who had seen them alight, hastily left the sick room to give orders that no one could be admitted to the chamber of the invalid, when Esther's voice, talking to a servant in the lower hall, arrested her attention: "Why was I not summoned home to nurse him? Who dared keep from me the knowledge of his sickness?"

Her heart sank as she realized the trials before her, and retiring to a room where she could be undisturbed, she gave vent to her pent up grief. "Adieu," she said to happiness, or to hope, "Esther has returned; the sight of her will kill him. Yes, he will die with this dreadful secret on his soul."

Sometimes she thought if she knew him to be a murderer it would be a relief. She had imagined so many fearful things since his illness, and the suspense was becoming fear-



ful beyond endurance. Suddenly she heard the doctor's step ascending the stairs and she flew to meet him, and beckoned him into the chamber. "Doctor," she exclaimed, "Esther has returned and will insist upon going in to see her master; what shall we do?"

"It is fortunate for you that she has come just at this time," returned the physician; "you are quite worn out with watching and Esther is an excellent nurse, beside being so well acquainted with his wants."

"But, Doctor, he will not see her. The letters which excited him so strangely were from her."

The physician paused thoughtfully, and then said, "Is it so? I hardly know what to think." After a brief consultation he concluded cautiously to impart to his patient the knowledge of Esther's arrival, and to act his pleasure about admitting her.

"Tell him," said the distressed wife, "that he must choose between us. I cannot consent to be in her presence a moment."

The Doctor turned back and gazed thoughtfully at the pale face and agitated form of Mrs. Drummond, and then slowly took his way to the chamber of her husband while she locked herself into her room to await his return.

After what seemed to her at least an hour, but which was really but fifteen minutes, her sympathizing friend returned. One glance at his agitated countenance convinced her of the result.

"He has made a choice?" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

Dr. Larned advanced toward her and took her hand, as he gravely bowed his assent.

"And Esther ——" she gasped, from suffocation.

"Be calm, dear madam, and I will explain. There is some mystery here. Who is this Esther?" and he gazed thoughtfully upon the floor.

"What did he say?" asked the almost distracted wife, recovering her voice.

"I told him she had come, and wished to take the care of him. With an awful curse he declared she should not come

near him. I arose to communicate the same to you and to her, when he caught my hand, and said, 'Where are you going, Doctor?'"

"'To summon your poor wife and forbid Esther entering the chamber.'"

"'No! *no!!* that will never do; she will kill us all. If she insists upon it, she must come,' and he covered his face and wept. 'Oh! Doctor,' he cried, it is a dreadful thing to be in a vile woman's power.'"

"'I longed to expostulate with him, but he was already fearfully excited, and I only said, 'If Esther comes here, your wife will give up all care of you. You cannot expect her to submit to such an outrage.'"

"'I shall die if she leaves me,' he exclaimed, passionately. 'You don't know my wife, Doctor; if you did you would understand; but I cannot explain. It is best that it should be so. Tell her that for her sake, I submit to this new trial,' and he groaned aloud."

"'Doctor,' he said quickly, as I again arose, 'charge Esther if she values my life not to speak to me. I shall remain with my eyes closed. Come in as often as you can, and while you are here send her on some errand so that she cannot hear what I say.'"

Mrs. Drummond listened with breathless interest until he ceased, then she sank back into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

"I do sincerely pity you, madam; I had no idea of this unhappiness in your family. I cannot understand the cause," and he glanced inquiringly at her.

The poor woman raised her head, as she replied, "Neither do I understand it. There is, as you say, a mystery about it. It is now nearly two years since Ferdinand and Myrtilla left home, and Esther accompanied them. That was only a week after my marriage. I had already begun to love the ardent girl and her leaving home was a great trial to me; but my husband confessed to me that Esther would not consent to have her stay, and when I demanded by what right she withheld her consent, he acknowledged there was a mystery."

"You are unlike every other woman I have known," said

the Doctor, earnestly, "or you would have solved it before now."

Mrs. Drummond's face flushed as she replied, "It has been at times a source of great mortification, as well as of grief, that my husband did not give me his entire confidence; but in every other respect he is as devoted and affectionate as I could desire."

"What do you intend to do?" he asked, respectfully.

"If it were not for the little children, I should leave Baltimore at once and return to the North; and yet I suppose I should be no happier there—I should still carry this heavy heart."

"Let me advise you, dear madam, to do nothing hastily. I will try to prevail with my patient to unburden himself to you. After what he has said to me I shall feel at liberty to speak."

"Oh! Doctor, if you can do so you will ensure my everlasting gratitude. Tell him that he has said so much in his delirium that I can never be happy until I know the worst. Even if his hands have shed blood," she added in a low voice and shuddering as she spoke.

The Doctor started, saying "how much you must have suffered, but I hope the crisis is near;" and he returned to the chamber of his patient, while she locked the door and sat down to decide what she should do. "Ah!" she said to herself, "if I knew how to pray I would pray now; certainly a poor creature never needed Divine help more than I do. Oh! what would I not give if uncle Russel were here; he would know what I ought to do." Sometimes she became so incensed at the idea of Esther by the side of her husband, performing for him those offices of love which it had been her delightful privilege as well as duty to render, that she started up determined to leave the house; and then hope that he would yet confide to her ear the secret which had weighed so heavily upon his spirits since their marriage, together with her motherly affection for Ella and Virginia restrained her.

When Dr. Larned returned to his patient he was startled to find the seat occupied which he had so lately left vacant. There sat a lady, seemingly about forty years of age, with a



turban of rich crimson gracefully twisted around her head ; her ears and hands glistened with rich jewels, and her mouth wore a most triumphant smile. It was a full minute before he recognized Esther in her oriental costume. The color from her turban lent a brilliant glow to her swarthy complexion, and her eyes almost dazzled him with their brightness.

The invalid lay as if asleep, and merely bowing his head when he recognized her, he put his finger on his lip and beckoned her into the adjoining boudoir. In a whisper, he asked if she were intending to nurse Colonel Drummond. She nodded her head. He then proceeded to give her directions, charging her not to arouse him, or to allow a word to be spoken in his presence until he were stronger than at present.

"You will give orders, then," she said eagerly, "that no one but myself approaches him."

"No one will attempt to do so," he replied, smothering his indignation ; "I would not, in his present state, leave him unless I were sure you were competent to obey my directions."

Wondering and delighted that she had so easily carried her point, Esther returned to the bed, while the Doctor approached, placed his fingers on the pulse, bent down to listen to his breathing, and then drawing the curtains partially around him to exclude the light, softly left the room.

Hour after hour passed and still he appeared to sleep, only arousing sufficiently to swallow the teaspoonful of medicine or of toast water, which, according to the directions, were administered silently by his nurse. Not once since she entered the chamber had he opened his eyes. No one had approached ; indeed the house was as quiet as if deserted. Dinner time came and passed, and still Esther sat and still her patient slept, or appeared to sleep. At length she became impatient. "The cursed Gentile might as well have nursed him to-day as I," she whispered. "This is dull work, too much time to think unless one can have thoughts pleasanter than mine. I wonder what the Doctor thought when he found me here. He did not appear at all surprised." Unpleasant as her thoughts were, she was compelled to endure them until the evening, when the Doctor repeated his call.

[*To be continued.*]



## THE OLD CHURCH.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

BLESSINGS on the venerable pile! It stood close by the neat common, in the heart of our quiet little village. Beautiful even in its half decay! Over the tower, green mantling ivy twined with a loving, dependant grace, as human love clings to the wreck of olden joys!

The old bell! Its sweet chimes had fallen with full many a varied meaning on the hearts of the dwellers in the neighboring farm-houses. One by one it had tolled out the ages of those who rested in the graves near—one by one young girls had gone up there in answer to its gladdest peal, to go forth a bride!

It was a beautiful scene on a pleasant Sabbath, to listen to the subdued, yet not sorrowful, music of the bell, calling to the house of God; and to see from quiet green lanes, and along retired streets, and in the great dusty public road, cheerful little groups going up to worship in the temple of the Lord.

Long years ago, when a very little child, I well remember my first Sabbath in the old church. The scene is plainly pictured on my memory as if it were but yesterday. I can see them all; the straight, high slips, the sounding board above the desk, and the white-haired pastor. One by one, with a reverent air, harmonious with my aspect of the place, the villagers came in quietly and took their places. There were aged men, supporting their feeble steps with a staff, and very little children, who gazed around with something of wonder in their faces.

The aged minister spoke from these words: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." As I understood the meaning of the words, it impressed me much, as would a voice from the skies. I wondered why the pale woman who sat next me sobbed and wept as though her heart would break, when she listened to the words of our pastor. But years later, I knew it was the *mother's* heart spoke in those tears, that she was thinking of a fairy form that had lain down to rest, never to waken here!—that

she remembered a little golden head, that would never again be pillowed on *her* bosom ; but presently a new light broke over her features, even amid the tears that rained down her cheeks, and I heard her whisper softly, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord !"

Then I looked around over other faces and saw the changeful expression that played on them, now telling of hope, then of triumph, and anon a tear would steal down cheeks "unused to tears." Earth-worn, weary hearts, went forth lightened of half their burden ; the sorrowing found true consolation here ; the gay and careless led to look *beyond* to-day, and to ask sometimes with an earnest candor, "Whither am I going ?" And there were some too selfish to seek another's joy — some who had vainly chased the phantom happiness, — they within the walls of the old church had read a new page in the life book, had learned *where* to look for never failing joys !

There had been many bridals there, and later yet, perchance, the same fair maiden who had plighted her vows before the altar, there once again a bride — but now the bride of Death !

Beyond the gray kirk was the congregation of the dead. The cold white monuments gleamed out amid the dark mantling shadows of fir and cypress. And when the living came there to weep, their tears often told that they must live on ! Little children, while yet the sunshine rested on their fair brows, came here to sleep, and white-headed, very old and weary, sought so gladly this quiet rest. Young maidens, too, had stayed their weary feet here and joined the quiet slumbers of the dead. There are solemn, holy thoughts gushing up from the heart's deepest, purest fountains, as we gaze on this gray old pile. There are peaceful, sad visions thronging swiftly upon us, as we walk among the grassy mounds. The sunshine rests longest here ; the summer winds are chanting a sweet, mournful song among the weeping willows. The deep sombre shadows of the fir tree folds over these graves in the early twilight, and the white snow robes cling to them in the gloomy winter. Yet we may learn a lesson here ; we may solve the problem of life amid these ruined arches if we will — a trial time on earth — in heaven a bright hereafter.

## THE WIDOW ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY C. KIMBALL.

## PART I.

WHILE travelling in New England some years ago, I called at a small, neat cottage in a retired, pleasant spot on the Green Mountains, and found a widow with an unmarried daughter living together very pleasantly. The mother was quite aged, in the vicinity probably of eighty years. She appeared care-worn, and had evidently seen hard times in her earthly pilgrimage. Owing to the infirmities of age, she was unable to attend meeting on the Sabbath, as the sanctuary was some two miles distant and they had no carriage.

I soon became deeply interested in this aged widow, venerable for years, and devoutly pious, who, when young, was blessed with a strong constitution, and even now, when years and hard labor had prostrated her energies, gave evident signs of uncommon dignity and stateliness of character. The daughter was in middle life, pious, intelligent, domestic, and very attentive to the wants of her aged mother. They were poor in respect to earthly possessions, but rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom, a kingdom consisting not in meat and drink, but in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. She possessed, however, a competence of earthly good, for her children were very kind and cheerfully supplied her daily wants. Though solitary upon the mountain, at some distance from any human dwelling, and rarely visited by people from the village, it was a happy family. Peace without and peace within rendered age a comfort and life a blessing. Order and neatness were visible in their sanctified dwelling. The furniture, though not rich, was respectable. The old clock measured time as accurately and struck the hours as merrily as if it had stood in the palace of a king. The family Bible, not covered with gilt, and worn somewhat, to be sure, by constant use, lay upon the table, full of precious promises, which had been the support of her hope, and the consolation



of her soul through a long life of labor and trial. These were the wells of salvation from which she was daily refreshed, and by which she encouraged her large family as they grew up around her, to seek and to serve the Lord their God. In that blessed book she saw beautifully, yea, sublimely delineated the character of that infinite God, holy, benevolent, kind, whom she called her Father, and had proved to be such in every emergency, anticipating her necessities and supplying her wants from his abundant fulness. To his will she cheerfully bowed, in his law she heartily delighted, in his government she greatly rejoiced; yes, she rejoiced exceedingly that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The Bible was her companion, her tried friend. She had read it and re-read it, and the more she perused it the better she liked it. Its warnings, threatenings, commands, invitations, precepts and promises were to her alike precious. It was a sun, bright and cloudless, which never set, radiant with glory, illuminating her pathway to a better world. Though her eyes were somewhat dim with age, she still could read, and, when her own powers were weary, her beloved daughter would read to her, not the Bible only, but other religious books adapted to illustrate and enforce the divine testimony. These, too, were the helpers of her faith, her hope and her joy. Jesus, her beloved Saviour, was precious to her, as he is to them who believe. His name, his work, and his character were precious. To her, he was Immanuel, God with us, the Lord our Righteousness, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. And why should he not be all this to her confiding heart? He had redeemed her by his blood. He had called her by his Spirit. He had justified her freely by his grace. He was now, as she hoped, sanctifying her by his word and spirit, and fitting her for that kingdom where his beloved followers shall see him without a cloud, without a vail, in all his infinite beauty and glory, majesty and loveliness, and where, too, they shall sin and suffer no more. In Jesus she had believed, to him she had prayed, him she had followed through evil and through



good report, and had found him to be a very present help in trouble. He was her strength in weakness, her light in darkness, the hope and consolation of her soul when flesh and heart were ready to faint. To Him she looked for faith to conquer and grace to triumph over every foe, internal and external, visible and invisible; and death itself, the last enemy, and then to receive a crown of life which fadeth not away.

Her pastor was with me and she invited us to take some refreshment. Her kind offer we cheerfully accepted. We prayed with this happy family, and left with them the religious books I had with me, which they were very glad to receive. With the blessing of mother and daughter resting upon us we left their quiet abode, being fully persuaded that from a pleasant glen on these rugged mountains one family, at least, were preparing for a habitation made without hands eternal in the heavens.

## PART II.

SHE was the daughter of a clergyman, and experienced religion in early life. Her husband after many reverses in his worldly business, located his family in one of the most romantic and mountainous regions in his native State. He was then a stranger to the hopes and consolations of religion. The house of God at that time was nearly five miles distant, far above them, on the side of the mountain, which they were obliged to ascend every Sabbath when they attended meeting, over a bad road and on foot, for a carriage was rarely to be found at that period in the region. They were poor, labored hard, and struggled with many difficulties in supporting a family of eleven children, one of whom died when quite young.

In the midst of his days her husband died after a short sickness, having experienced religion some time before, and left his great family to the care of his companion. This to her was a trying hour. Affliction, poverty, and the necessity of providing for her numerous household were mingled in her cup, but her faith did not fail. She remembered the declaration, "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow,

is God in his holy habitation ; ” “ Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in me.” These promises were to her a living reality.

Her eldest son, a pious youth, was old enough to be of some service to the family. But he was a scholar, and thirsted for an education to preach the gospel. To this work she had consecrated him from his birth, and had often prayed that God would accept the gift and raise him to this high calling. Though she greatly needed his earnings to assist her in the depth of her poverty to support her family, she concluded to struggle on, trusting in God for help, and allow him to commence a course of study, with a view to the ministry. Poor himself, inexperienced, coarsely clad, with his staff in his hand and a few clothes in a pack on his back, he bade farewell to the inmates of the maternal roof, and commenced a journey on foot of several hundred miles, to a distant part of the country, where he expected to prosecute his studies. Having completed his wearisome journey, he commenced his preparatory studies, entered college, graduated with high honor as a scholar, studied theology, was settled in an excellent parish, and was blest with repeated revivals of religion in the course of his ministry.

His three younger brothers experienced religion when young, and encouraged by the example of their elder brother, and the prayers and exhortations of their excellent mother, obtained, amidst many trials, a liberal education. They possessed respectable talents and were soon happily settled in the ministry. This faithful mother saw also all her daughters pious, and comfortably settled in life with prosperous families, excepting the one who tarried at home to take care of that venerable parent who rocked them in infancy, and now rejoiced over them all as the subjects of regenerating grace.

Those parents perform a great work for the church who raise up and educate one ardently pious son for the ministry to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a perishing world, and bring many sons and daughters home to the Lord Almighty. Such a work the parents of Baxter and Doddridge, Brainerd and President Edwards performed, and none

but an infinite mind can estimate the endless and glorious results. How gratifying it must have been to that aged mother to reflect, that by the grace of God she had been enabled to train up four sons, pious and intelligent, to preach the gospel of the Kingdom, and feed the hungry with the bread of life. This is an honor compared with which the "laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds." What cause for gratitude had she that her faith did not fail, nor her hope sink, nor her efforts tire, amidst the trials of poverty and widowhood. She cast herself upon God and his right arm sustained her. When she saw her sons ready to faint in view of the difficulties in their way, she encouraged them to trust in the Lord and go forward ; to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt ; and, like Moses, to have respect unto the recompense of the reward. How she blessed God in the going down of her earthly sun as she looked back to the hour when her Saviour laid these sons upon her bosom, and bade her train them up for his service. How she rejoiced when she looked back to that altar, upon which in infancy she consecrated them in faith to the service of their Redeemer ; to the closet, where she had so often wept and prayed for them ; to the sanctuary, whither she had led them through many a toilsome Sabbath day's journey ; to the hour when God in mercy called them by his Spirit and renewed them by his grace ; to the time when they decided, with divine assistance, to become ministers of the Lord Jesus ; and to the day, when, by laying on of hands, they were solemnly ordained and set apart by the messengers of the churches to preach Christ crucified to the people of their charge. As she read their pious letters, filled with expressions of filial affection and respect, and knew they were happily settled over evangelical churches, and were earnestly laboring to bring souls to Christ and to heaven, well might she exclaim with good old Simeon, Now lettest thou thy handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

But few mothers in Israel have prayed more, labored harder, done more for the church, and been more highly honored and blessed in their families, than the widow on the mountain.

O woman, great has been thy faith, great thy labors, great thy trials, great thy consolations, and rich and everlasting shall be thy reward.

Will parents consecrate their children to God, watch over them with great care, tenderness and fidelity, plead at the Mercy Seat for their conversion, and rest not until they see them vitally and savingly united to Christ, and laboring successfully in his vineyard.

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### SABBATH EVENING AT HOME.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

"COME children, I am ready to talk with you now," said Mrs. Laton.

"And here we are, mother dear, all ready to listen," answered the eldest, as with her sisters she hastened at the pleasant call.

"What will you talk to us about to-night?" was now the inquiry.

"I wish to know, first, if you can tell me where the text was this morning, as I was not at church," said the mother.

"It was in the tenth chapter of John, and the eleventh verse; the words were, '*I am the good shepherd,*'" answered Lizzie.

"Now you may get your Testaments, and read the parable of the good shepherd and Christ's explanation of it."

So the children who were old enough read by turns the first eighteen verses, when Mrs. Laton said —

"I will talk to you about shepherds, and Christ as the Good Shepherd; and I hope that *Katy* will pay attention, and see if she cannot understand what mama says."

"Christ very often spoke of himself as a shepherd, and called those who loved him his sheep and lambs. A shepherd is one who spends his time in taking care of his flock and does no other work. Every morning he leads them forth



where the grass is greenest and the water purest ; every evening he returns with them to the fold, and when they are all gathered in, nothing can hurt them. The wolves may come and howl around, but the entrance is guarded. Sometimes, a poor incautious lamb hides away when evening comes on, and is left outside the fold ; then the wolf catches him, and, when it is too late, he wishes he was with the others in their safe and quiet homes. Once, when Christ was teaching the crowds of people who came to listen, he spoke of a man who had an hundred sheep, and when one of them strayed away, he left the ninety-nine and hunted after the wanderer until he found it. Then he took it on his shoulders, brought it back, and called his neighbors and friends together to rejoice with him, over the lost sheep which had been found. Now the Bible says : ‘ All we, like sheep have gone astray,’ but if any repent, and come back to God, he sees them ‘ a great way off,’ and meets them with His love, and they are treated like obedient children.

“ Christ is a good shepherd. He loves and takes care of us, supplying all our wants and keeping us from harm. If any have pain and sickness while here, He will help them to bear it, so that it will seem light. If *death* comes, it can only take them where He, the good shepherd, is, and no ills can reach them any more. Many little lambs are removed every year to where the pastures are better and the streams more pleasant than any they have seen in this world.

“ Think of aunt Abbie’s three little children, who were taken away in one week ! Their father and mother felt very badly when they saw them side by side, in one coffin, and thought how lonely they should feel, never again to hear those pleasant voices, or look upon the smiling faces ; but they knew they were safe within the fold of the Good Shepherd, and they would not, if they could, have called them back again.”

“ I think I want to be one of the lambs of the flock,” said Helen, thoughtfully, as she leaned her head on her mother’s shoulder.

“ You can be one, my dear child, if you hear the Shep-

herd's voice and follow him, if you try to do right and ask him to help you. Although you will not be a *real* lamb, if you are good, always gentle and kind, and have no wrong feelings, you will resemble the innocence of the lamb in the purity of your character.

"You may be exposed to dangers that are worse than the wolves which attack his sheep. It is possible that you will meet with those who break the Sabbath, disobey their parents, use profane and vulgar language, and, it may be, tell lies and steal, and they will try to persuade you to do the same things. These are the wolves which will be around you, but if you keep with the flock and pray the Good Shepherd to shield you in his fold they cannot hurt you.

"Now I will tell you a story before we sing," said Mrs. Laton. "One afternoon, last summer, when I had been walking out, I met two little girls, neither of whom could have been more than four years old. They were taking hold of each other's hands and trotting along in the middle of the street, while their voices sounded as pleasant as the bird's songs, as they chattered so happily.

"One of them had on a new gingham bonnet; the other looked as if she was wearing her *mother's hood*, for it was turned half way back, the better to suit the tiny face which was peeping out from under it. I was afraid from their appearance that they had strayed from home, so I called them to come on to the sidewalk, and said —

"Where are you going, children?"

"The little girl with the new bonnet looked up with a smile, and answered —

"We are going to Lucy's house."

"Where is Lucy's house?" I then inquired.

"Why, don't you know?" she asked, in a tone of voice which expressed surprise; "*it is where Lucy lives.*"

"I then said to the little hooded girl, 'will you tell me your name?'

"She hung down her head and looked shyly at me, without speaking, while her companion answered for her —

"My name is Jenny, and her name is Lucy; we are going to her house, you know."

"I talked with them a moment longer, and ascertained that it was as I feared. They had wandered a long way from home. I urged them to go and stop with me, that I might think of some way to get them back; but so certain were they that '*Lucy's house*' was not far distant, I could not persuade them. So I returned alone and sat by the window to watch them. In a short time a man came down the street walking very fast, and looking earnestly each way as he passed along. In a few minutes he returned with them in his arms.

"How glad I was to have them brought back before they were hurt! I thought of the shepherd who left his flock to seek after the wanderer; I thought of the Sabbath school teacher who tries to lead her scholars to Jesus; but most of all, was I reminded of my little ones, and I hoped, if they ever strayed from the right path, they would hear the Good Shepherd who kindly calls them back to the green pastures and pleasant streams where his lambs can always in safety dwell.

"Now," said Mrs. Laton, "you may get your '*Songs for Little Ones*,' and Helen may select what she would like to have us sing."

It took her but a minute to choose their favorite piece —

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children like lambs to his fold,  
I wish I had been with them then."

After it was sung through, a good-night kiss followed, and the children were soon quiet in bed.

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He that does not give his sons a trade or profession, learns him to be a knave, and perhaps a thief. This, more essentially holds good as respects the children of the poor. Poor children that are brought up neither to a trade nor any regular occupation, are laid under a sort of necessity to become rogues for a livelihood.

## EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

A FEW evenings since I attended the yearly exhibition of a large and flourishing seminary. This school is under the care of pious and well-educated teachers, and its board of trustees is composed of fathers, who are more than usually solicitous for the moral and intellectual welfare of their children. The popularity of the institution is attested by the large number of its scholars, over two hundred, though there are other similar schools in two or three of the neighboring villages. I mention these facts, not that they are to the reader of any particular interest, but merely to show that, in what follows, I have taken as an example, a fair specimen of the schools of higher grade, where our sons and daughters are educated, and I suppose this exhibition of their progress is only a specimen of what is to be met with, yearly, in all New England villages. Accustomed to them from childhood — a participator as a scholar, and for eight years as a teacher, where these exhibitions were considered as a thing of course — a public display expected by the parents, it is rather strange that this one of last week should have kept me thinking and thinking ever since upon the present mode of educating our daughters. Perhaps the letter of a friend who seems to feel the importance of instruction respecting the duty and influence of mothers, has increased my own interest in this subject.

But to the exhibition. The meeting-house was prepared for the occasion, a stage occupying perhaps one-fourth of the pews. Upon this were curtained recesses, where the young ladies and gentlemen arranged their costumes for their “dramas,” “tableaux,” &c. The “orations” by the young men were *heard*. The young ladies, as usual, were dressed as for ball-room display, in white muslin and tarletan, with wreaths in their hair; and, from the display of jewelry, one would have supposed that these school girls had despoiled some modern Egyptians of their “jewels of silver and jewels



of gold." Thus arrayed, they came upon the stage before an audience, so large that hundreds outside sought admittance in vain, and read their essays, of which all that was known was the printed title in the Order of Exercises.

The *modesty* of the evening seemed to have all centred on this one point, — reading essays in the lowest tone of voice. The French drama that followed was so loudly and plainly delivered, and the language flowed so glibly from the tongues of the fair damsels, that parents whose daughters had been only a few months studying the language must have been surprised that their daughters should have made such astonishing progress.

It was a queenly scene, in which Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth of England figured conspicuously, and though ignorance of the history and manners of that epoch were very evident, the young ladies had just as good an opportunity to display various changes of toilet, and the young men embroidered dressing gowns and "training coats." Poor Queen Mary's train came out once with black frocks, and each woman held a white handkerchief to her face to catch the streaming tears, but alas! even the outward semblance of woe was illy sustained, for every one had white flowers or waving white plumes in their heads!

To vary the entertainment we had a scene, in which one of the young men appeared as the father of an interesting family, with a young lady, wearing a matron's cap, as his wife, while two or three younger pupils personated children. Soon after this we had a courting scene, where a student sat with his arm embracing a fair member of the female department; these were interrupted by the scene of the "Man in the Bag," well known, I believe, as a side piece in some of the smaller theatres. A Kansas drama wound up the evening, in which it was considered necessary, in illustration of character, to use any number of oaths and a great deal of vulgar language. I could see plainly the *close imitation* of some of our most popular writers, whose name and fame are world-wide. Do they write upon the principle that vice to be hated

"Needs only to be seen?"

The town clock struck eleven, and not accustomed to late hours we left as soon as we could make a passage through the crowd. Our children, who, by the way, never saw a theatre, circus or negro show, but who, of course, must be furnished with tickets for the school exhibition, came home at half-past twelve.

Now I have given you, dear reader, a brief, unvarnished description of exercises which are common to most of our academies, where young ladies and gentleman are sent to receive an education. A great deal of time is requisite in making preparation; evening after evening is spent in rehearsals, and in getting suitable dresses for the tableaux. But youth is prodigal of time, and we will not censure too severely.

The question in my own mind is upon the *moral* influence of our schools as thus managed, and the mingling of young girls and boys in such promiscuous exercises, with so little supervision as they generally receive from the teachers, whose time is fully occupied in the regular exercises of the school. I think we are apt to forget that the great crimes which startle communities are not the growth of a day. The forger who is suddenly discovered, has been guilty of many petty crimes before the enormity of a great offence attracts the public gaze; the dishonest broker whose "hundred thousand dollar duplicates" make the mercantile community wonder at his boldness, began his wrong doing as a school boy. The murderer, thirty years before the date of his crime, shuddered, as our children now do, when they read the story of his guilt, but the over-indulgent parents neglected to curb the passions of the boy, and in manhood their strength overmastered him. Weeds can no more grow without seed than the choicest plants, but they are abundant and sown unseen when parents sleep. True moral purity is not the absence of actual, open vice; it is the habitual governing principle of the heart which rejects an impure thought, as readily as a wrong act.

Now can our children mingle together in such exercises as I have described, where broken-hearted damsels tell their sorrows to a boy at school, or tyrannical husbands discover the

frailties of a wife, or two scholars personate enraptured lovers without having their imaginations in a measure corrupted? I am speaking now only of scholars — of those who are still under tutors and guardians — of that age when the still plastic mind may be moulded by the educator.

On the use and abuse of theatrical exhibitions I feel inadequate to speak, though it does seem to me that, if we must have them, it would be better to attend those where correct taste and some knowledge of the rules of the drama preside over the scenes. Still, the question recurs, and every mother's heart, I know, will repeat with as much anxiety as I ask, "How shall I educate my daughters to make them useful and happy?"

I have often been led to admire the self-sacrificing spirit of New England mothers, in the education of their daughters. I have known a mother, who felt the deficiencies of her own education, take boarders and labor early and late that she might pay her daughter's bills at a boarding school. I have seen her deny herself all unnecessary clothes that this same daughter might appear as well dressed as her companions; and in one instance I have known a mother, whose intemperate husband made life almost a burden, take in washing that her daughter might attend the academy one year.

A farmer of my acquaintance, whose daughter had a taste for music, sold his best horse that she might have a piano. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the anecdote of Judge Smith, of New Hampshire, as related by himself. When at home, during one of his vacations from college, he reproved his mother for some ungrammatical expression. She came towards him, and looking him steadily in the face, said, "Ah! Jerry, Jerry, it was my spinning that made your grammar."

There is no need in New England of urging the importance of education upon parents. It is the pride and glory of a mother to send her son to college, or her daughter to the best school. No self-denial is so sweet as that which she suffers in this cause. But we often feel that we have done our duty, when we have placed our children under the care of teachers, and earned the money to pay for their tuition.



This is not enough; our supervision of our children must be more close than before, and we will learn, if we take the pains to examine, that the seeds of vice are often sown where a large number of scholars are allowed free intercourse.

We met with some remarks in a paper this week, so apposite to our subject that we will venture to quote them. "It is the opinion of many experienced educators that mere intellectual education has usurped too large a share of attention, to the exclusion of moral and religious culture. But after all, the teacher can do little for the moral culture of his pupils where there is a lack of home discipline and training."

Parents ought to know what their children are doing every hour in the day. They should not be allowed to leave home for school so early as to have time to loiter on the way. They should, under no circumstances, be allowed to frequent the streets in the evening. They ought not to be deprived of any reasonable amusement, but they should not be permitted to visit any place of amusement without proper attendance. They should be made to feel that they are under moral restraint, gentle yet constant.

"One of the best means of restraining youth from bad associations or immoral practices, is to *make home pleasant to them*. Parents should take an interest in the studies and pleasures of their children. The evening gathering around the family fireside ought to be looked forward to by parents and children as the happiest hour of the day. The reading of some entertaining book, a pleasant game, or some other innocent entertainment, an occasional family visit to a lecture or some place of amusement, would do much to restrain and discipline our youth. Vice cannot break into a family circle thus organized to resist the fearful intruder."

Yes, here is the secret after all of making good men and women — men who will make faithful husbands and good fathers, and women who will love better the quiet enjoyments of the fireside than the ball-room, the forum, or the privileges of the ballot-box. Mothers must take the lead — they are the home goddesses, the presiding genii of the fireside, and while they guide their children at home, they must extend sympa-



thy and interest to the teacher abroad. If the mother understands the progress of her children in their studies, it will not be necessary that her daughter should play the piano on a public stage, or enact a part in a drama, to show her parents and the world that she has advanced in her education.

“I can get along with my girls well enough,” says some anxious mother, “but what shall I do with my boys?” Perhaps it can be shown, my dear friend, that a daughter, well trained, is almost a guarantee for the good conduct of the son. But we are too prolix already, and will defer the subject to another occasion.

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### THE BURIAL BELL.

BY DOCTOR STEPHENSON.

Oh! the burial bell, the burial bell,  
How many a tale of woe doth it tell,  
Of the bright eye dimmed and strong heart stilled,  
The bosom of beauty forever chilled.  
It moves the heart in its wailing tone,  
As it tells of many a heart made lone.  
And in solemn warning it whispers to all  
Of the drooping hearse-plume and sable pall.

It tolls, and another soul to-day  
Hath passed like its passing peal away.  
See, the funeral car moves sad and slow,  
And mourners follow the plumes of woe,  
The proud and the high-born heed it not —  
It strikes for the tenant of some lone cot;  
But the burial bell shall toll for all,  
In the lonely cottage or lofty hall.

Oh! the burial bell, the burial bell,  
I love to list to its solemn knell,  
For it tells to me as it sounds on high  
Of a happier region beyond the sky,  
Where the broken heart no more shall know  
The bitter pang or the voiceless woe;  
And for this I love the solemn knell  
Of the burial bell, the burial bell.

## SIC VITA.

"At the east end of the aisle (church of St. Mary Overy, London,) stands a monument, a portion of whose inscription consists of the first verse of the following beautiful poem, which is thought, and with some probability, to be the production of Quarles."—Annals of St. Mary Overy, by W. Taylor, p. 99.

Like to the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on a tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower of May,  
 Or like the morning of the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had ;  
 Even so is man, whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done !  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
 'The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
 Or like the tale that's just begun,  
 Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
 Or like the pearled dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan ;  
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
 Is here ; is there ; in life ; in death !  
 The grass decays, the tale doth end,  
 The bird is flown, the dews ascend,  
 The hour is short, the span not long,  
 'The swan's near death ! man's life is done.

Like to a bubble on a brook,  
 Or (in á mirror) like a look,  
 Or like a shuttle in the hand,  
 Or like a writing on the sand,  
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
 Or like the gliding of a stream ;  
 E'en such is man, whose life is breath,  
 Is here ; is there ; in life ; in death !  
 The bubble's burst ; the looks forgot ;  
 The shuttles flung ; the writings blot ;  
 The thought is past ; the dream is gone ;  
 The water glides—man's life is done !

## Editor's Miscellany.

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IN place of our usual Biblical notes and record of passing events, we insert in this number the following extract from one of our exchanges, the name of which we have lost; but the story and the moral which it inculcates, are so excellent as to justify a transfer of it to our pages.

### THE CHILD'S FAITH.

#### A TRUE STORY

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BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

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It was a cold evening, and there was but little fire in Mrs. Hoffman's stove; so little Frantz sat close by it; and though his thoughts were far away, yet a slight feeling of discomfort from the chilliness, mingled with his fancies.

His mother's wheel kept on — as it always did in the winter's long evenings — with a low humming sound that had till now been very cheerful and pleasant to little Frantz; but somehow he forgot to notice it this night. Poor Frantz! he scarcely seemed like himself, for his head was bent down, and his eyes seemed to be looking straight through the floor, so fixed and intent did his gaze seem.

Often and often did the mother's eye turn to her little boy, for never had the joy-speaking eye of Frantz been so long bent to the earth; but still the mother said no word, till at last a deep sigh came from the parted lips of Frantz; then his mother laid her hand softly upon his; yet even that gentle touch started Frantz, so lost was he in thought; and when he quickly lifted his face, and saw the questioning look of his mother, his pent up thoughts burst out at once.

"Oh, mother! in a week it will be Christmas day: can I not have a Christmas tree?"

The mother's face looked sad, but for only a moment; she knew that the earnest wish of little Frantz was not likely to be realized; but she knew too that it was best for her boy to bear cheerfully any crossing of his desires which must be; and she spoke more soothingly and gently than usual, as she said —

"And what makes my little Frantz set his heart on that now? He has never had a Christmas tree before?"

"Oh, that is it," exclaimed Frantz; "I never had one. Ever since I was a baby, mother, I have heard of the good Christ-child, who brings beautiful gifts to others. Why does he not bring them to me? Am I worse than all the rest, mother?"

"No — no, Frantz," spoke the mother hastily — for in her heart arose a picture of the gentleness, the self-denying fortitude of her little boy, in the midst of trouble; his patience in sickness, his industry in health, his anxious care to help her in all that his little hands could do. "No — no! my Frantz — it is not that."

"Well, mother — but is there any reason? You do not know how I have dreamed of the beautiful tree that I should have this Christmas; it was full of golden fruit and lighted tapers, and under it were laid gifts for you, dear mother; a new Bible, with large print; and a purse of money, so that she might not have to work so hard, dear mother; and warm clothes that would never let you get cold. And oh! as I came along the street to-day, and saw the windows shining with their loads of beautiful toys, and gifts of all sorts, and saw the boys and girls running and shouting, and telling how they would not care for anything else, when the Christmas day was once come, and they would have their loaded tree — then, mother, all the dreams I have had, since I can first remember, came back; all you have told me of the good Christ-child, and his love for children; and I half felt, mother, as if I was left out, and not loved among the rest."

"Dear Frantz," said the mother, "it was a sad — sad thought. Do not let it come into your heart again. Oh! the Christ-child is always good — altogether loving, even when his love is shown in such ways that we do not clearly see it at once. Come closer to me, Frantz."

Frantz saw in his mother's face a look of such deep tenderness, that his soul grew full. He took his own seat, and sat close beside her and leaned his head against her knee, and the mother said gently —

"The Christ-child has given you beautiful gifts, my Frantz; he has given you life and a warm, earnest heart; he has given you a mother, who loves you so dearly; a home to shelter you; he gives us the light of day, and all the glorious things it reveals, and the stiller beauty of the night; and he gives us, more than all, a hope of heaven, and a knowledge of a path to it. Are not these great gifts, Frantz?"

Frantz lifted his face; he did not speak, but his eyes were full of tears, and his mother knew that his heart said —

"Yes."

So she went on.

"These are the gifts we most need to make us happy; others may be good for us, but the Christ-child knows better than we do what we need. If it were good for us, he would give us all we wished for; but then we might not make a good use of his gifts, or we might



grow proud of them, or be so wrapped up in gifts as to forget the Giver. Ah! my Frantz, let us only ask for what is best for us to have, and he will give it; he loves to give, and only refuses what will hurt us."

Again little Frantz had bent his head on his hand, but now it was not sadness, only thought, that was in his face; and he asked:

"How can we know what is best — what to ask for?"

"If it is not given, think that it is best withheld, and be patient; if it is given, be thankful, and use the gift aright. See here, Fantz."

And the mother arose, and took from a closet a small sum of money.

"This," she continued, "is all I have; if any of this is spent for toys or plays, I shall not have any to buy shoes for you nor for me, and by this I know the Christ-child deems it best for me to be content with what is most necessary, and to give up the pleasure of buying you beautiful golden fruit and colored tapers."

"Could I not go without shoes?" asked Frantz. "I would go so many errands for the old cobbler, that he would mend my old ones, and oh! if that would make it right ——"

"And I — should I do without shoes?" asked the mother.

Frantz looked down at the worn-out shoes she had on, and again his heart was full.

"Oh! no, mother, you must have shoes. But oh! how happy the boys must be whose mothers have shoes, and can give them Christmas trees too!"

Long did Frantz lie awake that night, and ponder over all that his mother had said, and at last a thought sprang into his mind. It was not wrong to ask the Christ-child for what we wish, if we will only patiently bear the withholding. He would ask for the tree. But how? His mother had told him that the Christ-child was ready to answer and always near. Frantz would write his heart's wish in a letter, and direct it "To the Christ-child."

And early in the fair morning, Frantz wrote the letter, and when he met his mother, his face was once more the gay bright face of old; for in his pocket was the paper which seemed to him a warrant of coming joy, and in his heart was a feeling very like certainty that his wish would be granted; yet he did not speak of it. It was his first, his glad, darling secret, and should be a great surprise to his mother. So he only looked joyful and kissed her, and she laid her hand on his head, and said how glad she was to see her boy so patient and cheerful once more.

Frantz did many little acts of kindness and industry that day, for his heart was a fountain of hope and love, and he wished to help every one. But lively as he was he did not forget to drop his precious letter in the post office.

When the postmaster came to look over the letters, of course he was much surprised at this one of Frantz's with so strange a direc-

tion ; but in a moment he saw it was in a child's hand, and he opened the letter. It ran thus :

“GOOD CHRIST-CHILD,—

I am a poor little boy, but I have a good mother, who has taught me many things about you ; and she has said that you are kind and good, and love little children, and delight to give them gifts, so that they are not hurtful ones. Now my mother is kind too, and would like to give all I want, but she is poor, and when I asked her for a Christmas tree, she could not give me one, because she had only money enough to buy shoes for us ; so I ask you, who are kind and rich, to give me one. I hope I am not a bad boy. I am sure my mother does not think that I am : and if it is not best for me to have the tree, I will try to be patient, and bear it as a good boy should ; but I don't see what hurt a large Bible or warm clothes could do to my poor mother ; so, if I may not have a tree, oh ! please give her those, and I shall be so happy.

FRANTZ HOFFMAN.”

Pleased with the simple childish innocence of the letter, the postmaster put it in his pocket. When he went home, he found a rich lady there, who had come to take tea with his wife ; and at the table, when all were assembled, he drew forth the letter of little Frantz and read it aloud, telling how the poor little fellow would wonder at never getting his tree, or never hearing of his letter again.

“But he may hear of it again,” said the rich lady, who had listened carefully to every word. “There is so much goodness of heart in the poor boy's love for his mother, that it well deserves to be rewarded. He MAY hear of it again.”

So the lady remembered the name of the boy ; indeed she asked the man to give her the letter, and by its aid she found out where Frantz lived. From some of the neighbors she heard how poor they were, and how little Frantz helped his mother all day, cheerfully, and was the best boy in all the neighborhood, and that Mrs. Hoffman had not now even the money to buy shoes, for that her landlord had raised her rent, and she had to give the little sum laid aside, to him. And the lady thought to herself that it would not be likely to spoil so good a boy, by a beautiful tree ; so she had one brought to her house, large and full of leaves it was, and she brought all kinds of beautiful and useful things to hang on it, and beautiful rose-colored tapers, to be placed among the branches, and on the table, under the tree, were laid two pair of shoes, one pair for the mother, and one pair for Frantz, and a pair of thick blankets, and a purse of money, (for the lady knew that poor Mrs. Hoffman must have many wants of which she could not know, and she wanted her to supply them by means of the purse,) and, best of all there was a large Bible.

If Frantz's dream had suddenly turned into reality, it could not have been more beautiful.

So day after day went on, and though Frantz knew not the fate of his letter, he never doubted that all would go well. It was pleasant to see the sun-shiny face with which he greeted every morning "as one nearer Christmas." And when at last Christmas morning came, bright and clear, there was a leaping, bounding heart in his bosom, and a light in his blue eyes that made his mother smile, though she scarcely knew where their next meal was to come from. The wheel kept on whirring, and Frantz sat with his eyes fixed on the blue sky, as if he almost thought his expected tree would drop down from it.

Suddenly a low knock was heard at the door, and a voice asked—

"Is little Frantz Hoffman here?"

Frantz almost flew to the door.

"I am Frantz!" said he.

And the little maiden, who asked for him, told him to come with her, and his mother must come too.

Soon, very soon, was the little party ready, and the little maiden led them along gaily, to a handsome house, whose door she pushed open, and they entered.

How lightly trod Frantz along the wide passage, for his heart whispered aloud to him. At the end stood a door just ajar, and as the girl pushed it open, a blaze of light streamed out. Frantz caught his mother's hand, and drew her forward, exclaiming—

"It is my tree—my tree! I knew so well it would be ready."

And sure enough, there stood the shining tree, all bright with lighted tapers, and laden with sparkling fruit, and on high was an image of the beautiful Christ-child, holding out his hand and smiling so lovingly, and below was written:

"FOR FRANTZ—BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS MOTHER."

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## TO ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY A CLASSIC YOUTH OF THE LAST GENERATION.

Beautiful, pure and simple, there thou standest,  
 Fit temple for the pure and only God,  
 Smiling in cold serenity, The heart  
 That views thee fills with the bright memory  
 Of other days. Her sunny lands of song  
 In their sad lovely silence of decay  
 Rise up to the remembrance in thy sight.  
 The thoughts of other days, when Plato stood  
 At Lurienne: when the imperial one herself  
 Athena visited the sacred Parthenon;  
 Or of the later age when the proud Roman,  
 Within the vast Pantheon's walls beheld  
 One stream of pure-lustre from above  
 Lighting the idol-habited Rotund.



Not unacceptable was their ignorant worship  
 To him they served in darkness; but to thee  
 A nobler precept than Colonna heard,  
 A purer light than the Pantheon saw  
 Is given; thy choral songs and wreathed flowers  
 Increase and sacrifice and gifts devote.  
 Are prayer and penitence, the tearful eye,  
 The innocent life, the broken, contrite heart,  
 Sunk in elegance? No mounting spire,  
 Tower, minaret, or gayly burnished dome  
 Mar thy severe proportions. No device  
 Of polished moulding, sculptured tracery;  
 Not e'en the self-Acanthean folds are here;  
 Like the divine magnificence of virtue,  
 Where ornament would but obscure its worth.

Now whtle yon moonbeam gently steals along,  
 The columns of that simple peristyle,  
 Silvering the massive shaft and plain volute  
 Of yon extremest pillar, let me gaze,  
 With calm delight unsatiate. There is given  
 A *moral feeling* to a beautiful scene  
 Of glorious art with nature joined with this:  
 And memory crowned with moonlight roses, loves  
 To hover over the storied names of old,  
 Heroes and sages deathless, the pure heart  
 Of him whose lips with sweetest nectar dewed (1)  
 Breathed the great lessons of his godlike teacher; (2)  
 Martyrs of freedom, him of Syracuse, (3)  
 The glorious fratricide, (4) the immortal Theban,  
 And their bright heritors of guilty suffering,  
 Intrepid Algernon and youthful Russell  
 Till the remembrance softens. Not in vain,  
 Oh not in vain did the Athenian  
 Ally the arts to freedom and invite  
 Blustering Pictura and her marble sister  
 Up the stern heights of the Acropolis.  
 So be it with our country. May she stand  
 Like thee, modelled from wisdom of the past,  
 Yet with the lovely gracefulness of youth.

1 Plato; 2 Socrates; 3 Deon; 4 Timoleon.

POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—It is said of Hume, that, riding out in a thunder storm, he broke out repeating the lines,

“No\* I lay me down to sleep,  
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
 If I should die before I wake.  
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

It need not surprise one that he prayed,—for infidels are apt to pray in times of danger, and if you think the form of his supplication might have been more appropriate, it should be considered that this was perhaps the only form of prayerful words which he knew; words impressed so deeply in childhood, that no subsequent disbelief of the truth, or searing of the conscience could obliterate them.



"IT IS MY MOTHER."

SELECTED.

As the children belonging to a class in a Wesleyan Sabbath School were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of one person, that lived on earth, who was always good.

A sweet little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart, "I know who you mean—*it is my mother.*"

The teacher told the child that Jesus Christ was the adorable person meant; but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she valued her so highly.

The little one replied again, "O, she is good! I think she was always good." And when the teacher observed that it was Jesus that had made her mother so good, and that he was willing to make *her* so, too, she could see by the child's earnest and prayerful look, that it was the desire of her heart.

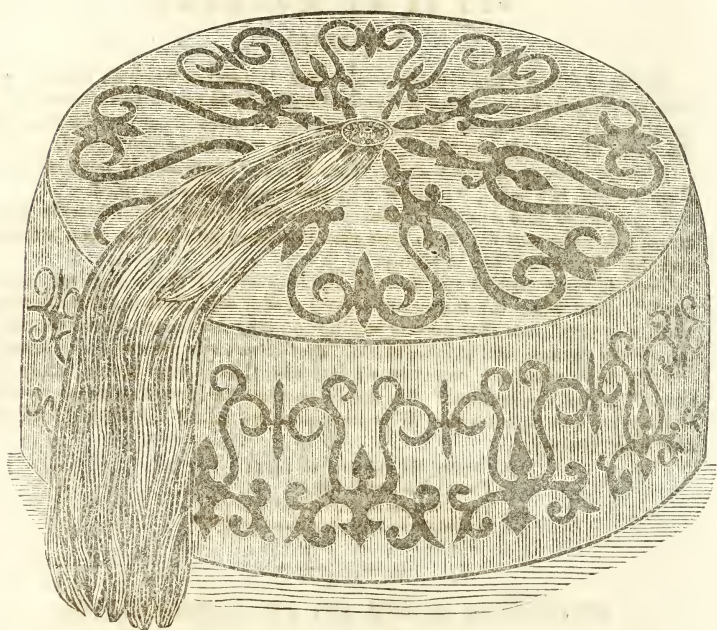
"My dear children, are you willing also that Jesus should make you good?" added the teacher. "If so, be assured he is waiting to do so—he is waiting for you to ask him. How long must he wait? I think I can even now hear you say,

'Jesus, fix my soul on thee;  
Every evil let me flee;  
Take my heart and make it good,  
Wash me in thy precious blood!'

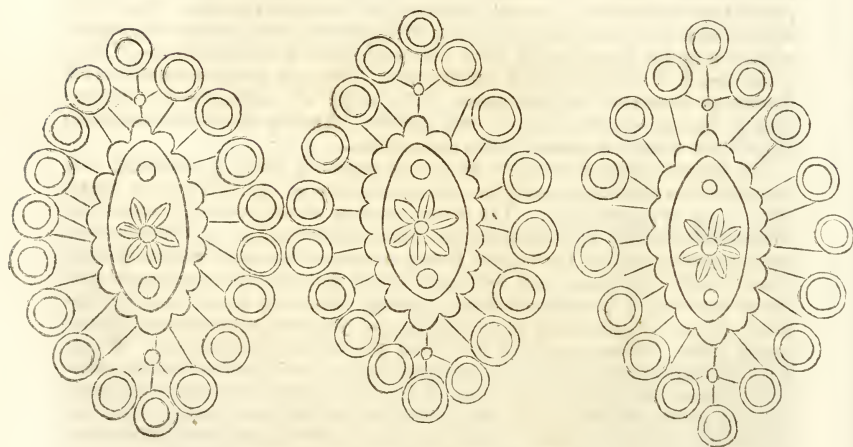
CHILDREN MUST DO IT THEMSELVES.

If I were to reduce to a single maxim the concentrated wisdom of the world, on the subject of practical education, I should but enunciate a proposition, which I think will command your assent, but which I fear is not incorporated as it should be, into the practice of schools and families. That principle is, that in educating the young, you serve them most effectually, not by what you do for them, but by what you teach them to do themselves. This is the secret of all educational development. We talk of self-education as if it were an anomaly. In one sense of the word, all education is obtained simply by the exertion of our own minds. And is this self-education? What does education mean? Not *inducation*.

The popular opinion seems to be that education is putting something *into* the mind of a child by exercising merely its power of receptivity—its memory. I say nay, nay, NAY. The great principle on which a child should be educated, is not that of reception, but rather that of action, and it will ever remain uneducated, in the highest sense, so long as its higher mental powers remain inert. One may lead a horse to water, but twenty cannot make him drink—and yet, if he does not drink, he dies. So a boy or girl may be supplied with all the materials of education, and yet remain uneducated to the end of time. Moses struck the rock, and the waters gushed forth. When it is proposed to apply a force to inorganic matter, the force not being within itself, must be applied externally, or it must change its internal constitution like chemical action. But when we pass to the living soul, we find the organizing, energizing force within, and all our skill must be directed to the development of this, of a true moral and spiritual life.—A. POTTER, D. D., in *Conn. School Journal*.



CAP IN PATENT APPLIQUE.



EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.



FLOUNCING.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is the letter U a most uncertain letter? Ans.—Because it is always in doUbt.

Why are good resolutions like fainting blades? Ans.—They want carrying out.

Supposing a sarcophagus could speak, what note would it utter? Ans.—A tomb's tone.

Why is a practical Phrenologist like a blind boy learning to read? Because he *feels* for the *characters*.

Why is a kiss like creation? Because it is made of nothing, and it is something.



## BROTHERS QUARRELING.

## A SCOTCH NURSERY BALLAD.

DAVIE.

"Father, settle Sandy!  
 He's making mou's at me;  
 He's aye plague, plaguing,  
 And winna let me be;  
 And then he looks so simple-like,  
 Whene'er he thinks he's seen,  
 But just as soon's you're out of sight,  
 He's making mou's again.  
 "Father, settle Sandy!  
 He's crying names to me;  
 He's aye tig, tigging,  
 And winna let me be;  
 Rut O, sae sly, he hauds his tongue  
 Whene'er he kens ye're near,  
 And says't again below his breath,  
 That none but he can hear."

SANDY.

"Father, settle Davie!  
 It's him that winna gree;  
 He's aye jeer, jeering,  
 And lays the blame'on me;  
 I daurna speak I daurna look,  
 I daurna move a limb,  
 For, if I gi'e a wee bit laugh,  
 He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

"O, learn to be loving, and kindly agree,  
 At home all as happy as brothers should be,  
 Ere distance may part you or death may divide,  
 And leave you to sigh o'er a lonely fireside.  
 "The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speaking tongue,  
 So pleasant and lovely in old or in young,  
 Will win the affections of all that you see,  
 And make you still dearer to mother and me.  
 "But, O! if divided by distance or death,  
 How sore it would grieve you, till life's latest breath,  
 That anger or discord should ever have been,  
 Or aught but affection two brothers between."

A VALUABLE HINT TO BUILDERS,—The *Scientific American* publishes the following suggestion from a correspondent and endorses it as sound and reasonable advice. We venture to say it is worth more than five dollars, to any man who is about to build a house in our cold latitude.

"This cold winter brings to mind a subject connected with the building of houses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, and which, if generally known is seldom practiced. It is this, in any cold climate cellar walls of houses should never be filled in around with loam and clay, or earth that retains much moisture, because the frost expands it, and it exerts a great pressure against the walls, tending to thrust them out of position. The effects of this are seen in the many cracked walls; the breaking of window and door sills and lintels; unjointed verandahs; and windows and doors rendered incapable of opening and closing, &c. In our New England States, this costs us many thousands of dollars yearly, all of which may be saved by filling in a few inches of sand or clean gravel next the walls."



## INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

THE LOVE OF STRIFE.—I never loved those salamanders, that are never well, but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I will rather suffer a hundred wrongs than inflict one. I will suffer many, ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to correct it by contending. I have ever found, that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal doubtful; with my inferior sordid and base; with any, full of inquietness.—*Bishop Hill.*

A CHILD'S REMARK.—“Papa,” said a young girl, “I can’t remember Mr. ———’s sermon, he talks about so many things; and it appears to me there is the same difference as there is between firing at a mark, and shooting off a rocket.” It was quaintly said to a fashionable preacher by a plain farmer, “Take care, sir, you don’t put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs cannot reach it.”

INNOCENTLY POPPING THE QUESTION.—“Charles.” said a young lady to her lover, “there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?” “No, love, but I hope there will be, one day, when we both shall be interested.”

The lady blushed, and said, of course, “for shame, Charles.”

A SMALL PRESENT.—“I will give you my head,” exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, “if every word of the story I have related is not true.”

“I accept your offer,” said the president; “presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused.”

DANTE, in his lowest hell has placed those who have betrayed women: and in the lowest deep of the lowest deep, those who have betrayed trust.

MAN WITHOUT RELIGION.—Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted; and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—*Daniel Webster.*

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOME-MADE BEER.—Take one gill of good hop-yeast, two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of soda, do. of acid, eight drops of the essence of sassafras, the same of winter-green, and four of the essence of spruce; beat it well together, then pour on two quarts of cold water, and you will have a good, healthy, cheap drink, for sick or well folks. The way I make my yeast; Boil a handful of hops in two quarts of water half an hour; strain off the water, and stir in the flour while hot, add one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a teaspoonful of ginger, and when milk warm add half a pint of good yeast.

TO MAKE WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pail full of lime and water, ready to put it on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it, while hot, into the whitewash; stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

## BREAKFAST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!  
Honest friend is he,  
More than gourmand Dinner,  
More than tinsel Tea,  
More than stolid Supper,  
Dragging in its train,  
Dizzy head and night-mare,  
Of paralytic pain.

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!  
Little ones, and all—  
How their merry footsteps  
Patter at the call—  
Break the bread—pour freely  
Milk that cream-like flows,  
A blessing on their appetites,  
And on their lips of rose.

Breakfast! It reclaims us  
From realms of death-like sleep,  
From wild and dream-land wanderings  
Wherein we laugh or weep—  
It giveth strength for labor,  
It giveth zeal for play,  
New vigor to the student,  
Fresh spirits to the gay.

Breakfast!—summer breakfast!  
Throw the casement high,  
And catch the warbler's carol  
On glad wing glancing by—  
Set flowers upon your table  
In pearly dew-drops rare,  
For still their fragrance speaks of him  
Who made this earth so fair.

Breakfast!—winter breakfast!  
Recruit the blazing fire,  
Heap coal upon the glowing grate  
Or fill the furnace higher—  
Though drifted snows descending  
May whiten field and bower,  
Where loving hearts are true and warm,  
King Frost hath little power.

Dinner may be pleasant,  
So may social tea,  
But yet, methinks, the breakfast  
Is best of all the three,

With its greeting smile of welcome,  
 Its holy voice of prayer,  
 It forgoeth heavenly armor  
 To foil the hosts of care.

Breakfast!—early breakfast!  
 The Sun's new rising ray,  
 Doth lend a secret magic  
 To speed you on your way—  
 For if you let one morning hour  
 Go by you on your way—  
 Old Franklin says "You'll trot all day,  
 But never get it back."

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!  
 Some there are, who hear  
 No such household music  
 Ringing on their ear:  
 Wilt thou from thy store-house  
 Cheer them when they pine!  
 Shedding blessed sunbeams  
 On their day, and thine?

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S WELCOME.

With pleasure we insert the following lines, not for the gratification of a critic's eye, who loves to scan feet and measure, but in delightful illustration of the manner in which the events of family history may be made to promote domestic education and happiness. A clergyman in the vicinity of Boston, who had been absent six months in Europe, on his return home, as soon as seated, and while surrounded by his rejoicing family, a little daughter of ten years stepped before him, and in a most affectionate and animated manner welcomed her father home in the following original poem:

Welcome back to thy home:  
 We rejoice thou hast come:  
 Sweet kisses we proffer,  
 And gladly would offer  
 The choicest of treasures  
 In largest of measures,  
 To prove our fondest love.

But the sight of our faces,  
 And tender embraces,  
 We know will be dearer  
 Than riches of Ophir,  
 To our precious father  
 From over the water,  
 In the home that he loves.

Dreams of thee on the billows  
 Came oft to our pillows,  
 And the morn brought new longing  
 For news of thy coming.  
 Now, fears have all vanished,  
 And cares, too, are banished,  
 No traces of sadness,  
 But all is pure gladness,  
 In the home you so love.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, my own darling father,  
 From over the seas, and the rough stormy water.

## THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Once there was a little boy,  
With curly hair and pleasant eye,  
A boy who always spoke the truth,  
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,  
The children all about would cry :  
' There goes the curly-headed boy,  
The boy who never told a lie.'

And everybody loved him so,  
Because he always told the truth,  
That every day as he grew up,  
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth !

And when the people that stood near,  
Would turn to ask the reason why,  
The answer would be always this—  
"Because he never tells a lie."

—*German Reformed Messenger.*

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THE CONSTITUTION.

BY BRYANT.

Great were the thoughts and strong the minds  
Of those who framed, in high debate,  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad Empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,  
When, as the suspicious task was done,  
In solemn trust, the sword of power  
Was given to glory's spotless sun.

The noble race is gone—the suns  
Of sixty years have risen and set;  
But the bright links, those chosen ones  
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide, as our own free race increase—  
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,  
And bind in everlasting peace,  
State after State—a mighty train.



## REVIEW OF THE PRESS.

*The Whistler; or, the Manly Boy.* By Walter Aimwell. Boston. Gould & Lincoln. This book belongs to the series of "The Aimwell Stories," and is well done. William Davenport, otherwise Willie, and surnamed *Whistler* for his whistling talents, takes a vacation journey in summer from Boston into Maine to visit his cousins. He enjoys a great deal, learns not a little about things in the country, and fancies that he should like to be a farmer. He gets the tip of his finger cut off by a hay-cutter—a matter that boys in the city and boys in the country should remember, and men too, for we know a town in Massachusetts, where three physicians did the same thing for themselves in no great space of time; but that they were all temperance men we should not like to assert. Clinton, a cousin of Whistler, returns with him to Boston, and likes the city so well that he is for becoming a merchant; so that, in this case, town and country will still be even as to the loss and gain of an inhabitant. The moral teachings are excellent. The author says "bother" instead of pother.

*Parlor Dramas; or, Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement.* By William B. Fowle. Published by Morris Colton, Boston. Thinking well of the Drama, and ill of the Theatre, we hardly know what to say of this book. But we suppose that its influence in encouraging theatricals will not be very great. There is an increasing love for these home dramas, and if the thirst would stop here, we should look upon it with more satisfaction. The tone of the book is correct; there is a good deal of variety of subject; your interest in many a piece will make you look through to the end, though the volume is not remarkable for its dramatic power or skill.

*Violet: A Fairy Story.* This beautiful, "sweet" little book is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. It is a fairy tale of the best kind, for love and contentment are the Faries that hover about Violet, herself a fairy, till at length she puts on the wings of an angel. She was the violet of the garden of Reuben and Mary,—her parents themselves lowly in life as the violet. Birds and brooks were our heroine's friends, and even the base, and the poor loved her, for she loved them. The author says "had better," instead of "would better," and also uses "had" in the sense of was obliged or compelled;—common usages we know, but not the best.

*The Russell Family.* By Anna Hastings. New-York: M. W. Dodd. An exciting Christian tale, well fitted, as its design was, in the language of the author, "to encourage the heart, and strengthen the hands of the praying Christian mother." It purports to be founded on fact.

*Worth, not Wealth; and other Tales.* By Cousin Angie.

*Bright Pictures from Child Life.* Translated from the German.

*Daisies: or, Fairy Spectacles.* By the author of "Violet." These works are from the house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. It is not much of a criticism to say, that they have different degrees of merit, but safe to say that they have "merit." The book from the German, has the German characteristics, which they will understand best, and will like best, who have seen most of

Germany. They receive much aid and beauty from the illustrations. The successor of the exquisite "VIOLET," is not so clear to the comprehension of youth as that volume, the fairy costume not being so readily appreciated, and we cannot say that it is an advance upon the other work.

Then there is "KOBBOLODO," from the same house. This is "A Sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers," and has "illustrations by Christopher Pearse Cranch." These illustrations finally follow the genius of the book, seemingly, but we confess that we have not read the work thoroughly enough to speak understandingly of it; and until we do read it, we will, at least, not be afraid of Mr. "Kobbolodo."

*Congregational Hymn Book.* We have been favored with an examination of the manuscript of the book in advance of publication; and have no hesitation in saying, that our impression of it is exceedingly favorable. We trust it will prove *the Hymn Book* of the Congregational church, both east and west. The peculiarities of it are, first, its freedom from the alterations, not improvements, which modern editors have made in the lyrics of the old masters; secondly, its special adaptation to the purposes of worship; thirdly, its arrangement, which is exceedingly simple and logical; fourthly, its union of the old and standard psalms and hymns with those of the best modern poets, as Watts, with Montgomery; fifthly, its special suitableness to our age and country, and to the denomination for which it is more especially intended.

Its publisher, *John P. Jewett*, announces it for the spring trade. We wait its issue with elevated expectations.

Of standard quarterlies, we have received the following, the contents and external of which are peculiarly attractive. The *Biblical Repertory*, and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. We give the table of contents in this number, and hope to review the articles in our next.

#### BIBLICAL REPERTORY, OR PRINCETON REVIEW.

- Article I. The Children of the Church, and Sealing Ordinances.
- " II. Tischendorf's Travels in the East.
- " III. Grote's History of Greece.
- " IV. Neglect of Baptism.
- " V. Free Agency.
- " VI. Annals of the American Pulpit.
- " VII. Spigel's Pehlevi Grammar.

#### BIBLIOTHECA SACRA.

- Article I. Character in the Teacher.
- " II. The Mosaic Six Days and Geology.
- " III. Explanation of Heb. 9: 8.
- " IV. Jehovah Considered as a Memorial Name.
- " V. John Calvin.
- " VI. Testimony of Assyrian Inscriptions to the Truth of Scripture.
- " VII. The Knowledge and Faith of the Old Testament Saints' Respecting the Promised Messiah.
- " VIII. The Cedars of Lebanon.
- " IX. Notices of New Publications.





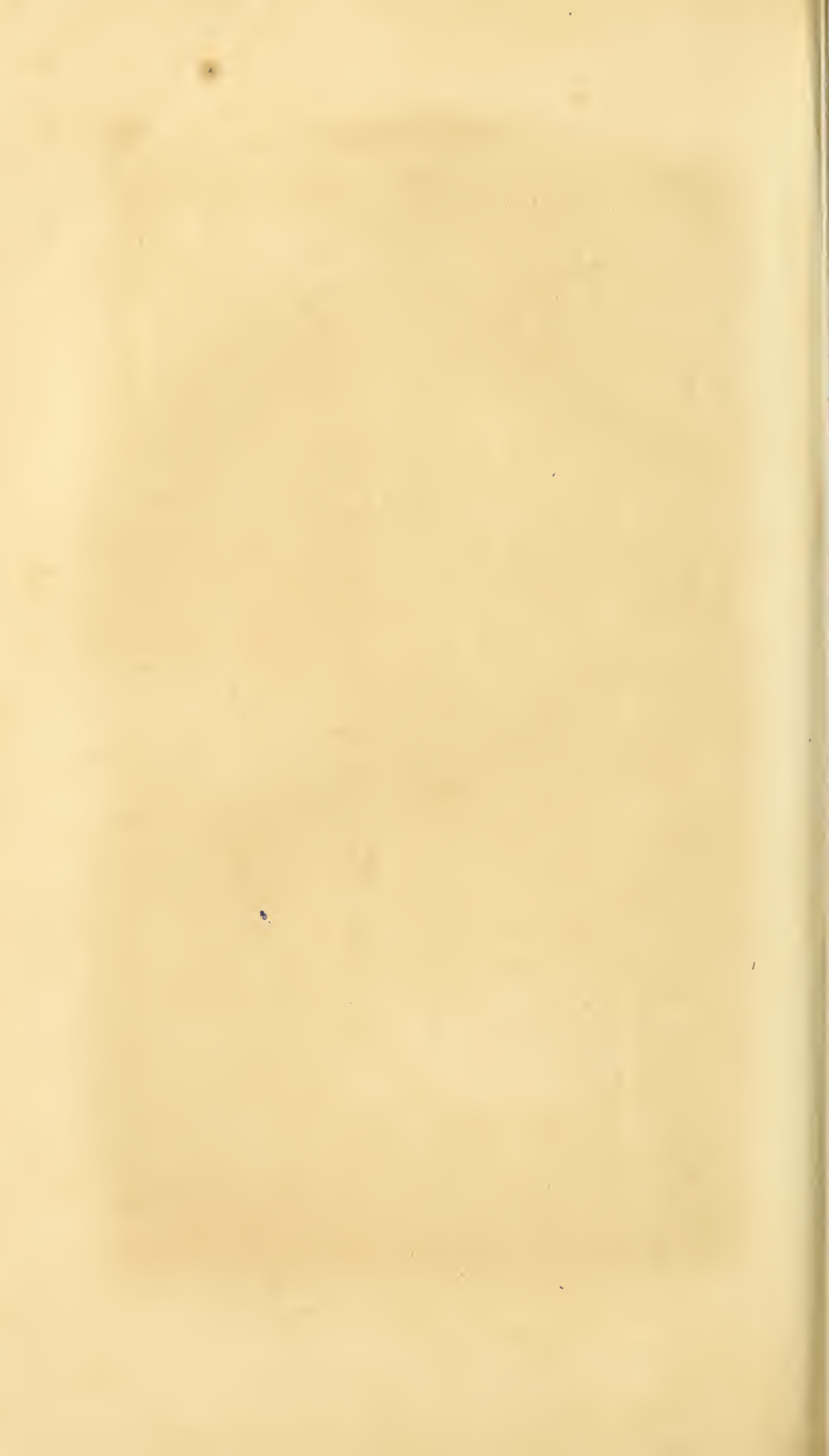


RAISING OF JARIUS DAUGHTER





1 EMPEROR NAPOLEON  
2 VENUS 1<sup>re</sup> MEDICI



# MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY L. O. EMERSON.

1. Mother, watch the lit - tle feet, Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding through the

2. Mother, watch the lit - tle hand Picking ber - ries by the way, Making houses

bu - sy street, Ranging cel - lar, shed, and hall; Never count the mo - ments lost,  
in the sand, Tossing up the fragrant hay. Never dare the ques - tion ask--

# MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET, Concluded.

AD LIB.

The musical score is written on three systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the corresponding musical phrases.

Nev-er mind if time it cost. Lit-tle feet will go astray, Guide them, mother, while you may.  
 "Why to me the wea-ry task?" The same lit-tle hands may prove, Messengers of Light and Love.

3 Mother watch the little tongue,

Prattling eloquent and wild,

What is said and what is sung

By the joyous, happy child.

Catch the word while yet unspoken,

Stop the vow before 'tis broken ;

This same tongue may yet proclaim

Blessings in a Saviour's name.

4 Mother, watch the little heart,

Beating soft and warm for you ;

Wholesome lessons now impart ;

Keep, O ! keep that young heart true.

Extricating every weed,

Sowing good and precious seed,

Harvest rich you then may see

Ripen for eternity.



## JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

[SEE PLATE.]

A LITTLE girl of twelve summers lies dangerously sick. All has been done for her recovery which the most skilful physicians and her afflicted parents can do. But her disease progresses and indicates a speedy and fatal termination. She is believed to be "dying," or "at the point of death." Her broken-hearted mother wipes the cold sweat from her brow. Her father holds her marble hand in his, kneels by her side and pours forth his prayer. He wrestles for this child of the covenant and pleads the promise and mercy of God with emotions and an importunity well known to believing parents who have prayed over their own offspring sick and dying. He rises, and beholds in her symptoms the precursors of approaching death. What can he do? The burden of his sorrow is almost insupportable.

Suddenly the darkness of the cloud is relieved by the bow of promise. Animation lights up his countenance. Hope beams from his eye; and a calm serenity succeeds his agitation. He whispers a few words in his wife's ear, who bows her assent, while the tears stream from the fountain of her sorrow. She watches the little sufferer in dreadful suspense, thankful for each breath, yet fearful it may be the last.

He hastens from his room, from his dwelling, and wends his way from street to street through the commercial emporium to the custom-house. Whom seeks he there at such a crisis? He has heard of the return of the vessel in which Christ crossed the lake, and he would inquire of Matthew, collector of the port, where she lies and where he may find Jesus.

Besides, since her arrival, that officer has given Christ a public dinner at his own house, where he met the subordinate officers of government and "a great company of publicans," and where a sentiment dropped from the Saviour's lips, most comforting to the bursting heart of this father: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "He

is the Physician I want; he has the balm I need. Tell me where I can find him, for my little daughter is dying," cries the distressed man.

Assured and pointed toward the spot, he bows his grateful acknowledgement for the sympathy which the heavy tidings of his affliction have called forth, even in that busy mart, and retires thoroughly convinced, Jew though he was, that even in the Gentile breast there is a heart quick to feel for others' woes. He hastens on, but the rising tide of sympathetic sorrow bears on its bosom a multitude that follow this ruler of the synagogue, the chief ecclesiastical officer of Capernaum.

As his winged feet pass along the street and toward the shore where the ship lies, they hear his soliloquy, "It may be that this master in Israel will have compassion on me and my afflicted family, and will heal my only daughter as he did the nobleman's son, Peter's wife's mother and the Centurion's servant. But if she should be dead, when he reaches my house, he may even raise her to life as he did the poor widow's son at Nain."

We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Jesus never hides himself from those who seek him in guilt, suffering and sorrow. He is so far from it that he is often found of them who seek him not. There he stood, not clad in a robe of royal purple, but adorned with the dignity with which innocence and great work always invest their subjects, all ready to receive and minister to the relief of this son of Abraham, who approaches and falls at his feet, crying, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death: *I pray thee*, come and lay thy hands on her that she may be healed." Simple, earnest, believing prayer! It falls upon the ear which is ever open to hear,—moves the heart that is ever tenderly affected toward us. Thrice happy the child who, in sickness, sorrow and death, has so watchful a mother, so devout a father, so compassionate a Saviour!

"Jesus went, and much people followed him and thronged him;" and, among the rest, "a certain woman," whose protracted and severe suffering had imparted energy to her faith and patience, and who was miraculously healed by the touch

of her finger to the hem of his garment. Sensitive "all o'er" to the hand of faith, he turned and inquired, "who touched me?" The trembling, yet grateful woman, kneeling down, confessed "all the truth." Then he said unto her, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." So Jesus still heals from the plague of sin all who touch him with the finger of thy faith.

But was ever an exhibition of Almighty power more seasonable? Tidings were at hand for which this multitude, and, perhaps, this weeping father himself and his family, needed preparation. The sequel, certainly the Saviour's subsequent exhortation to Jairus, "fear not, only believe," shows that this miracle on the way to his house was the means requisite to qualify him and them for the still greater work which they were there to witness.

All stand amazed at this wonder, and at the gracious words which fell from Jesus' lips. For a moment the father's thoughts are diverted from his dying child. But his attention is recalled by his own servants who, in their unbelief and despair, announce to him the fact, "thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any farther?" Poor, stricken man! How that word "*dead*" dashes his hopes and rings through every apartment of his soul! He reels by reason of the suddenness and violence of the shock, but leans at length upon the Sovereign arm, from which every son and daughter of affliction may derive support. The Saviour's words are full of wisdom and of grace; "be not afraid, only believe." O, that they were written in letters of light upon every dark cloud of adversity,—on the very lintel of the house of mourning,—on the wall of every chamber of sickness, and on the portal of the grave, so that all could read them and receive instruction, consolation, salvation!

There is in them, as one has well observed, "a richness and a fulness which experience may, and, I trust in God, will teach, but which words cannot describe. Would you learn their virtues, the wonder-working power of these short syllables? Go to the broken-hearted, see him watering his couch with his tears, overwhelmed with a burden from which the

united strength of men and angels cannot set him free ; point that wretched and guilty creature to the cross of Christ, and to the Lord who hangs upon it, and say "only believe." If the spirit of God speaks these words to the heart while you address them to the outer ear, you will soon behold their wonderful effect ; the heavy burden, untouched by mortal hands, falls at his feet. He who has taken it from him will bear it for him, and he shall feel it again no more forever. Or go to the bed-side of the dying saint ; do fears and doubts oppress him ? Is this the hour of Satan and darkness ? Has he for a moment, amidst the clouds that overhang him, lost sight of the Star of Bethlehem ? Whisper in the ear of that desponding follower of Jesus these little words, "only believe." The shades of darkness will disperse, the scales will fall from his eyes, the anguish be removed from his soul, faith will again assume her throne, and all will be peace. Yes, Jesus himself had no higher, no better remedy for sin, for sorrow and for suffering, than these two words convey ; at the utmost extremity of his own distress, and of his disciples' wretchedness, he could only say, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." *Believe, "ONLY BELIEVE !"*

With these words, instinct with life, Christ, Jairus, and the multitude hasten to the house of death. They enter, and you can imagine what saluted their eyes, when you call to mind the usages of the Jews at such an hour, the assemblage of the neighbors and relatives of the afflicted family, the minstrels with their pipes and other instruments of music playing a doleful dirge, the mourning women with their responsive wails and loud laments, the smiting of the breast, the tearing of the garment and the hair, all increased on this occasion by the high rank and enviable fame of Jairus. These impart a peculiar force to the word "tumult," as descriptive of the scene, also to the Saviour's question—"Why make ye this ado and weep?"—and to his commands—"weep not," "give place."

These precepts he enforces by the declaration, "She is not dead, but sleepeth ;" she is not under the constant power of death, but slumbers till he who is the resurrection and the life shall awake her. But they understood him literally, "and



laughed him to scorn." Derision is the dagger with which unbelief stabs the pious heart.

But how admirable is the example of our Lord! Reviled, he reviled not again; defamed, he blessed. Here, where he had come on an errand of mercy, reproach and ignominy are heaped on him. No wonder he denies the scornful multitude the privilege of witnessing his mighty work, when they had neither understanding nor faith to receive his words. He turned them from the chamber where lay the lifeless body upon the couch, just as it was when the spirit left it. He took with him only Jairus and his wife, and the three disciples, the favored witnesses of the miracle.

Let us look upon the scene as artists are wont to represent it. There lies the damsel in the embrace of death. Her mother, travailing in spirit for her child's second birth, leans gently over her. Jairus is by her side, the co-equal partner of her faith and anxious expectation. Peter stands at the foot of the couch, watching every movement with eager eye. John is on his right, beholding the scene with placid countenance, but without a fear lest death should not yield up its charge. James kneels behind his Lord in profound reverence of the God acting through the man Christ Jesus, who stands in calm dignity, elevating one hand toward the source of life, wisdom, power, and love, and with the other grasping the clayey, cold hand of the little maid, fixing his mild yet beaming eye upon her, then lifting up his voice, and in the tone of mild authority, saying, "Damsel, arise."

"Her spirit came again, she arose straightway, and he commanded to give her meat." Did ever a father or a mother receive a child from God more gratefully? How they must have loved and praised the Saviour! What a blessing to this dear child was her pious father, who besought Jesus to have compassion both on himself and on her, and to comfort her mother weeping over her sick, dying, dead! Let the scoffer and the unbeliever behold this damsel waking into consciousness and life at Christ's command, and say if he is not the resurrection, the Messiah, God manifest in the flesh.

## A HAPPY HOME.

BY R. CRAWFORD.

YES, a *happy home* ! We all want ours to be such. Blessed be God, that they are so to such an extent. They might be more so, were we more as we ought to be.

Happiness, either individual or social, depends not so much on mere circumstances as on the state of the heart. When this is right with God, then what should disturb us. Though we be poor in worldly goods, for, as God's children, we possess all things. What harm need we apprehend if *we know* that all things shall work together for our good ? What should, what can trouble us, if the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ ?

But, alas, few come up to the realization of what these Scriptural allusions obviously imply. Good people often are unhappy. Good people sometimes make their *homes* unhappy. Irritability, fretfulness, harsh words, called forth by a thousand petty annoyances—not one of which is of itself worth noticing—cast a gloom and blight on many another wise, happy household. A single unguarded expression, a look even, throws all into confusion, produces harsh, jarring discord, when all ought to be order and harmony. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth !”

The only sure foundation for domestic, as for individual, happiness is true *piety*, — and piety in its *active, consistent exercise*, — the mind imbued with the fear and love of God, every thought and feeling brought into captivity to the law of Christ. Let there be mutual love, confidence, forbearance, a watchfulness over one's own spirit, a bridling of passion and of speech, leaving off strife before it be meddled with, a kind consideration for the feelings of others, and a disposition to bear uncomplainingly rather than resent whatever may be irritating ; let such a spirit pervade the domestic circle, and how beautiful would be the harmony ! — how delightful the intercourse !

But families, just as individuals, have their own peculiar habits and ways; and their ordinary intercourse is, alas, in too many cases, crabbed, sour, unpleasant, like the music of an instrument strangely out of tune. Each member seems to feel it necessary to maintain a sort of belligerent attitude toward the others. The family coat of arms which each one seems to have taken for his or her own, is the old Caledonian, with its jagged thistle, and its "Nemo me impune lacessit," which may be freely rendered, "Touch *me*, if you dare!" Alas, for such families! Alas, that they should be *trained* and *habituated* to such a kind of domestic intercourse! And when this is the case how almost impossible to correct the evil! One or another of the members may mourn over it, try to correct it, as far as he or she is concerned, but the unholy fire is not easily quenched. "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting."

What can be done in such a case? O, let *all* try to correct these habits, *try* to introduce a milder, kinder, more amiable mode of intercourse! But the difficulty is, in such cases, all do *not* try. The old habit prevails. The fire smoulders, crackles, and rages by turns. And yet cannot something be done to quench it? O, if there is a spark of grace in any heart in such a family, let that grace have its exercise! Whatever of self-denial, of severe self-restraint, of effort, of fasting and prayer, if need be, let not these be wanting. Let there be mighty cryings unto God for his help, and let there be at least *one* in the family, who, by a loving spirit, kind demeanor, and patient endurance, with ready forgiveness, will begin to set a better example, and thus introduce the needful work of reformation. Prayer and perseverance in this, as in all other things, will accomplish much.

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A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter on a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day which may never be extinguished. Acts may be performed, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

## DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

It is often the case that children will do wrong in the presence of neighbors, when their parents are not witnesses to their deeds. If they meet with no reproof from those that hear them, they will be encouraged to improve other opportunities, when absent from home, to perpetrate similar wrongs. Yet few parents are wont to administer correction to other folks' children, even when the circumstances plainly demand it. Indeed, few have the resolution, not to say kindness, to inform parents of the evil things they have noticed in their children. Not long since a lad was visiting his uncle, who heard him utter an oath while playing with another child. His relations to the boy, if nothing else, should have led him at once to administer reproof, or to communicate a knowledge of the wicked act to the parents. But he did neither. He told another person, however, what he had heard, and expressed much surprise. He knew very well that the parents ought to be informed of the wrong; but he thought it was a delicate matter to communicate the information, so he satisfied himself with talking about it to another person. That other person, more considerate and kind, carried the knowledge of the deed to the proper persons.

This case is only one of a multitude, and may serve as an illustration, of a prevailing delinquency towards other folks' children. Every parent would be grateful to a person who should kindly inform him, of the misdemeanors of his children when away from home. I say every parent! If there be one so inconsistent and foolish as to be displeased with another for bringing such information, he is unworthy the relation he bears to the child. But we cannot believe that many such cases exist. And now, the fact that parents generally would regard such reproof or information as a kindness, ought to remove all delicacy in the matter. Let parents, and others, do as they would be done by in this as in other things. Then and not till then, will a growing evil be removed.



If we mistake not, many children are quite noted for profanity and vulgarity in the street, who would not dare utter a wicked word at home. Their parents imagine all the while that their deportment is correct. Because they are correct at home, they suppose the same is true abroad. May not such children be encouraged to do evil by the fact that neighbors neither reprove them, nor carry information of their errors to their homes.

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### THE BLIND PREACHER ON FAITH.

BY C. KIMBALL.

I AM blind, but I am here to-day, and now how came I here? My faith brought me. Being an entire stranger in the place, and unable on account of my blindness to find your sanctuary, a kind friend, a man of integrity and piety in whom I could confide, offered to lead me. Availing myself of his friendly offer, I immediately took his arm and walked directly along where he led me, asking no questions and feeling no anxiety. When he said step up, I stepped up; when he said step down, I stepped down; when he said step to the right or to the left, I did so; by faith in him, till I reached the pulpit, and my presence here is the result of my confidence. If I had known him to be a very bad man, false, deceitful, treacherous, always disposed to do mischief, I should not have entrusted myself to his care, because he would have been no foundation for confidence. Faith must always have a basis to rest upon. Very bad men do not lead blind ministers to the sanctuary of God; at any rate I would not trust them. But I discovered in my friend properties adapted to inspire confidence, such as integrity, physical strength, kindness, piety, with the promise of his assistance, and the disposition to fulfil. These were the foundation of my faith. I trusted in them and was not deceived.

Such is faith ; and if you would be saved, you must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I could not have perfect faith in my friend because he was an imperfect man ; he might die, or some other calamity might overtake him to prevent the fulfilment of his promise. But you can have perfect faith in Christ, because he is God manifest in the flesh ; and this God, now your almighty Deliverer, a Saviour adapted to all your necessities. He is called in Scripture the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the world. He is eternal in his being, infinite in every perfection, and on this combination of divine attributes you may rest a perfect faith. You are to feel and act as he requires, and to follow him implicitly, cheerfully, and without hesitation whithersoever he leads you, raising no objections and feeling no anxiety. The result will be always good if you follow Christ. Remember also for your encouragement that his willingness to save is equal to his ability. He desires your salvation in his own appointed way with all the earnestness of his infinite soul. He saves to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us. He invites, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest." He purchased salvation with agonies and blood and offers it to you without money and without price. He expects you will accept it ; he waits for your obedience. When, therefore, he commands, "Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out ;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ;" "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself ;" love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you, you must obey. Take the Bible as your rule of life, and by faith obey it because it is the will and word of God, and you shall be saved.

Again, I did not see the friend in whom I believed. This, however, did not hinder my faith. I had as strong confidence in my friend as though I could have seen him with two bright eyes. Jesus, the sinner's friend, is present to-day, with all

his ability and willingness to save. The Bible declares it; "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." His heart is full of tenderness, compassion and sympathy. Yes, Jesus is present, and is ready to save. You cannot see him with your natural eyes. This, however, need not hinder your faith. You can believe in him as easily as if he were visible, and you could gaze upon his gracious countenance, and listen to his heavenly words. When he was visible he could do no more for your salvation than he has already done; could say no more to encourage your faith than he has already said. You have only to receive him as he is revealed in the Bible. He is near you to bind up your broken heart and heal your wounded spirit. He is ready to pardon, justify, and save you by his mercy. It may be his last offer and your last opportunity. You have no time to lose, none to abuse by withholding your heart from Christ, in fruitless attempts to save yourself. Death may be at your door. Is it not folly to defer the believing in him? You have no valid excuse; you alone are the guilty party. It is sin which hinders your faith. You grieved the Spirit by refusing to believe, and, should he depart, you are undone forever. While he works in you to will and to do, you must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Although he can help you believe, yet neither he nor any of his beings can believe for you. You must exercise faith for yourself, personally, joyfully, promptly, and with all the heart. He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. By faith ye stand. Do you now understand faith? If so, have you by it received Christ? Do you, as Peter did, when he "went out and wept bitterly?" — like Saul of Tarsus, when he exclaimed, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" — like the thief upon the cross, when he said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?" If so, you have *saving* faith, and can exclaim with Thomas, "My Lord and my God, whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee." "Thomas," said Jesus, "because thou hast seen me thou hast believed." Blessed is

he which hath not seen, and yet hath believed. As you have therefore received Christ walk in him in holy obedience until death ; and thus being rooted and grounded in the truth, you shall receive the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul, and shall be crowned with glory, honor and immortality. This is the blissful end and reward of faith.

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### THE BLESSING OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

I have seen the lone son of doating parents, pining with discontent because he had no brother, no sister to sympathize in his sorrows and share his pleasures. Day after day he mourned, not because he was penniless ; not because he had not a home supplied with all the comforts and luxuries which wealth can purchase ; not because his parents were regardless of his welfare, for both loved him to a fault ; not because he was compelled to arduous labor for he lived entirely at his ease ; but simply because he was all alone. In the sacred enclosure of home there was no heart that beat in unison with his. Solitary and yet yearning for companionship, the morning of his existence was overshadowed by a dark cloud which no sunlight of hope could ever dispel. Nightly he went to his solitary chamber, and morning by morning awoke to find himself alone and lonely. My heart pitied him but could not fully sympathize, for I was one of a numerous brotherhood, and loving sisters grew up by my side, in the sunshine of parental love, a merry group we had often roamed together through pasture and woodland, plucking the wild flowers that grew by the meadow brook, and listening to the gay song of the black-bird and the thrush, and I had never known what it was to be deprived of a brother's or sister's sweet companionship, in those yearning years when youth seeks fellowship with kindred souls. Yet I pitied that only son. Deprived of the blessing his soul so much coveted, his home with all its



luxuries and comforts, was to him a cheerless home. Age full of painful experience of the vanity of youth, and by that experience rendered sober and sedate, could not condescend to *his* enjoyments, nor had his youth learned to find ever fresh delight in the tranquil wisdom of age.

Under these circumstances, it was nothing to him that he was sole heir apparent to his paternal acres, however rich the ample domain. For one brother, for one sister, he would have sold his birthright! Such a blessing that birthright was too poor to purchase. I saw him leave his father's door at twilight and wend his way to scenes of gaiety and mirth. His evenings were spent in scenes of festivity and amusement. The wine-cup allured him, the game of chance seduced him. The natural and innocent enjoyments for which he yearned, denied him, he sought forbidden delights, till at length the accomplished and manly youth, the only son of his mother, became a dissipated and ruined man. To human appearance he might have attained to eminence, but alas! his love of the social wine-cup and of conviviality darkened his prospects, and brought down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. I mourned over his darkened prospects, but there was no hope. Evil companionships had seared his soul. And when I saw how, for such society, he had forsaken father and mother, he seemed to me like that Esau, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Then I understood how that two are better than one, for if one fall the other will lift him up. I thought of the brother born for adversity. And how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, in a sense which the Psalmist never intended to express. The grief, too, of those fond and indulgent parents, doomed to disappointment in the sole centre of their hopes, seemed to me utterly overwhelming. Only son as he was, I seemed to hear each parent say, "if mischief befall him what good shall my life do me." For their life was "bound up in the lad's life," and they were too old to look for any after growth of joy.

My thoughts reverted to my childhood's home, and my heart was refreshed with sweetest memories. Side by side,

brothers and sisters, we had grown up to manhood and womanhood, as pine trees grow up in the forest, mutually sheltered and defended from each rude blast, strengthened and cherished by mutual encouragement and mutual dependance and protection. I thought of parents enjoying a green old age, their children rising up and calling them blessed. And my heart reverted once more to the experience of the Psalmist—Lo children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

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### ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

BY MOORE.

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee.  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine ;  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beams, delays  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through opening vistas into heaven—  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage  
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
 And every flower that summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine ;  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

## THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

## CHAPTER IV.

In the meantime, Mrs. Drummond proceeded to the nursery where she found Fatamer with the children. Myrtilla already wearied with the stillness to which she was condemned, and begged the nurse to allow her to take her sisters out for a little walk. The girls were rather shy at first, but at length consented, and Fatamer only waited to obtain their mother's consent before she dressed them.

When they were gone Mrs. Drummond sent the woman for her work to the nursery, in the hope of beguiling the time until their return. Her countenance was very sad, and often the tears dropped upon her sewing.

The sympathising nurse, who was exceedingly fond of her mistress, placed a stool under her feet, and in various ways expressed sorrow at her grief. At length she said, "Mass'r berry sich, I s'pose."

Mrs. Drummond nodded assent:

"Missus dunno mabby, Esther's come home."

"Yes, Fatamer, she is with your master."

"Hope the hateful critter ain't gwine on so like she did when t'other Missus live, cause then you may jess 's well break your heart right'n two, for true's old Fatamer be setin here, she'll make no bones o' break'n it."

The lady's work fell from her hands. She wondered she had never thought of questioning the woman concerning Esther, and she determined to lose no time in doing so. "How long have you lived here?" she asked.

"Sure, and I come'd with Miss Virginny, ma'am, and a purtier bride ye'l never set eyes on, barring yourself. Esther had been housekeeper, and the first trouble was when my Misse come she wouldn't give up. Missy Virginny was quiet-like, and she didn't want to have a tussle with her; so she

told Mass'r let it go on a while ; then all come right at last ; but it never did. Esther kept a growing more and more 'streporous, and Misse Virginny more yielidin till her heart was clean broke entirely ; and she lay down in the bed, and died jest as a lamb gwine to sleep. Esther was away when she died with Misse Mytilla, but she come right home, and set up wuss than ever. I think, she wanted to get Mass'r to marry her ; but Mass'r dreadful angry wid her, and used to blow her up awful ; but he'd always have to come round and do jess as she say. It make my ole blood bile many a time to see her laugh at him when he so angry ; and then she and he fight in furrin tongue, and I couldn't tell what they say, but for all de world it sound like the talk in de bad place ;" and Fatamer pointed solemnly down.

"Esther has lots o' jewels ; she says Mytilla's mother stow 'em on her when she die, and some day she dress all out like she is to-day : and she hab great diamond in her ears, and chains hanging, and rings all over her hands ; and she look for all de world like de very divil holding the apple to Misse Eve. Then Mass'r carry her to ride, and call her his 'rental beauty, and say there ain't 'nother sich in all the States. But law ! she ain't got nothin 'tall to boast on.

Mrs. Drummond grew very pale, and put her hands to her head ; but when Fatamer noticing it stopped, she said, "go on, tell me all."

"Wasn't it though a high time we had when Mass'r brought me and the childer home from Cape May ? He axed me to tell Esther he'd found 'nother bride ; but I tel'd him I'd rather be s'cused, cause I know'd for sartin she'd kill me quick as a wink, 'fore I could say my prayers. He couldn't pluck up courage for two days, and then she storm and rave like a house a fire. All at onct when Mass'r most beat out, she give right up, and 'pear sif she gwine to faint right off in a swoon'd, she so pleasant ; and she give oders 'bout de new furniture, and 'bout all de tings. Oh ! she be real smart one when she mind ter ; and Mass'r, he praise her up and give her lots of clothes for herself and Mytilla. Dat gal allus mixed up in all de quarrels. I dunno as Missus



s'pects ; but I has my s'picious 'bout matters," and she nodded her head mysteriously.

"What do you mean, Fatamer?"

The servant sank her voice to a whisper, "I tink Myrtilla her own chile. I'se can hear if I has got black skin ; and when they two lone, I hears 'em talking."

"Then do you mean she is nothing to your master," asked Mrs. Drummond starting from her chair and eagerly approaching the woman.

"Law, Missus ! I don't mean that," and she chuckled a low laugh, which chilled the blood in her Mistress' veins.

By the time Dr. Larned returned in the evening, Esther was very willing to descend to the kitchen for some food. "I shall remain," said he with my patient, "an hour or more, and I will ring when I want you to return ; I advise you to take some rest, as he will be likely to be more restless at night."

Esther muttered that "he might as well have somebody else to watch with him, as he did not recognise me."

"I cannot consent to a change in his present state," replied the Doctor. At times he is delirious, and it would not be proper for a stranger to be present ;" then without waiting for any further reply the Doctor returned to the room.

The long hours of profound stillness had operated favorably upon the patient, and except a slight acceleration of the pulse, caused by his intense thinking, as he said, he was really better.

"Draw back the curtains, Doctor, and sit down by me. I have much to say to you. How long will she be gone."

"Until I ring, and I have arranged my business so that I can stop an hour. If I am not mistaken Esther has had time to repent of her haste in taking possession of the sick room. Has she left it during the day?"

"Not once," replied the sick man with a feeble smile, "but don't let us waste the precious time."

"Colonel Drummond," continued his friend seriously, "It is time to inform you that during your illness you have uttered that which needs explanation. Your wife is in a state

bordering on distraction ; or, on account of your sickness, I should refrain from the subject a little longer. Your singular choice of a nurse this morning, preferring an unprincipled attendant to your devoted wife, who certainly had deserved different treatment at your hands, confirms me in the belief that you have by some crime put yourself in Esther's power, and that it is fear which constrains you to admit her."

The sick man raised his head from the pillow and caught his breath with difficulty. "What does she suspect?" at length, he gasped.

"Enough to make her wretched ; but she will forgive all if you confess frankly to her."

"Are you sure of that, Doctor?" almost screamed the patient, sitting upright.

"You must be more calm, or I shall leave. I understood her to say as much, and that if she knew you had been a murderer, her distress could not have been greater than that by this suspense. She is an uncommon woman to endure it as she has done."

Colonel Drummond started to spring out of bed.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the physician. "You will kill yourself by your rashness," and he placed his finger again upon the pulse.

"I am going to ring for my wife, and on my knees ask her forgiveness." He sank back from exhaustion, but in a moment resumed : "Doctor, she is an uncommon woman ; she is an angel. When I married her, I thought her fascinating, charming ; I was perfectly infatuated, but supposed these feelings would subside as they have done heretofore. But I found her with a loving heart and a strong mind. See what a mother she has been to my children ! What a mother she wished to be to Myrtilla, but that I could not allow ; that is, —well," he added, with a sigh, "I may as well tell all, you will regard it as strictly confidential, Myrtilla is Esther's child."

"Stay," said the Doctor, "your wife should receive your confession, I will go for her, since if I ring, Esther will come."

The Doctor went softly into the hall, and Mrs. Drummond, who was watching for him, stepped out of her room to inquire for her husband. He beckoned her toward him, and whispered: "Come with me, he will tell you all;" then taking her hand he led her gently into the chamber of his patient. Her heart beat tumultuously, and she staggered with fear of what was to come, but strengthening herself with the thought, "This is what I have long wished," and she approached the bed.

The sick man covered his face with the sheet; but quickly withdrawing it, asked eagerly, "has the Doctor told me truly? Will you, can you, forgive me?"

"I will ask God to help me to do so," she responded in a whisper. Dr. Larned rose softly, and retired from the room.

"I must be brief," he said, sighing, "for my strength begins to fail. When my first wife died, Esther was a young girl, fair and beautiful to look upon. I had led her into sin, and when near the birth of her child, my infant daughter died, Myrtilla filled her place. I had a father's love for my beautiful child, and Esther plead with tears for liberty to accompany me to America. I was young, and alas! I knew not what a viper I was taking to my bosom? I will not ask, as perhaps I might, that such an alliance is scarcely considered a crime in many countries, for brought up as you have been, you would only shrink from such an endeavor to shield myself, but will frankly confess that for many years the fear that our criminal relation should be brought to light has made me a miserable slave to her arts. She soon discovered this fear, and has used it to gain her own ends, and to increase her power over me. Many times I determined to send her back to Germany, and at length, when I was about to be married, only refrained from doing so by her promise to remain in Georgetown with my children.

While my second wife lived, the vile creature became so jealous and exacting that a thousand times I was on the point of divulging to her my disgraceful crime, and thus rid myself of the hateful bondage; but I have since been thankful for her sake that she died, believing me innocent. She was a



gentle, loving creature, but never called forth my better feelings as you have done, yet while she lived, I was faithful to her ; that has always been a great consolation to me.

"How afterward?" asked the poor wife for the first time turning her pale face toward her husband.

"Oh, Helen, if you knew what temptations she laid before me, you would forgive even that! You have never seen her when she appeared like herself; and you cannot understand the power she exerted over me, even though the next moment I turned from her with loathing and disgust.

Mrs. Drummond involuntarily started back from the bed, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"It is as I feared, and you despise me," he repeated in a touching tone of humility.

"Go on," she said with a slight shudder.

"I have little more to say now. When I saw you, I determined, if I could win you, that I would become a virtuous man; and not even an impure desire has since arisen to my heart. Would that I had dared to tell you this before our marriage. But I feared that I should lose you; and I loved as I had never loved before. I found in you a woman who could converse upon subjects which interested me, with a warm heart, as well as with great personal charms. Can you wonder that as year by year my love for you deepened and increased that I did not venture the loss of your respect by telling you this? And yet the words have often been on my lips when I have seen you troubled at the mystery which I was obliged to confess. But when, perhaps the next hour, I heard you express your horror of such a crime, I shuddered as I thought how nearly I had forfeited your confidence, and my lips were again sealed."

"If you had told me this before our marriage, and sent Esther back to her native country, it would have been far easier for me to forgive you," was the trembling response.

"Would to God that I had done so! We should both of us have been far happier."

"Yes, I am convinced of the truth of what my dear uncle and aunt have often told me. There is, there can be, no real hap-



piness in the marriage relation without the strictest confidence." As she ceased speaking she started to see how very pale her husband had grown. She leaned forward and spoke to him; but he did not reply; and she quickly left the room to call the physician, who was just coming up the stairs.

"He has fainted," said the Doctor, bending over him. "He has had too much excitement; but it was impossible to avoid it." He soon revived, however, and when he saw who it was that was administering so tenderly to him, he feebly took her hand and pressed it to his lips. As the Doctor went to the table for medicine, he whispered, "Oh, if you will forgive the past, I shall be the happiest man on earth! Such a load is gone. Esther may storm and rave. She has no longer any power over me."

"Forget it all until you are well," she answered, "and I will try to do so."

"Doctor," called out the sick man, "I need no medicine. I think it was joy that made me faint, or rather relief from my dreadful burden. If you have ever concealed anything from your wife, tell her at once, you can't imagine how happy you will be." His eye beamed with a new light, and his kind friend really hoped that the relief would tend to his speedy recovery.

"Before I go," he said, approaching the bed with a cup in his hand. "I have one piece of news to communicate; I have taken it upon myself to dismiss Myrtilla and her mother to my house for the night. There they await your orders whether to return to Georgetown or go back to Germany."

Colonel Drummond sobbed aloud. "Oh, Doctor, you have indeed done me a kindness! I am so weak, I dreaded the burst of passion which I knew would ensue when I assured the vile creature that by my own confession I was free. Oh that I should have led her into sin! Oh, what a fool I have been! What slaves the commission of sin makes of us! What dreadful unhappiness I have caused my wife and myself by my guilt and my want of frankness and — Are you ill, Helen?" he asked, stopping suddenly. This question was

caused by seeing her put her hand to her head and gaze wildly around. Dr. Larned sprang forward, and led her from the room, ringing at the same time for help. Fatamer speedily made her appearance, undressed her mistress and placed her in bed. She then went to the kitchen to send up the chambermaid to stay with her master whom Dr. Larned with difficulty had persuaded to keep upon his bed.

Before morning Mrs. Drummond was attacked with brain fever. For nearly five weeks, she had been watching with her husband, and the fatigue and exhaustion in addition to the constant anxiety of mind had prepared the way for such a disease, which the existing events of the day had consummated. For more than a week she lay unconscious of all around her, or else talking incoherently. When at the expiration of that time the light of reason beamed again from her eye, she was so enfeebled that she could not raise her hand. She could only make known her wants by a feeble whisper. When the Doctor pronounced her convalescent, her husband was led into her room and sat in an easy chair by her bed. At first the physician allowed him to remain but an hour; but as she recovered strength, he could not be persuaded to absent himself from her side. When he needed rest, for his excitement during her sickness had been of great injury to him, he lay on a couch in her room, that he might be at hand to give her the proper medicines. At length he dismissed the faithful Fatamer to the nursery and himself took care of the patient, ringing for her when he required her services. During all this time not a word had been spoken of the past or future. Colonel Drummond longed for the hour when she would assure him of her entire forgiveness. The more he reflected upon his past course, and the horror in which she held the crime of which he had been guilty, the more doubtful he was whether she would consent so far to overlook it as to remain with him. He remembered the peaceful home she had left, and that unhappiness he had caused her; yes, on her very first arrival the strange conduct of Esther and the proud reserve of his children had wounded her susceptible heart. While these thoughts passed through his mind, he

watched her closely to see the least indication of her feeling toward him. When he gently raised her head from the pillow and held the cup to her lips, she murmured a gentle "Thank you," and that was all; but he knew the same subject occupied her mind, and several times he had seen tears silently following each other down her pale cheeks.

One day as he sat by her side, she lay so quietly that he fell asleep: when he awoke she still lay in exactly the same position; but he saw that she had been weeping. Much agitated by the sight of her grief, which he had no doubt was in consequence of his cruel deception, he arose, and gently wiped away the falling tears.

She opened her eyes and attempted to smile her thanks. "Dear husband," she whispered, "I do not weep for you, but for myself. We are both sinners before God," she added, seeing that he did not comprehend her meaning. "You have been unfaithful to me and to my Maker. Let us both go to him like the publican, confess our sins, and ask him to forgive us."

"I will go anywhere, do anything you wish," he replied earnestly, "if you will forgive me."

"I do freely forgive you, my dear husband," and she laid her hand in his, "even as I hope God will forgive me."

"But what have you done to need forgiveness?" he asked, never having been taught the deeply solemn truth that by nature all are sinners.

"If I have not committed any outward sin, I have had wicked thoughts, and have indulged in feelings of bitter jealousy and resentment against poor Esther when,—

"When I alone was to blame," said her husband interrupting her, "I do most truly repent of that!"

"No! I was thinking of myself. But I must rest," and she closed her eyes and looked so very pallid that he repeatedly bent down to listen if she breathed. Wetting a cloth he bathed her hands and face as he had often seen Fatamer do. Presently she opened her eyes, and motioning for him to stoop down whispered, "Dear Francis, you are very kind."

A thrill of joy ran through him at these simple words of



affection, and he could scarcely restrain his tears. He pressed her hands again and again to his lips, until he was interrupted by a low voice behind him, saying, "Is this the way you obey orders to keep my patient quiet?"

"It will not hurt me, Doctor," Mrs. Drummond replied softly, with a touch of her natural tone; "it always agreed with me to be admired."

"Still, I think," said the Doctor, smiling sadly, "that you have had too much of it for one day. You are much exhausted."

"Yes, I have a constant faintness which is worse than pain. It is an effort to speak aloud."

After ascertaining that she had little remains of fever, Dr. Larned mixed her a portion of brandy and water, and fed her with a teaspoon full. After waiting long enough to see that it did not quicken the pulse, he repeated it, and ordered her husband to do so through the day.

Ella and Virginia were delighted when they were allowed to visit their sick mamma, especially when after a week they carried their toys into her room and passed most of the day there. During this interval Mrs. Drummond sought many interviews with her husband in regard to the sad consequences of his crime, not only in its effects upon her own happiness and that of the lovely young wife, who, according to Fatamer's account, had suffered deeply from Esther's conduct, but upon his own character in the sight of God. She read passages of Scripture to him where such sins are forbidden, and showed him that every violation of God's holy commands must of necessity lead to unhappiness, and if unrepented of, to eternal misery. As soon as she was able to write, she informed her kind friends of what she knew would rejoice their hearts, that she could now sympathise with them in those sublimer joys, of which, heretofore, she could form no just idea. Now, for the first time too, did she realize the full meaning of domestic bliss. Her husband, though not at present an experimental Christian, yet regarded the feelings of piety which actuated her with respect and reverence. Her children were every day more dear, and if she sighed that



their elder son should have preferred to follow his sister and attendant to Germany rather than to dwell under his father's roof, the sadness was accompanied with a prayer that he and they might be guided by the principles of the Holy Scriptures, and become humble followers of the Saviour, who had been rejected by their fathers.

Not far from three years subsequent to the events related above, Colonel Drummond and his wife were one night awakened by a loud ringing of the door bell. Hastily throwing on his wrapper, the gentleman pushed up the sash to see who was calling him at so unseasonable an hour, when a feeble voice cried, "Father, *father*, it is your son Ferdinand and I am dying."

Scarcely stopping to repeat to his wife what he had heard, the father flew down the stairs, opened the door, and clasped his long lost son in his strong embrace. Mrs. Drummond followed, and aided her husband in restoring the poor boy to some degree of animation. A physician was speedily summoned, but after a prolonged examination shook his head as he gravely replied, "With good care and tender nursing he may live a few months, but he is past cure."

The following day Ferdinand was sufficiently revived to give his parents the account of himself and Myrtila which they were so eager to hear. The vessel, in which they, in company with Esther, sailed for Germany, was wrecked on its passage, and all but three passengers supposed to be lost. Ferdinand and his two companions took a life boat, in which they remained one night and part of a day, when they were picked up by a vessel going to St. Petersburg. His exposure in an open boat rendered him so ill that on reaching port he lay for months in the marine hospital, after which he went to sea again. He had endured many trials and hardships, but pride forbade his returning to his father. At length he found himself on his way to the United States, where he was seized with a violent fever, and continued so ill that on his arrival in New York, he must have died had it not been for the kindness of the Captain, who had heard his

story, and who gave him in charge of a gentleman going directly to Baltimore.

As Ferdinand concluded his brief trials, he felt a hot tear fall upon his head, and looking up quickly he perceived that his mother's eyes were suffused, and that her countenance was expressive of the sincerest interest. With something of the enthusiasm of his sister Myrtille, he caught her hand and raised it to his lips, and from that time an increasing affection grew up between them. She devoted herself to him with the most untiring watchfulness; and when at last, leaning his head upon her breast, his eyes beaming with the grateful love he had not the strength to express, he breathed out his soul to God, his fond mother cherished an abiding trust that through the merits of Jesus of Nazareth, whom he had accepted as his Saviour, they should together pass an eternity in singing the praises of God.

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TAKE CARE OF THE CASKET, FOR THE SAKE OF THE JEWEL.  
—In many cases in which true Christians complain of the “hidings of God’s countenance,” of darkness, and depression, the cause is solely physical disease; produced not unfrequently by an obstinate disregard to the will of God as expressed in the human constitution, made up of soul and body; and by which a certain amount of repose, relaxation, and exercise are essential to the right working of both. Let me remind young and ardent students that God will make them responsible for every talent committed to them, and for shortening those days which might have been many; and for turning those hours into darkness and distress which might have been hours of sunshine and peace. That must be no small sin in the eye of God, which he so often visits with an early death or premature old age; and which has deprived many a family of its most precious treasure, and the church of its brightest hopes.

## SAMMY'S DISOBEDIENCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY COUSIN CLARA.

As I have been sitting here alone this stormy night, I have thought of the many little boys and girls whose bright eyes sparkle every month at the pleasant stories which they read in the "Child's Friend;" and I have asked myself, "could n't I say something to amuse or instruct them?" Cousin Clara loves children dearly, and though she may never see your pleasant faces or hear your joyous laughter; yet she loves you all, and imagines your eyes, be they black, gray or blue, to be like those of some of the children around her, and your merry voices but the echo of theirs. So I propose to tell you a story, pleasant or sad; it is yet *true*, and teaches you a good lesson.

I have had sad thoughts to-night of a sweet little boy whom I knew many years ago. Yet I remember distinctly Sammy's bright eyes and rosy lips, and broad, white forehead with its clustering curls of soft brown hair; and, more than all, I remember his pleasant, affectionate disposition; how quiet and gentle he was all through the long hours of school, how he loved his books and his teacher. I never knew him to disobey me nor his parents *but once*. Oh! my little cousins, how fatal may *one* wrong action be!

It was a lovely day in June, and little Sammy was allowed to go home earlier than usual, as a reward for his good behavior through the day. The day was so bright and fresh, the birds sang so sweetly, and the spring flowers blossomed so gaily, that I had not the heart to keep the smaller children in the close, crowded school-room. But they were to go directly home, *first*, and then, with mother's permission, they could have a nice playtime. But after my little flock was dismissed, as I was walking slowly up the shady street to my home, I saw a little boy running in and out among the still elms that skirted the wayside. Could it be Sammy? I couldn't think so, because his home was in another part of the town and he would not be likely to be so far away at that hour. But, as I came nearer, I saw it was Sammy; and somehow he did not seem as glad to see me as usual. I noticed in his hand a small



line, and on the end of it was a tiny fish-hook. I had seen that in the hands of a bad boy that very day, and it did not need Sammy's downcast eyes to tell me something was wrong. I asked, gently, "Have you been home since school, Sammy?"

He could not deceive me, and though his cheek flushed crimson, he said —

"No ma'am! Jack coaxed me to go fishing, and he gave me this nice hook and line if I would go to his house."

Oh! how grieved I felt! and I told him so. But I could not say much to him on the street, and I said kindly, though sadly, for I felt sorry that he had deceived me, "Go directly home, Sammy, wont you?"

Oh! how glad I am that I was not provoked to speak harshly to him that night! How well I remember the look he gave me, as he turned and bade me a last "good night;" his dark eyes swimming in tears and his lips quivering with grief. Alas! it was indeed a *last* good night, for I never heard Sammy speak again.

He went home, and after tea he was told he might play in the yard awhile, but he must not go beyond hearing of his father's voice. Sammy took his ball and spinning top and went out into the pleasant little yard where he had spent so many happy hours, but somehow he could not play as usual; he was restless and uneasy. He stood at the gate a long time looking at the river which came up in a little cove just across the street from his father's house. How prettily it looked! Some large willows were scattered along the shore, and their branches were swaying in the light breeze and dipping gently in the water, which sparkled and glittered in the sunshine as if there were diamonds upon the surface of the little waves that broke lazily against the pebbly shore.

Then he thought of his cunning little fish-hook and took it from his pocket and began to "play go fishing," by throwing the line over the fence and hooking up a stick or straw which he would call a fish. Then he thought "I've a good mind to go down there under the willow and catch a real live fish! I can hear father if he calls me!" But something whispered "don't go, Sammy! Your father has told you not to go near



the water." Sammy stopped a moment, and then thought "I wont go very near the water ; I'll sit down on the big rock, and I'll be back in a minute ;" and the little gate was pushed open and Sammy ran down to the water-side as fast as if he was afraid somebody was going to catch him.

Meanwhile the sun was setting and the big willows began to cast a heavier shadow upon the river ; and here and there a light twinkled in the cottages and shops upon the streets. Pretty soon a tall man came out of his store and passed into the yard where Sammy had been playing, and called out, pleasantly, "Come, Sammy ! father's ready, now. It is time your little eyes were asleep. Sammy ! *Sammy ! !*" But all was still. "Where can my little Sammy be ?" he continued, playfully searching after him in every nook and corner, expecting every moment to see him spring up into his arms with shouts of merry laughter. But no ! there was no bounding step — no sound of his childish voice.

They sought him in vain, in the house, in the street or among the neighbors. Nobody had seen him — nobody could give any idea where he might be, till a little ragged bare-footed boy, who had come with the crowd of men and boys gathered about the house of the lost child, said, "Hasen't he gone to the river ? I saw him have a fish-hook and line to-day !"

*The river !* His father never thought of that ! His heart gave one mighty throb and seemed to stand still in his bosom ; and for a moment all was indistinct ; but he recovered himself immediately, and, calling to some men to follow him, rushed to the river. There upon the big rock was little Sammy's straw hat — but where was the child ? Beneath the deep, dark waters lay his lifeless form. None heard his despairing cries or saw his struggle with death.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how I saw him lying there so still and pale, the water oozing from his pallid lips, and the damp hair clustering in curls over his marble forehead. I remember his parents' bitter sorrow — and oh ! my little cousins, how that sorrow was aggravated to agony by the thought that their dear child's *last act was an act of disobedience.*

## LOST BUT FOUND.

"Ye were as sheep going astray ; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."—1 Peter ii. 25.

I was a wand'ring sheep,  
 I did not love the fold :  
 I did not love my shepherd's voice,  
 I would not be controlled.  
 I was a wayward child :  
 I did not love my home,  
 I did not love my father's voice—  
 I loved afar to roam.

The shepherd sought his sheep,  
 The father sought his child :  
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er deserts waste and wild.  
 They found me nigh to death,  
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
 They bound me with the bands of love ;  
 They saved the wandering one !

They spoke in tender love,  
 They raised my drooping head ;  
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds ;  
 My fainting soul they fed.  
 They washed my filth away ;  
 They made me clean and fair ;  
 They brought me to my home in peace—  
 The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my shepherd is :  
 'Twas he that loved my soul ;  
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood ;  
 'Twas he that made me whole ;  
 'Twas he that sought the lost,  
 That found the wand'ring sheep ;  
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold ;  
 'Tis he that till doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep ;  
 I would not be controlled ;  
 But now I love the shepherd's voice—  
 I love, I love the fold.  
 I was a wayward child ;  
 I once preferred to roam ;  
 But now I love my Father's voice—  
 I love, I love my home !

*Christian Advocate.*

## A TRIBUTE TO THE AGED.

BY REV. DR. SHEPARD.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that the two most critical and anxious periods of human life are those of youth and age. To assist the young in passing safely through this trying stage of their earthly pilgrimage, much has been said and sung: There is hardly less occasion to suggest respectfully to the aged such counsels as may, by the divine blessing, assist them to bear with dignity and grace the infirmities incident to declining years.

Brethren and fathers, elders in life's journey, will you indulge one who is also an elder, to address to you a few words of affectionate and familiar counsel.

It is difficult to define the exact boundary between active manhood and declining age. The turning point comes not alike to all. Some, from various physical causes, feel compelled to step aside from the busy throng, to seek a place of retirement and repose, earlier than others. To enter upon this period, which ordinarily commences somewhere about the beginning of the seventh decade, with dignified serenity, and pass on with a steady, careful step and grave and cheerful demeanor, under the increasing burdens of long life, requires no small share of self control and a firm confidence in the wise, but often mysterious, dispensations of Providence.

There is a period in the flight of years, if not prematurely arrested by death, when we must feel a sensible decline of our physical energies.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

Our strength decays; — our limbs lose their wonted elasticity; — our joints are stiffened; — our step is slower and more careful; — every serious, protracted effort exhausts us; — the eye becomes dim, and the hearing less acute; — pains of

various name invade our waking and sleeping hours. Think of it and speak of it as we may, these are the unmistakable monitors of declining years.

As a matter of course, with the decline of the physical man, will almost invariably follow, at no great distance, whether we are sensible of it or not, a decline in the vivacity, the resolution and nerve of the mental powers. You are admonished of this by finding in your experience that you cannot dismiss care and anxiety growing out of the competition of business, and the collisions of official duties, as you once could. They will intrude upon your hours of sleep and hold you wakeful in the night watches. You cannot, as you once could, bare your bosoms to the storm and look at the danger with a steady eye and an unpalpitating heart. Your feelings prompt you to seek a safe retreat from that which is agitating and perilous.

And yet, notwithstanding your conscious infirmities, it is no inconsiderable trial to see the active business concerns and the official duties of private and public life, in which you have borne an honorable part, passing out of your hands into others, who appear to you to be mere youths, inexperienced and unfitted to cope with the arts and intrigues of the unprincipled and the designing. And this source of trial is not a little heightened by the habits of this age in thrusting young men prematurely into responsible positions in society. It is worthy of inquiry whether it may not be attributed to this fact, in part, at least, that there have been so many defalcations within the last few years. It may be the result of an unreasonable jealousy to which age is liable, but it certainly is difficult to become reconciled to the idea of being laid aside from active life, as we lay upon the shelf an old worn-out garment. A premature burial seems shocking to every feeling of humanity.

It is also difficult for men in the vale of life to enter into the many popular theories and discoveries in philosophy, politics and morals, denominated the "progress of the age," so as to endorse them indiscriminately as real improvements upon the past. Experience and observation tend to enlarge the organ of caution rather than to diminish it, for they have wit-



nessed the bursting of many a "South Sea bubble;" they have proved the truth of the quaint adage, again and again, that "all is not gold that glitters." Hence some degree of distrust of that which presents a wide dissimilitude with things of olden time may be pardonable. At the same time, there can be no question as to a real advancement in the arts and sciences, in commerce and manufactories, as well as in many things pertaining to the progress of a higher civilization and a purer Christianity. And while the grave and cautious step of age can hardly keep pace with steam and electricity, it cannot fail to bless God for the privilege of living to witness so many improvements upon the past.

The declining days of life are apt to be overshadowed with reflections upon the errors and follies of early years. "Remember not the sins of my youth," was a petition of David. Wasted time, — opportunities for good neglected, — evil habits contracted, — ambition for worldly position indulged — these are the reflections which sometimes disturb the repose of age and becloud its setting sun. The fact itself should be a warning to such as are in the morning of life, that as they sow in the season of spring so will they reap in autumn. The only remedy for such bitter memorials is found in the mercy of God through the atoning blood of the cross.

Other trials of the memory of a less poignant nature, but, if indulged, subversive of peace, arise from a morbid recalling of the disappointments, and bereavements, and sad reverses of past days. Recollections of such shadows of early life sometimes rush upon us and cause us to sigh in anguish as though they were present realities. The review indicates to your imagination that you have a mark at which affliction's arrows have been especially aimed. Wound after wound has been made upon you, and they now bleed afresh. Your early gains may have taken wings and disappeared. Disease and pain may have been permanent guests in your habitation. The associates of your youth, the companions of your early business-life may have fallen asleep, or removed to distant parts; children who once gathered like olive plants around your board, your hope and your joy, are now gone from you,

it may be, some to their graves ; others, perhaps, more trying to a parent's heart, have been swept away by the strong current of temptation, and are now the wrecks of early promise. From reminiscences like these, the " iron enters deeply into the soul," and you are ready to exclaim, my joys are gone—is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow ?

Stay, I entreat you, the current of these desponding thoughts. All may not be dark in the past. No strange thing has happened unto you beyond what is common to humanity in this state of trial. These afflictions have not come up from the dust. God has ordered each one of them, and for your good if borne with due submission. Have you not been subdued in the temper of your minds by them ? Have they not taught you such lessons of life as you could have learned from no other source ? Be still ; murmur not at the past. Bless God for what is yet spared to you,—reason, sensibility, the Bible, a Throne of Grace, and remaining strength to serve God in many ways, and to ripen as a shock of corn in autumn to be gathered into the garner of the Lord in its season.

It is a general rule, established by long experience, that no one, descending the vale of years, should relinquish active employment until absolutely incapacitated by infirmities. To one long accustomed to toil physically or mentally, a sudden cessation is often followed with a premature breaking down of both the inner and the outer man. The human constitution is formed for activity until it be worn out. Neither the vigor of the body or the mind can be preserved in health without constant employment. If such employment be prematurely relinquished—if the man "retires from business," or his business retires from him, before the proper time, the vitality of the corporeal system stagnates, and the mind, diverted from its accustomed channels of operation, sets backward, and preys upon itself. Of course, the amount of business attempted should be diminished in proportion to decreasing ability. But even after signs of decreasing vigor begin to appear, filial kindness and respect due to grey hairs should not be slow to grant the indulgence of continued toil, while the habit of being usefully employed remains a source of so much

personal enjoyment. It is in the power of the juniors in the arena of business life, to confer scarcely any greater favor upon their seniors who are about to put off the harness, than the continued confidence of their being usefully employed while life's energies are not wholly exhausted.

While I would recommend useful employment as a solace to old age, I would advise withdrawal, as far as possible, from scenes of agitation and strong excitement. If wars must be waged and battles fought, let the consequences fall upon young men. The hoary head may be sought unto for counsel, but let it not be forced into the arena of ambitious conflict, or partizan strife. Ye that are laden with years find infirmities accumulating around your domestic retirement sufficient to awaken your utmost watchfulness and self control to prevent peevishness and irritability, without being drawn abroad and exposed to other sources of annoyance from the din of political strife, and haste to become rich. "It is a favorite speculation of mine," said the venerable Dr. Chalmers, "that if spared to sixty, we then enter upon the seventh decade of life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage and spent sabbatically, as if on the shores of the eternal world, or in the outer courts of the temple that is above, the tabernacle of Heaven." Peace and quietness, so far as they can be made compatible with the duties of citizenship, in the Church or the State, are especially to be coveted by age.

Will not my venerable friends be persuaded to set apart an additional portion of their few remaining days for reading, meditation and communion with God. The greater portion of your probation has passed. A few sands remain, and life's work will terminate. Do not suffer your remaining days to be spent in eager grasping for riches. It is sometimes said that avarice is peculiarly the sin of age. Certain it is that persons do not gain the undesirable name of misers until they become old. Undoubtedly the passion for accumulation, if permitted to reign supreme in our hearts through our active years, will be the last to surrender at the approach of the universal conqueror. You have lived to verify the sentiment of the Sa-

viour — “a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of that which he possesseth.” Your time is short. You will need but little more of this world to carry you comfortably to its goal. Be not anxious for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewith ye shall all be clothed. “Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily shall ye dwell in the land and be fed.” Give a large portion of your time to the study of the Word. Meditate much and long upon heaven — that blessed inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and which fades not away. Pray without ceasing; form a habit of daily communion with God. Walk in the light of his countenance, and he will place the everlasting arms underneath you and bear you calmly and peacefully down to your final rest in a cheerful hope of a blessed immortality.

Every one that has lived to see a good old age has occasion for the exercise of gratitude. If long life be a blessing, venerable friends, the boon has been yours. How many have fallen by your side who set out in life with as fair prospect of attaining equal years with yourselves? True, there is a sense in which you can say with the patriarch, “few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.” But there is another aspect in which you may view the past, that is bright and cheering. In many respects these years have been years of the right hand of the Most High. What progress has been made in the various arts of civilization, in the diffusion of knowledge, in the advance of Christianity among the nations of the earth, since you first saw the light? The last sixty years covers the most interesting portion of the history of benevolent Bible distribution and missionary labors among the unevangelized nations and tribes of the earth. Within the memory of many of you more than fifty million copies of the Scriptures have been printed and distributed in about two hundred different languages and dialects, and the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ proclaimed by the living preacher, from the Bosphorus to the Yellow Sea, and from the Mississippi through the islands to the ocean, to the banks of the Gambia. “A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.”

The events in which it has been your privilege to bear a



part, have carried up a greater revenue of joy to the angelic hosts from Zion's victories, than during the same period in any preceding age. Oh, let us bless God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard of the glorious victories of Prince Immanuel among the nations of the earth since we have had a being. Bright harbingers of promise are these wonderful advances of Zion for the times now at hand. The next generation that shall live to complete their three score years, under the same ratio of progress in the Redeemer's kingdom, cannot leave the world at any great distance from the full dawn of the Millennial day.

If you will permit your minds to be occupied with such animating themes, instead of being chafed and irritated with the cares and perplexities of life, your cheerful countenances and entertaining conversation will render your old age pleasant and profitable to those upon whose kind offices you may be dependant. No object is more to be commiserated than helpless age, so irritable and peevish, so impatient and dissatisfied with every thing done for its comfort, as to become a burden and trial to its friends. Alas, how many by the indulgence of an unamiable, fault-finding temper in early life, find, at length, when it is too late to correct such evil habits, that they have been preparing a bed of thorns on which to recline in second childhood. In this, as in all other matters, we reap as we have sown. Though it may cost us years of self-discipline, it should be our earnest effort and daily prayer to God that our old age may be made attractive, and our company both agreeable and profitable to those upon whose kind offices we may be cast. The idea of outliving our usefulness should not be entertained for a moment. God may be glorified, religion honored and souls edified by manifesting a subdued, mellow, humble submission to the will of God,—by a cheerful acquiescence in whatever burdens he may be pleased to lay upon us. Piety in youth is beautiful, but not more so than when its graces shine out in the amiable deportment and devout conversation of the aged. The hoary head, being found in the way of righteousness, becomes a crown of glory. Such were Zechariah and Elizabeth, both righteous before God,

walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless. Such were Simeon and Anna, in the temple, who waited and prayed for the consolation of Israel. They brought forth fruit in old age.

Must it not be a subject of deep and anxious solicitude to every one hastening on to the goal of their earthly race, "am I prepared to depart? Have I one hope in Christ that will prove an anchor to my soul in the trying hour? Can I adopt the language of the aged Apostle, as he drew near to the end of his pilgrimage, and say, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me in that day?" Alas, can there be present before us an object of greater commiseration, than that of one who is tottering upon the grave's brink, and yet stupid and unconcerned about the future! The world which he has idolized cannot administer one morsel of substantial comfort to him now! He has lived without God, and without God he must die! Having never fled for refuge to the atoning blood of the Redeemer, he can give to his weeping children or friends no consoling word or sign that his end is peace. O ye, upon whose heads the almond blossoms have long flourished, may I not hope better things of you, though I thus speak? Will you not be persuaded to set your house in order? The Son of Man may come in an hour when you think not. Be ready in your temporal affairs. If it be important that your last will and testament be made and executed, let it be done without delay. Above all, prepare to meet your God. Watch daily and hourly for the coming of the Bridegroom, with lamps trimmed and burning; that when your heart shall give its last pulsation, and your bosom shall heave its last sigh, you may fall asleep in Jesus and be gathered to the sepulchre of your fathers in peace.

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Do not attempt to frighten children and inferiors by passion; it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them; the same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion.—*Sydney Smith*.

## MARY HARLEY.

BY G. S. ALLEN,

Mrs. HARLEY, who lived in one of the small cities of Connecticut, was a very reserved woman. Her neighbors thought her cold and shy, and some said she was proud. She had not the familiar, gossiping, running-in-and-out sort of habits which made some of her acquaintances great favorites in the neighborhood where she resided. Mrs. Harley seldom borrowed or asked for recipes; and she was always the last to hear the news, especially if it was at all of a private or confidential character. The bearers of little, unfavorable reports, which are always circulating in a small community, and which seem to furnish a world of pleasurable excitement to a certain class of minds, instinctively passed her by. The truth is, Mrs. Harley was a woman of great sensibility, too great for her own happiness or advantage. Her refinement and delicacy of character were seldom appreciated, and a certain timidity, growing out of this fact, and these qualities, in the midst of an active, bustling, self-asserting community, prevented her from taking the stand in society which a bolder and more independent turn of mind would have enabled her to do. People in general do not trouble themselves about these sensitive, shrinking characters; they have enough to do to make their own way and prevent the encroachments of others. Mrs. Harley's visits came at last to be confined mostly to the poor, the sick and the unfortunate, where her presence seemed particularly welcome.

Yet Mrs. Harley, though yearning at times for friendship and sympathy, as all such natures do, was not an unhappy woman. She was a good, pious Christian. She had been left by her husband with a moderate competence, and being fond of domestic occupation, and taking great pleasure in reading, she had pursued her quiet, unostentatious course for several years, content with her lot, or, at least, striving patiently for resignation when wounded by the coldness and indifference of the world.

She had one child, a daughter, on whom all her cares and affections centered. She had never sent her to school, but had taught her the simple elements of education at home. Of a retiring, shrinking disposition herself, she had not encouraged her little Mary to seek the society of the children of the neighborhood, unconscious that while she was guarding her from the little trials to which children are exposed in their intercourse with each other, that while folding her in her own warm heart and striving to ward off every evil, she was cherishing an extreme of delicacy and timidity from which she herself had suffered so much, and which was a poor preparation for the rough chances of life. When Mary was about thirteen years old, however, a little circumstance occurred which made her reflect upon the course she had been pursuing.

Coming in one day, she found her in tears, and upon enquiring the cause, drew from her that, having in a walk by herself, come suddenly upon a company of school girls, she had overheard remarks concerning herself which had wounded her feelings very much indeed.

“And what did they say?” enquired Mrs. Harley.

“They were all laughing and talking together, but as I came near them they were suddenly silent, and I heard Ellen Dormer say, ‘hush! there comes Miss Solitary and Alone; don’t speak a word till she gets by.’ ‘Yes, yes, be quiet,’ said another, ‘you’ll disturb her poetical reflections;’ and when I went past them they winked at each other and looked at me in a jerring kind of way. And before I got out of hearing, one said, ‘how prim she is;’ and another said, ‘yes, a perfect little old maid.’” And here the tears burst forth afresh.

Mrs. Harley was inly very much pained, for, when Mary wept, it always seemed as if she lost a drop of her own heart’s blood; but she assumed a tone of courage which she was far from feeling, and said,

“Well, really, Mary, I don’t see that your feelings need to be so very much hurt by what they said. To be sure it was impolite to make personal remarks which could be overheard; but you know you do almost always walk alone; and as for



being prim, it is a great deal better than it is to be hoydenish and rude."

"Yes, mother, but it is sad to be always alone; and it is dreadful to think they stop laughing and playing because I come near them. Ah! how pleasantly they all went singing and dancing along when I had got past them."

Mrs. Harley looked into her daughter's heart, and she saw there the natural, childish yearning for the love, and sympathy, and companionship of those of her own age. She saw, also, the shrinking fear which she had herself implanted, and she saw it with sorrow and regret. Mary recovered her cheerfulness in the course of the evening, but her mother lay in anxious and wakeful thought the greater part of the night.

The result of this reflection was, first, that Mary must go to school; secondly, that she must do all in her power to inspire her with confidence and trust in others; and, thirdly, that she must strive to overcome her own diffidence and backwardness in her intercourse with other people. She perceived that if she left her daughter to go on in this way, she must be both morally and physically weak; for she could never obtain that just self-reliance, and that perfect, healthy development, without which little that is good in this world can be achieved. Strength, strength was what she felt had been wanting in her own character, and what she longed to engraft upon that of her child. But how?

It is hard to change long established modes of thought and feeling, to break up the habits of years; but Mrs. Harley, convinced that she had made a great mistake, both for herself and her child, in isolating herself so much, and in permitting a want of faith in others and a just confidence in herself to interfere with the better interests of her daughter, was now anxious as much as possible to repair her error. What will not a mother undertake for the good of a darling child?

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Harley proposed to Mary that she should go to Miss Duncan's school. Mary turned pale at the very thought.

"O! mother, I can't go; I never should get along; I am afraid."

"What do you fear, my child?"

"O! I should be afraid of the teachers and of the other girls. Perhaps they would not like me. And they learn such long lessons I never could get them ; perhaps be laughed at. And then they all know how to do so many things that I cannot do, I should feel ashamed, and they would despise me. Besides, I have no friends there and never shall have, for I am not like them. O, mother, let me stay at home with you."

"And never know what others know, Mary? How can you learn to behave like other people if you never go amongst them? How can you expect to make friends among those whom you avoid?"

Mary looked at her mother in some surprise.

"I did not know that you felt so and thought so, mother. I thought you avoided other people yourself. I have often seen you turn one side, instead of going up to persons whom you met and shaking hands with them and seeming very glad to see them, as Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Martin always do."

"My dear, perhaps I have done this too much. I think it would have been better if I had made more effort to overcome this backwardness. God made us for social beings. He has commanded us to love one another, to help one another. It is a good and a pleasant thing to have friends. Friends can do much for each other. Life is richer and sweeter in the midst of kind and loving hearts. My life has been lonely, but I cannot bear the thought that my dear daughter should grow up without friends, disliking and disliked. It is not healthy, it is not right. Suppose you should meet with coarse and selfish people, and have to take some rebuffs and mortifications ; can you not learn to bear them? There is a great deal of goodness in the world, and if you deserve it, and seek for it, you will find it. Do not be too easily discouraged ; hope and strive. And then think how pleasant it will be to acquire the knowledge and accomplishments which you can get only at school."

Mary brightened up a little at this prospect ; though to her poor little timid heart, and her very lowly estimate of herself, knowledge and accomplishments seemed far off and almost unattainable things.

When the Monday morning came, it was with many misgivings that she took her books and for the first time left her mother's quiet and solitary little parlor for the large and bustling school-room. Her mother stood at the window and encouraged her with smiles and nods as far as she could see her, but when she had disappeared around the corner, she returned to her work with a full and anxious heart. She prayed for strength, both for herself and her child, that they might henceforth meet the trials of life, with a cheerful trust and reliance on a kind and good Providence ; and that they might not weakly shrink from the performance of every duty which lay before them.

Mary returned home at night, with a sad, discouraged look, but her mother appeared to take no notice. She had become convinced that too much sympathy would weaken the springs of self-reliance ; that it was better, if possible, that her darling should struggle through her own little trials, than that she should try to bear them all for her. When they sat down to their evening meal, however, after making two or three attempts to eat, Mary burst into tears. When she could speak, she sobbed out —

“ O ! mother, I never can go to that school.”

“ Why not, Mary ? ”

“ O ! the lessons are so hard, and the teachers are so strict, and there are so many girls, and I am sure they are unkind.”

“ What makes you think so ? ”

“ They look on me so coldly ; and I saw two of them winking at me and smiling at each other. In recess, when they all joined in a play, I thought I would try too, but I could not keep up with them, and was obliged to go and sit down in a corner. As they passed along I heard one great girl say ‘ afraid ! ’ and another said ‘ sulkey — let her alone ; ’ and I know they were talking about me.”

“ Was Miss Helen Duncan there ? ”

“ No, she was sick, and Miss Duncan was very busy. She told one of the teachers to examine me and find out what class I was fit for. But she did not ask me anything that I knew, scarcely ; and she spoke so short and looked so hard

she frightened me. Pray, mother, don't send me there any more."

The mother's heart sank, and she felt for a moment as if she could not send her sensitive and delicate child where she found so much to encounter; but her better sense prompted her, and she said, cheerfully —

"I see, Miss Duncan had no time to attend to you if her sister was absent, and the teachers, no doubt, were all hurried. It was very natural that the large girls should not like being put out by one who did not understand their play. Besides the girls did not know you. Have courage, my dear daughter, and do not be put down by a rude word or an unkind look. Put a good face on the matter, and try to do what others do. Never mind mistakes, you will learn. Do the best you can, and I am sure you will find friends, Mary, I am sure of it. At any rate you will be happy in doing what is right, and in knowing that your mother loves you and is satisfied with you. Now eat your supper and we will go and water the flowers in our little garden; after which you can study the lessons given you for to-morrow."

Mary loved flowers dearly, and she had a few fine ones although it was late in the season. In particular a tuft of pansies of very choice varieties, with which she had taken great pains, and which were still blossoming beautifully. This evening they seemed to look up at her with friendly eyes, as if they returned her love. She did not find the getting of her lessons such a terrible trial as she had anticipated. When she went to bed, she thought over her mother's words, and she repeated a beautiful little piece of poetry which she had committed to memory. A sweet peace and a cheerful gleam of hope and courage stole into her heart, as she said her evening prayer and fell asleep.

[*To be continued.*]

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THE promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at a window of a poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped as high as heaven would be no such treasure as one promise of God.



## THE GRAVE OF CAROLINE.

BY M. A. P.

OFT at evening hour, have I sought the cemetery's silent retreat to hold converse with the dead, and to commune with the Father of Spirits. But not as now — then all were strangers; now I find a marble tablet bearing the familiar name of *Caroline*. Dear departed friend, I have been to thine earthly home, but looked in vain for thee; and, as I listened to the notes of "Dearest sister, thou hast left us," my heart was sad, and I exclaimed —

"There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end."

As thy father, mother, brothers and sisters gathered round the family altar, thou wert not there to kneel in prayer or lift thy voice in praise.

I have entered the school-room; but sadder still the place. Thy mates were there, but thy seat was vacant. They told me thou hadst gone to the grave, and now I have come to this receptacle of the dead, this garden of graves, but find naught of thee here save this humble mound.

It was not thy lot to be cast upon the wide world with none to protect thee. Thou hadst never been called to sip sorrow's bitter cup. Home, kindred and friends were thine and contributed to render thy life happy. Then why depart, never to return? Why pass away like a morning flower that withers in a hour? Why fade as a leaf before the autumnal blast? No voice do I hear from thy silent bed. Whither, oh whither hast thou fled!

I have often heard thee sing of a "Better Land," and with the eye of Faith and the star of Hope to guide me in my flight, I will soar to those mansions of the blest and inquire for thee. O speak if thou art an inhabitant of that radiant orb! Patiently do I sit by thy tomb-stone to catch the first whisper from thy lips among the angelic host.

Methinks I do hear thy sweet voice; but it comes from afar — from above. I have been listening; let me hear thy words.

“ My dear teacher, I did tell thee I would be the first to meet thee on thy return to that loved place. Verily I thought so ; but ere I was aware, the hand of disease was upon me, and death stood at my side. Darkness enshrouded my soul for a time, while the king of terrors gazed at me ; but Jesus came to my relief, and, with arms extended, bade me trust in him. So heavenly, so glorious did he appear, that I fled to his bosom for refuge ; he spoke in accents mild, ‘ For thee I bore the cross to Calvary’s summit ; for thee I wore a crown of thorns to win for thee a crown of gold ; my hands did bleed, but the wounds are healed, and I now bring thee a palm of victory.’ ”

“ When could I sing the parting hymn to the loved ones, as they stood around my dying couch —

‘ Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne’er to sever.’

“ You may plant the rose tree on my grave, but look no more for me below. Say to the loved ones of the home circle, Caroline is not dead, but living where

Spring, sweet Spring forever reigns,  
Where music floats on every breeze,  
Where angels sing in rapturous strains,  
And zephyrs play among the trees.

“ I do not wish to return to those hills and valleys. Here the walls are of precious stone and streets are ‘ paved with gold.’ Here is no weary pilgrim fainting beneath a load of earthly woe.

‘ This is a land of pure delight,  
And pleasures banish pain.’

“ Eternity alone can reveal the secrets on high. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Ever lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his.”

I will love thee then, departed one, and say “ even so, Father.” Soon I may meet thee. When the lamp of life shall be extinguished, I hope for a glorious immortality. Soon may we meet no more to part.

Adieu, adieu thou sainted one,  
No more on earth with us to dwell,  
Thy life was short — thy work soon done ;  
God doeth right, — farewell ! farewell !

## Editor's Miscellany.

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### BIBLICAL NOTES.

GEN. vi. 6.—“*It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him to his heart.*”

1 SAM. xv. 29.—“*God is not a man that he should repent.*”

The inspiration of the sacred writers by the Holy Spirit precludes the idea of contradictions. By such discrepancies we disprove the inspiration of the Koran of the Arabs, the Shasters of the Hindoos, the Tarquins of the Hebrews, and the Apocraphas of the Old and New Testaments. In the same manner, infidels from the days of Spinoza to Paine have endeavored, unsuccessfully, to disprove the inspiration of the Bible. Their arguments failed, for there are no real contradictions in the Holy Scriptures. Paradoxes are only seeming contradictions, figures of speech, designed to arrest attention and to awaken inquiry. For example, the declarations “answer a fool according to his folly,” and “answer not a fool according to his folly,” are not contradictions, for sometimes the one is proper, and sometimes the other. Both are necessary rules of conduct, but under different circumstances; and reason must be our guide in their application.

A faithful use of the rules of interpretation removes the appearance of contrariety and discovers a beautiful harmony pervading every part of the sacred volume. The consistency is not always as easily discerned as in the case which I have adduced, but it is always discernable. In the texts at the head of this article, its clear perception requires more reflection. In the first passage, God is said to repent; in the second he is pronounced incapable of repentance. But the word “repent” has a very different signification in the two passages. In the latter it is used as we speak when we say “a man has reversed his decision,” “a sinner has repented.” We mean he has changed his mind and consequently his conduct. When the three thousand on the day of Pentecost repented, they turned from sin to holiness, from the rejection and hatred to the reception and

love of Christ. The change was real, spiritual, great; a change of heart and life.

But the immutability and infinite holiness of God exalt him above all liability to such a change. He is "glorious in holiness;" "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The latter of the texts at the head of this article contrasts God in respect to these attributes with sinful and changeable men, especially with Saul, king of Israel, who was commissioned and resolved to destroy the Amalakites, and all pertaining to them, but who changed his determination and spared Agag, and the best of the sheep and oxen. Yet when he saw that this act of weakness and cupidity, this compromise of obedience displeased the Lord, he repented of it; that is, he changed his mind, reversed his resolution, confessed his sin and sought forgiveness.

But his repentance, however sincere and deep, came too late; it could not repair the injury he had done; it was not the duty specified; that was prompt, uncompromising, cheerful obedience. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Virtually God says to him, "you may repent, but my purpose in elevating you to the throne and in keeping you there was to have a servant who would obey my voice and rule over my people Israel in righteousness. But since you have disobeyed me, and spared those whom I commanded you to destroy, I cannot change my decree; I will not lie nor repent, for I am not a man like you that I should repent. My purpose shall remain unchanged, and the administration of the government over my people shall be confided to another. 'I am God: I change not.'" Changeableness in nature and determination is the thing here denied.

But in the other passage the word "repent" is used, not literally but metaphorically. It speaks of God after the manner of men. When a human invention is prostituted to vile purposes and produces injury and suffering, its author regrets that he made it, and feels a sincere sorrow for the evil which it does. He is not personally responsible for that evil, because it results from others, perversion and abuse of an article which he designed and which is suited to promote the welfare of mankind. So when God anointed Saul king of Israel, he placed him in a condition specially adapted to glorify his Creator and to promote the welfare of Israel; but he proved unfaithful to the trust, disobeyed God, and brought evil upon the people,



and therefore we say, ascribing to God the feelings and actions of a man, that he regrets or repents the act of making him king. We mean that the conduct of Saul was such as would produce regret and sorrow in an earthly sovereign if he had elevated him to the throne. The divine fore-knowledge and fore-ordination of Saul's acts left him perfectly unconstrained and free to manifest the depraved propensities which displeased the Lord, and therefore do not in the least disturb the fitness of the illustration.

But a kindred and accessory idea is conveyed by the word "repent," applied to God, an idea which, while it consists with the divine immutability and immaculate holiness as includes the notion of a change in his mental state and administration, for not to change as things themselves do is to be mutable. For God to feel and act toward Saul when disobedient precisely as he would have done, if he had obeyed his voice, implies the same regard for sin as for holiness, a conception unworthy of the Alwise and Infinite and opposed to the Scriptures, which ascribe to him complacency in the righteous and displeasure toward the wicked, and imply that each class of these emotions increasing in intensity as their subjects advance in the social qualities that excite them. Hence he says of his people inconstant and imperfect in obedience, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment;" but when their transgressions have multiplied we read of his "fierce wrath," of his "hot displeasure," and also of "the vials of his wrath" poured upon the incorrigible. Hence, too, we hear of his joy in his people rising to delight as they advance in holiness and happiness; and as his wrath burns and his complacency grows, he dispenses curses and blessings to their subjects respectively.

So also as an individual passes from the first of these classes to the second, ceases to be disobedient and begins to obey the law from the heart, there is a corresponding change in the Divine mind and administration toward him, a change which the immutability of God and his everlasting righteousness demand. Thus the Lord repented of the evil which he decreed against Nineveh, because her king and nobles and subject fasted and supplicated his mercy, showing that his decree implied a condition. Hence he announces this principle of his moral administration. "If the nation against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them."

For the same reason, when an individual acts an unworthy and wicked part, when he turns from his righteousness and commits ini-

quity, the Lord visits him with displeasure and punishment. Thus he visited Saul for his disobedience, the cities of the plain for their abominable wickedness and the old world for its corruption; and this change in his feelings and conduct toward them, as they departed from him and transgressed his law, is expressed by the word "repent;" as it is written, "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth and it grieved him to his heart." Surely it is not meant that God wept, that an event unforeseen by him and unprovided for in his vast plan had occurred, or that he really regretted the creation of man upon earth, but simply that there has been a great change in the moral character and conduct of men, and that his feelings and administration vary in a corresponding degree; that his former mercy has turned into severity, his love into hatred, and his beneficence into punishment.

The feelings of the Divine mind expressed by the words "repented" and "grieved" are analogous to those of a kind and benevolent father who has a son, the object of his tender love and care. He nurtures him for God and educates him at great expense, and in the reasonable expectation of his child's holiness, usefulness and happiness. Now education is power to do evil as well as good, and by this son it is perverted to the first of these purposes. It enables him to work all manner of wickedness with greediness. This father is disappointed, grieved, displeased. Abate from the feelings of that parental heart the disappointment and the grief which omniscience and everlasting blessedness exclude from the mind of God, and fix your thoughts on its holy displeasure coupled with its love and piety, and you have an expressive symbol of the feelings of the eternal mind when God is said to repent of having created man and of anointing Saul king of Israel.

What arguments these considerations supply for the study of the Bible, in its fulness and richness, its letter and spirit, its harmony and completeness! Yea, what motives to gain the approbation of God since that is life and peace!

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NOTE.—Several typographical errors occurred in our last number, which will be corrected in our next.

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PASSING EVENTS.

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## TRANSATLANTIC.

This summary of news chronicles events to the twentieth of March.

*England.*—This government continues her hostile position toward China, and her forces there fortify their position till the reception of farther advices from home. A second Submarine Telegraph Company has been organized in London to extend a line from England directly to this country. Such competition may soon enable us to converse with our fathers and kindred across the Atlantic on reasonable terms. Lord Napier has been appointed minister of this government to the United States. Much opposition to the ministry and many rumors of its reconstruction prevail. The Queen in her speech at the opening of Parliament expresses her belief that the negotiations now in progress with the United States will result in a satisfactory settlement of all questions between the two powers relating to Central America. At last advices Parliament was occupied principally with the wars with Persia and the bombardment of Canton.

*France.*—The trial of Verges for the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris resulted in his condemnation. But he has presented a petition to the Emperor, asking for a commutation of his sentence from death to banishment, and maintaining his own infallibility and the unjustifiable oppression of the lower clergy of the realm by the higher. An appeal has been made to the Emperor by many merchants for remuneration for damage done to French merchants by the bombardment of Greytown by the American frigate Cyane. The sentence of death against Verges was executed last month. The King opened the Legislature in person by a patriotic speech, on the 16th ultimo, congratulating them on the general peace of Europe, the prosperity of the empire and recommending the development of the agricultural and other resources of the nation. The legislature have appointed a committee to revise the currency, which is said to think favorably of a specie, if not, a gold standard. Rumors of disturbances in the ministry have subsided; but new difficulties are anticipated with Mexico and an expedition against her is strongly talked of.



*Denmark.*—The conference of several powers in regard to the sound dues closed the middle of Feb., and is likely to adjust the national difficulties growing out of them. The result of the conference is published and the fourth article provides that the States signing it shall pay 30,570,000 rix dollars to cancel all claims of that government on them.

*Switzerland.*—The Swiss question has been settled, and the Neuchatel prisoners released, Prussia acknowledging the independence of the place and suspending her military operations.

*Naples.*—This kingdom is in a very unquiet state, intolerance and liberty being the antagonists. An attempt was made to assassinate the Archbishop. The king absconded, leaving the city on his birth day, a fact indicative of fear for his personal safety.

*Russia.*—Early last month there was a battle between the Russians and Circassians which resulted in the death of the Russian general, in the loss of 2000 soldiers and of artillery. The Emperor is constructing in St. Petersburg one of the largest forges, iron-ship-building yards, and engine factories, in the world.

*Greece* has submitted the names of her new ministers to France and England for confirmation. Alas! How has the mighty fallen! What would Pericles say to this?

*Turkey.*—Layard has submitted to this government a plan which it has adopted, for a railroad connecting the Danube and Black Sea with Archipelago, with branches to Constantinople and the cities of the provinces of Roumelia and Bulgaria.

*Persia and India.*—A marriage of a Hindoo widow took place for the first time in Calcutta on the 7th of last December. The Persian war continues, and report says that the Russians have occupied Astracan. Bushire has been taken by the English and made a free port; they also invest several large towns lying on the shore of the Persian Gulf. Rumor speaks of a termination of the war but needs confirmation. Her subjects do not appear perfectly united among themselves. The civil and ecclesiastical powers are jealous of one another; and in the first there are rivals of great strength. The negotiations in progress between the ambassador of this country and that of England have not a very strong prospect of success. The latter country, as usual, claims territory which the other refuses.

*China.*—The American residents in and about Canton have been involved in the English hostilities against the place. The Chinese offered a reward for the heads of Englishmen, and in their zeal they cut off and sent in for reward the heads of certain of our own country-



men, failing to discriminate between them and the inhabitants of the father-land. How important to distinguish things that differ! The East India Company and other associations of British subjects in the East desire their government to prosecute their attack vigorously and open that and other Chinese ports to Western trade. Shanghai is said to have been taken by the Chinese rebels. The governor continues obstinate, destroyed a French fort, the factories of the foreigners and a great part of the hong. The English hostilities against Canton encourage the rebels, and produce scenes of lawlessness and violence in the surrounding country.

## AMERICAN.

*The Dred Scott Case.*—This decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which has been long and anxiously looked for, has at length been pronounced. This slave was taken by his master from Missouri, conveyed to Illinois where both remained for a period and subsequently returned, when the slave sued for his freedom, and his case was tried and issued by the judiciary of that State adversely to him. From that tribunal, it came to the Supreme Court of the Republic. The main points of the decision are:

*First*—That Scott being a negro is not a citizen, inasmuch as men of the African race, whether slave or free, are not citizens of the United States. He cannot, therefore, sue in the Courts of the United States.

*Second*—The ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship within the Northwest Territory upon negroes, not citizens by the Constitution.

*Third*—The act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro Slavery from, and give freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, *was a legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and void and of no legal effect to that end.*

Subordinate points of the constitutional authority and legal bearing of slavery were presented by the Court in their decision and argument; as

1st. The expression "territory and other property" of the Union, in the Constitution, applies, in terms, only to such territory as the Union possessed, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

2d. The rights of citizens of the United States emigrating into any federal territory, and the power of the federal government there, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution, which defined in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress.

3d. As Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property, of citizens of the United States in a federal territory, other than such as the Constitution confers, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such powers to a territorial government, organized by it under the Constitution.

4th. The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri. As the plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, he therefore, could not sue in the courts of the United States. The suit must be dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

Six out of the nine Supreme Judges harmonize in this result. Three are dissentients, Grier of Pennsylvania, McLean of Ohio, and Curtis of Massachusetts. We have not the presumption to set in judgment upon the Supreme Judges; but we will say that from the best attention which we have been able to give their opinions and arguments as well as from our previous study of the subject, those of the six take an extreme southern view of the case, while that of Judge McLean presents an extreme northern view of it but that of Judge Curtis disregarding all sectional feelings and predilections and issuing the case solely upon Constitutional authorities and National law properly interpreted, expresses very nearly our convictions of the truth. His opinion and argument appear to us very able, and we should not be surprised to learn at no distant day, that they embody and express the sentiments of the wisest jurists of this country and of other lands. We cordially commend them to our readers.

*Dr. Kane.*—We regret to record the death of this distinguished Arctic explorer, in Cuba, from a pulmonary disease supposed to result from his exposure and hardship in his late expedition. He fell a sacrifice to progressive literature and science, to patriotism and humanity; the country and world mourn his loss.

*The Buchanan Administration* is in successful operation. Of the members of the Cabinet five, including the President, are from the free States and three from the slave States; all of them being regarded as gentlemen of ability and statesmanship. Several important changes have already been made among subordinate executive officers, and others are anticipated; but nothing like a general overturning, extending to every country post-master, has yet taken place. In this we rejoice; for while we do not wish public officers to be entailed, it has long seemed to us inexpedient and too expensive to recall all our ministers and consuls once in four years. Success to the next administration! May Christians of all denominations pray

for the welfare of our land and not suffer their prayers to be hindered by sectional and party feelings.

*The President's Inaugural Address.*—It was most grateful to our heart to notice that this able speech begins with an invocation of divine wisdom and with the intention of reproducing, if possible, the ancient harmony and fraternity of this confederation of States. He adopts the decision of Congress, affirming, that the national legislature cannot put slavery into nor exclude it from any territory of the Union, and maintaining that no body can do it, save the elective franchise of its own citizens. He deprecates the agitation of this subject, as injurious to the public peace; expresses his ardent love of the Union and his desire for its perpetuation; draws a bright picture of the financial condition of the country; and expresses his condemnation of all measures and efforts to squander the public money and the public land. Yet he distinctly affirms his belief in the necessity for a more direct communication with the Pacific coast, and re-affirms the settled policy of the country in respect to other governments. He closes as he commenced with an invocation of God's blessing. May that prayer be answered!

*The Cabinet* consists of Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of State; Howell Cobb of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; John B. Boyd of Virginia, Secretary of War; Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, Secretary of Navy; Jacob Thompson of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior; Judge Black of Pennsylvania, Attorney General; Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee, Postmaster General.

*Walker* in Nicaragua continues to find his cause waning and that of his enemies gaining strength. Recruits are said to be on their way for his relief both from the United States and some parts of Central America.

*Freshets.*—Considerable damage occurred by the sudden and unparallelled rise of several rivers about the middle of last month, particularly those of the Hudson and Delaware.

The revolution progresses in Peru.

*Mexico* has negotiated a loan with the United States in the sum of \$15,000,000; three millions of which are to pay the debt of this Republic to that government; and she gives us fifteen per cent. on all her custom-house collections to secure the balance. Is this a silver hook with which we hope to take that fish at a future moment?



## ELEGANT MORNING DRESS.

The skirt is full and plain, with the exception of the front breadth, which is apron fashion quite down to the hem. This is composed of two broad insertions of English embroiders, alternating with a frill of an entirely different pattern; the frill also encircles the whole breadth. The basque corresponds, the chemisette being of the insertion pattern the bretelles, and flounce of the bands. The flounce of the sleeve is headed by two rows of insertion and slightly caught up on the forearm by bows of plain satin ribbon. Lappet of English embroidery forms the cape.—*Arthur's Magazine*.





## ELEGANT CASSAQUE,



of the finest Swiss muslin, with insertion of the same. The collar and flouncings are of Maltese lace.

## CHILDREN'S SPRING FASHIONS.







## BEADED BAG.

*Materials*—Ruby satin or velvet, and white silk, of each, one quarter of a yard; one dozen strings of white opaque beads; six strings of white transparent beads; a bead needle, and fine white twist; and one yard and a half of white cord.

Draw the design for each portion of bag upon the satin or velvet, and afterwards work the pattern with beads, using the opaque for the stems and leaves, and the transparent for the flowers. Make up in accordance with illustrated design; line with white silk; make a casing for the cord, or sew on small fringe, and attach the tassels. A fringe made with the beads will make a handsome finish for the edge—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

## INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

A wealthy lady in this city, on being told that several poor people had died of starvation, in a wretched part of the city, said, with a lofty contempt: "What silly people; before I'd starve I'd eat brown bread and mutton!"

JUVENILE HYPOCRISY.—A little girl at school read thus:

"The widow lived on a small limbaey, left her by a relative."

"What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbaey."

Little Girl—"But, Miss Johnson, ma says I must say limb, not leg."

This is quite in keeping with Marryatt's "Rooster swain" (coxswain.) 'Tis about the fag-end of hypocritical false modesty.

A gentleman of Alabama was lying in bed one morning, when a friend stepping in, said:

"R——, breakfast is coming in."

"Let it come," exclaimed R——, with a look of defiance. "I am not afraid of it."

THE MARRIAGE FEE.—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee, for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I s'pose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes a half a dozen bushels.

A sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt any change? "Not a cent," said Jack.

**THE QUAKER'S MODE.**—A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows:

"Hum — yea, and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave to me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone."

"Hum — truly, Obadiah, thou hast wise-said, inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for a man to be alone, lo! and behold I will sojourn with thee."

"Doctor, do you think that tight lacing is bad for consumption?"

"Not at all, madam — it is what it lives on."

"What do you ask for this article?" inquired Obadiah of a young miss behind the counter.

"Fifteen shillings."

"Ain't you a little dear?"

"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it.

"Oh," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world, for I've nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

## HOUSEWIFERY.

**How to Do Up SHIRT BOSOMS.**—"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder — put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water; and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed."

## SOUPS.

**DIRECTIONS FOR SOUP.**—Meat for soup should be fresh, tender, and not too fat; and in order to extract all the juice, it requires long and slow boiling, and should not be removed from the kettle until perfectly tender.

When about half done, salt may be added to taste, and every particle of scum, and a portion of fat, removed as it rises. If the family is large, and more soup than ordinary required, and not sufficient time to admit of boiling the meat as long and tender as requisite, it may be prepared the day previous; and when thoroughly boiled, the meat removed from the kettle, the liquor poured into queensware vessels, and set in a cool place until next morning. The fat may then be removed in solid cake (retaining sufficient to make the soup of proper richness,) the liquor returned to the kettle, the vegetables prepared, and the soup made as directed below.

Soup-kettles should be well tinned; and before, as after using, well washed and dried. If put away damp, and covered, they very soon become musty; and although well washed, the odor is partially retained, by which the flavor of the soup is greatly spoiled.



When the weather is cold, soup remaining from dinner may be warmed over next day, and if rather thick, a little boiling water added, and more seasoning, if required. It is of equal savor, and considered by many superior to that fresh made.

During the summer months, soup should never be eaten the next day, or the liquor prepared until a few hours before wanted.

Sugar is an indispensable ingredient to all soups, and should be scorched until a very dark brown, and stirred in while boiling.

One tablespoonful of sugar is sufficient for three quarts of soup.

**SHIN OR BEEF SOUP.**—Take a small shin of beef crack the bone, take off the tough outside skin, wash and put it on to boil in a kettle with six or eight quarts of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. After boiling perfectly tender (which will take quite four hours,) take it out of the liquid, to which add more salt, if necessary two onions cut in small pieces, eight turnips cut in quarters, one carrot sliced small, one large tablespoonful of sugar, a small one of sweet marjorum and thyme rubbed fine, and one red pepper cut in very small pieces.

Thicken this moderately with flour and water into the consistency of thick cream, which stir in while boiling. Care must be taken not to have the soup too thick with this mixture. About three quarters of an hour before the soup is served, put in eight potatoes cut into quarters. Then make some very small

**SOUP DUMPLINGS**, with a quarter of a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, a little salt, and sufficient water to make a dough. These dumplings require about ten minutes to boil.—When put into the soup they must not be larger than a nutmeg. When all are done, just before going to table, add some parsley chopped very fine.

If **NOODLES** should be preferred to dumplings, take a quarter of a pound of flour, a little salt, and as many yolks of eggs as will make it into a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin, flour it well, and let it remain on the pie board to dry; then roll it up as you would a sheet of paper, and cut with a sharp knife into slips as thin as straws; after all are cut, mix them lightly together, and to prevent them from adhering keep them well floured.

A shin, or the tender part of a round of beef, will make a soup sufficient for two days.

Meat (either beef or veal) removed from the kettle before adding the vegetables, minced tolerably fine and put into a stewpan with a piece of butter, seasoned with salt, black and cayenne pepper mixed with vinegar to taste, set over a slow fire, stirred well together, and sent to table hot, makes a very nice relish for either breakfast or tea.—*Ploughman.*

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*Arctic Adventures by Sea or Land, from the Earliest Date to the Last Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.* Edited by Epes Sargent, with maps and illustrations, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. of this city. This 12 mo. of 480 pp. presents in an attractive form all the discoveries and expeditions to the Polar regions, and will be read with interest by all parents and instructors and by all students who have attained a tolerable knowledge of geography. It is more complete than Dr. Kane's work, and free from the tedious details which there somewhat embarrass the reader. Both are excellent in their peculiar sphere, that for scholars and this for the general reader. This meets a demand which that created. It is a compilation in which the writer exhibits commendable fidelity and taste. We cordially commend it to our readers.

*The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage*, by the author of "Physiology of Marriage," published by John P. Jewett & Company. This is a good treatise on a very important subject, somewhat more free from extreme and questionable positions than the former work by the same author. It might have been improved by a more rigid criticism which should have relieved it in the second part of several topics essential to the formation of a good character, whether in a state of matrimony or of single blessedness. This will appear from a glance at the subjects of the chapters of that part: "Unity of purpose, common sense, conscientiousness, sympathy and sensibility, benevolence, modesty and delicacy, cheerfulness and contentment, good temper, simplicity, sociality, habit of observation, love of domestic life, love of children, love and spirit of progress, self-reliance, independence, mutual concession and forbearance, self-denial, consistency, punctuality, decision, order and system, neatness of person and dress, industry and good habits, economy and frugality, knowledge of housekeeping, physiological character, health, intellectual qualifications, accomplishments, filial piety, piety toward God." Many of these themes derive their importance not from the married state but from man's relation to God and his fellow men, and are common to every condition and relationship. It is a book of less, much less originality, independence of thought and power than the former treatise. Yet it will well repay a perusal, and we commend it to our readers, and hope they will read it, and then make a present of it to any couple who neglect the virtues which it enforces or to some old bachelor, if they know any, who disregards the institution which it defends. We give an extract on another page.

*Tracts for the Million against the Use of Tobacco.* By Rev. Geo. Trask, a gentleman who has driven this lion to his den.

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SHEET MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, the following sheets:

1. "*The Girls of This Age*," being comic songs with accompaniment, and containing a burlesque on certain errors in the female education and employments of our age and country.

2. "*The Mother I Lost Long Ago*." Poetry founded upon this sentiment in Mrs. Stowe's "Dred," a plaintive air with instrumental accompaniment.

3. "*The Burial at Sea*." A song of similar sentiment with somewhat of more science and artistic finish.

4. "*Fall River Waltz*." A pleasant piece for those fond of the whirl, to which we are not particularly partial.

5. "*They Bid Me Cease to Love Thee*." An amorous ballad, with instrumental accompaniment, words by Finly Johnson, music by Benj. Whitmore, Esq.

6. "*The Storm Galop*." By Bilse, arranged by himself and others.

7. "*Stride la Vampa*." No. 7 of Beauties of the Opera of *Il Trovatore*, translated by T. T. Barker, a song descriptive of a conflagration, exceedingly grand, with pleasant accompaniment.

8. "*Let the People Praise Thee*." No. 4 of Selections from the Oratorio of Eli, by the Handel and Haydn Society, a quartette with which most of our readers are acquainted.







*Moses striking the Rock*





DELPHINIUM CARDINALE



# OLIVE - PLANTS.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY E. F. BAKER.

*Andantino.*

1. The Rose may flour - ish on its stalk, The Li - ly grace its stem, lift a - loft Its  
 2. The Hy - a - cinth, whose wak - en bells Of Win - try Suns are born, With pink or pur - ple, blue or white, The  
 3. With joy we watch these ten - der plants As year by year they grow, Though what their o - dor yet may be We

gold - en di - a - dem,-- And rich and rare ex - ot - ics bloom In wealth's luxuriant bowers, But we con - sid - er  
 win - dow may a - dorn: But far the sweetest plants, which we Have trained and nurtured yet, Are six dear na - tive  
 do not sure - ly known; But we ex - pect, if God per - mits, To see them blossom fair, And yield, at length, the

# OLIVE - PLANTS. Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains the melody for the first system. The second and third staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). They contain the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Ol - ive-plants The choicest kind of flowers,  
Ol - ive-plants, A - round our ta - ble set,  
blessed fruits Good Ol-ive-plants should bear,

But we con - sid - er Ol - ive plants the choicest kind of flowers.  
Are six dear na - tive Ol - ive-plants, Around our ta - ble set.  
And yield at length the blessed fruits Good Olive-plants should bear.

*Ritard.*

4 As Hyacinths require the light,—  
An atmosphere that's warm,  
And dew and rain ; yet cannot bear  
The rude and windy storm ;—  
So Olive-plants, to thrive, demand  
An atmosphere of love,  
And such sweet showers as only prayer  
Can bring from Heav'n above.

5 Hence God has made parental smiles  
And fond parental tears,  
To Olive-plants, as sun and dew,  
To bless their tender years.  
Yet should the Lord his grace deny,  
Our watchful care is vain ;  
Our Olive-plants will droop and die,  
And ne'er revive again.



## MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

PLEASE imagine yourself, dear reader, in the district, diversified with rocky hills and deep valleys, and situated between the two northern gulfs of the Red Sea. You stand on the south eastern borders of a plain several miles in extent. Your face is turned in the same direction. On your left hand is the vale or wady esh Sheikh, stretching far to the north, and bounded on either side by high hills and overhanging cliffs, cut here and there by deep ravines running into this valley. On your right are lofty precipices; behind you is the plain; and before you is Horeb, a bold granite cliff from six to eight hundred feet in height, whose surface, Burckhardt says, is blackened by the sun. It is the central elevation in the Sinaitic range. Dr. Robinson applies these names differently, calling the whole range Horeb and appropriating the word Sinai to a mountain some miles further south.

On the borders of this plain, far in your rear lies Rephidim where Israel is encamped. They have not been long here, yet the small natural fountains in and about this plain are exhausted by the many thousands in their camp, and by the vast number of their flocks and herds. Great distress has ensued. They have manna in abundance and gather it every morning; the vale and the woods supply their beasts with forage, but they have no water.

The God of nature has richly supplied *us* with this wholesome beverage. Fountains innumerable pour it from our hills; countless streams roll it through our valleys; it fills our wells, spirts from our jets and sports around us. But in many countries, as in Arabia and Syria, there is a scarcity of water, and a well, a fountain, or a stream is of great value. If you had been travelling in the sandy deserts of Arabia under the scorching heat of a vertical sun, and had seen neither fountain nor pool for many days, painful experience would teach you the value of this blessing.

Such was Israel's condition at Rephidim. They thirsted for water; their flocks bleated, and their herds lowed for it.

Fear distressed them. Where were they to obtain a supply? The nearest river, gulf, or sea lay so remote that they must perish before they could reach it. To us, it may seem surprising that they did not immediately look to God who bestowed on them their daily bread. But experience and observation teach us that such guilty murmurings did not cease with the death of those Israelites.

They murmured against Moses, and said, "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt to kill us, and our children, and our cattle with thirst?" Alas for their unbelief! Had not God promised to be their deliverer and support? Had they not witnessed the wonders which he wrought in Egypt, at the Red Sea, and at the waters of Marah? Were they not fed daily by manna from heaven? Why did not these merciful interpositions lead them to trust in God? For the same reason that divine goodness does not at present produce universal repentance, and the divine promises awaken and sustain in us all confidence in God. Their hearts, like ours, were hard; and the flint needed fusion.

The meek and amiable Moses felt the power of their rebuke and mourned over their guilt. He did what they ought to have done, cried unto the Lord. God instructed him to take with him the elders, to go to Horeb upon which rested the fiery cloud, the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence, and then to smite the rock with his prophetic wand. Instantly he obeyed, and at his stroke the torrent poured, and made for itself a channel through the wady.

With glad surprise the Israelites approach, men, women and children, and with them their flocks; and from this supernatural fountain they drink. In the beautiful plate accompanying this description, they are represented in the act of quenching their thirst. You see Moses and Aaron in advance of the elders on the left. The water streams from the rock and winds its way through the vale. The Israelites who first approached are filling their water-pots, drinking, distributing to their wives and children, while the multitude on foot and on camels appear on the plain advancing in their rear. Look, and admire, and wonder! Behold nature's beverage, more

healthful and precious than the juice of the grape, than all the distillations of grain, than rivers of oil, than flowing milk or honey from the rock. Here is the first "cold water army," marshalled by the Lord of hosts, moving at his command, and fed by his rations.

Behold in this rock a type of Christ, the rock of ages on which we securely build; in this water a type of the fountain which he has opened, and from which all that thirst may drink without money and without price—drink to the satisfaction of their souls. Yea, to it parents may lead their children, as this mother in Israel has fed her little ones, and there they may give them the water of life. This is Siloa's stream that flows fast by the oracle of God, the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal. Of this, if you drink, you shall never thirst; it shall be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.

This incident, recorded in Exodus, the seventeenth chapter, occurred in what the Scriptures call "the wilderness of Sin," in the first year after Israel's emancipation from Egyptian bondage. This water did not furnish a scanty and momentary supply; the inspired writers call it a stream, a river, denoting its abundance. It continued during the encampment in the region of Sinai, and formed a brook, running north-east toward the Elanitic gulf; and they journeyed along the valley through which it formed its channel to that gulf. Some have supposed it emptied into the gulf not far from Ezion-geber, where we find Israel encamped the thirty-seventh year after the exodus. Doubtless it supplied them a considerable period, for we read that it "followed them," not the rock itself, evidently, but the stream which the rock produced.

Leaving the gulf they journeyed north through the desert to Kadish, where Miriam died and was buried, [Num. xx. 1-13,] and where Moses and Aaron again brought water from a rock as before, with this difference that they gave not God the glory of the miracle, but said "Hear now, ye rebels, must *we*, [not God] fetch you water out of this rock?" For this sin, God suffered neither of them to enter Canaan, one dying on Mount Hor, the other upon Mount Nebo. In memory of this



event, the same name was appropriated to the place, Meribah, which means *strife*. The other name, Massah, *temptation*, which was applied to Rephidim, does not seem to have been given to Kadish.

Our plate and description relate to the miracle at Horob, to which the writers of the New Testament refer. Paul in (1 Cor. x. 4,) speaking of Israel, says they "did all drink the same spiritual [supernatural] drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." And except we thirst for and drink out of the same fountain, we have no life in us; for there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved.

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FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AGED  
CLERGYMAN OF NEW ENGLAND.

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I. MAR YOHANNAN.

MANY years ago, Mar Yohannan, a Nestorian bishop, from Oroomiah in Persia, passed a week or two with us, and was quite a lion. He told me that the first thing he noticed, with surprise and disapprobation in our country, was the want of respect and reverence, especially among the young, in their treatment of aged people and of their parents. He said that in this country, (and it is so, we are told, throughout the whole of the eastern world,) if an aged person, male or female, rich or poor, famous or obscure, entered an apartment where a company were assembled every one present would be sure to rise and pay the utmost respect, and offer the best seat to the new comer. And, in regard to their exemplary observance of the fifth commandment of the Decalogue, he himself could furnish an exemplification of it; for, though he was but forty years of age, yet, as bishop of the Nestorian Church, he had a number of priests under him, one of whom



was his own father, who was more than seventy, all of whom were in office beneath him and subject to his authority ; nevertheless, having received an invitation to visit England on his return home, he could not feel at liberty to do it till he obtained his father's leave for him to do so, and that he had consequently written to him to obtain it ! Is not this a striking and interesting fact, and is it not quite suggestive ?

In our first interview with him, at a tea-party at Mrs. W. R.'s, our youngest daughter being with us, he paid particular attention to her, when he was seated by her side, as he was accustomed to do to young people in general ; he introduced the conversation with her by saying, "*Do you obey your parents ?*" Oh, how much might the young, even among *us*, who are exalted to heaven by their superior, inestimable privileges and advantages, learn from the Nestorians, from the followers of the false prophet, and even from the miserable heathen and idolaters, on this subject. A lad of fifteen, sailing from this place on a fishing voyage with his father, would sometimes slap him on the back, impertinently saying — "Daddy, my son, knock round !" What can be expected from children thus educated ?

## II. TUNISIAN AMBASSADOR.

The Tunisian Ambassador to the United States, forty or fifty years ago, came to this country in a ship commanded by one of our captains, and passed several days with us, and was treated with the greatest attention and respect. He was quite a respectable, venerable man, of more than three score and ten ; of course a Mahommedan, and exceedingly religious and devout in his way, insomuch that he never forgot or neglected to retire five times a day, when the hour for prayer arrived, whatever company he might be in, or however he might be employed at the moment.

Some unhappy mistakes were unintentionally made in the honors that were paid to him here. For instance, a public dinner was got up for him, and just at the head of the table, where the national-guest was seated, was placed a *roasted pig*, the abhorrence and abomination of Mussulmen, and conse-

quently it was the most prominent object that greeted his excellency's attention! Again, to come nearer home, after I had accompanied him one day to the Fort, I invited him in returning into my house, him and his suit, consisting, in the first place, of his secretary, whom he called "Mahommed," a bright, roguish young fellow, apparently not more than two or three and twenty; secondly, a respectable Moor, who was styled Merchant, black as jet, but without any of the peculiar features of the negro race; and one or two other menial attendants. It was long before the good temperance times had arrived, and, as I wished to show all the attention I could to the venerable stranger, I inconsiderately ordered a waiter, containing brandy as well as wine, to be handed round to the company, which the Ambassador of course declined, not without some symptoms of horror, as well as surprise. But it was not thus with his secretary; he followed the waiter into the kitchen and without ceremony helped himself to half a tumbler of cogniac, which he drank off with great apparent satisfaction and without a particle of visible conscientious scrupulosity. On my asking him why he did not follow his good master's example in this respect, he replied, "Oh, he is old; when I am old I shall do as he does!" showing that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind," and that it is the same the world over.

When taking tea one afternoon in a large company with him, knowing that I was a clergyman, he manifested a disposition to converse with me, as he could in broken English, on some of the articles of our faith on which we differ from the followers of the Crescent. Taking therefore from his pocket a large bandana handkerchief, and folding it up, first by one of its corners and shaking it, he began to count, saying *one*; then joining it to another corner and again shaking it, he said *two*; then another, and said *three*; then shaking the handkerchief by the three corners, he exclaimed, with a great deal of apparent seriousness and devotion, "three in one, you say; no three in one, one God?" It was really impressive; the representation was strikingly significant and appropriate, and his remark was apparently sincere and devout; he really be-

lieved and was strictly conscientious in what he said and did. Yet that was very far from proving that what he said was true, or what he said was right. It should never be forgotten, that conscience, in order to its being an infallible guide, must be what holy scripture calls "a *good* conscience," by which is meant an enlightened one.

The Ambassador had with him the most delicious tobacco I ever saw — our good friend, Rev. Mr. Trask, could not help being enamored with the flavor of it — which he used very freely, both pulverized, from a gold box covered with diamonds, and also in the leaf, which he smoked in a pipe six feet long and highly ornamented.

### III. SAM HYDE.

Sam Hyde was a Natick Indian ; and the saying so current — "*lie* like Sam Hyde," is believed to be derived from a habit for which he was noted of telling marvellous stories, which it is supposed he manufactured for the amusement of children and young people, and which, though not literally true, were intended rather to divert than to deceive. My friend, Dr. F., of B., was a native of Dedham, Mass., and there, when young, had an opportunity to become acquainted with him ; and he related to me the stories concerning him contained in this article.

Governor Bernard, one of the old Provincial governors, had a farm in Dedham, and often saw Sam Hyde lounging about there doing little or nothing, for he lived as a sort of loafer, though he was capable of doing various kinds of business, particularly that of a butcher. The Governor was amused and liked to talk with him ; so he said one day — " You are lazy, Sam ; why don't you go to work." " I work as much as you do," was the reply. " But that won't do," said the Governor, " I have to do head work." " And I can do head work, too," was the shrewd retort. " You must do something else," observed the Governor ; " you see that barn door — go into it and kill for me the calf you will find there." " I will," Sam said, " if you will give me a shilling ! " The Governor gave him a shilling, and off he went. Very shortly he came back, saying,



"I've done it; I've killed the calf as dead as a barn door." "And how do you find it?—is it good veal?" "I don't know; I've killed it," was the reply, "and that's all I engaged to do." "Go along, you scamp, and take off its skin; you know what I meant." "I will," said Sam, "if you will give me a shilling." *This* was done, and he soon returned the second time, saying, "I've done it!" "And how do you find the kidneys?" "I don't know," was again the answer; "I've taken off its hide, and that's all I agreed to do." "Go along, you cheat," said the Governor, "go and finish butchering the calf." "I will," said Hyde, "if you will give me a shilling." The Governor was so excessively amused that he promptly gave it to him, and Sam said—"You see that I can do head-work, too!"

Being in pressing want of money, one day, he adopted a most unwarrantable plan for obtaining it. He went to one of his acquaintances and offered to sell him a fine, fat sheep for a single dollar; and when he had received the money he told the purchaser where he would find it. "You see," said he those bars yonder; a little beyond them is a piece of rising ground; on the top of the mound is a tree, and you will find the sheep tied to that tree." The man went in search of the sheep, and returned quite exasperated, for it was nowhere to be found. Upon which Sam said, "You found the bars, didn't you?" "Yes." "And the mound?" "Yes." "And the tree?" "Yes." "And the sheep?" "No, you rascal, there was none there." "Well," said Hyde, "tell truth three time out of four pretty well for poor Indian!"

He was a famous gunner and sportsman, and had a dog that was serviceable to him as such and which he therefore valued very highly. He said that "one day having had a fine shot at a flock of birds the dog, in hurrying to pick them up, struck his nose against the sharp edge of a post and separated his head, body and tail into two equal parts, as near as it could have been done with a knife! As he could not endure the thought of losing his favorite, for he set everything by him, he hurried up to him and pressed the two parts together for a few minutes, while they were warm, and, (if you can be-



lieve it,) he was alive again and as well as ever! only in his hurry and agitation he put the parts together the wrong way, so that one of the eyes was one way and one the other, and two of the legs were up and two down; and he said it was almost enough to make one die a laughing to see the creature run awhile on two legs, and, when tired of that, turning himself over and running on the other two! And then he was more valuable than ever because he could see both ways, behind as well as before!

Seeing a flock of wild pigeons one day alight round a haystack, he said at first he could not see how he could contrive to kill them all with a single shot; but at length putting his gun into the hole of a post he gave it a *twist* and fired, and the shot went completely round the stack and killed every one of them!

Again, as he was sitting one evening in the chimney corner, he said he heard a flock of wild ducks flying over his cabin or wigwam, so he fired up the chimney and brought down four dozen of them all about the fire-place!

These are a specimen of the stories of Sam Hyde, which he used to tell for the entertainment of his juvenile visitors; and the little ones of my family may be amused with them, for which reason I have given them a place here.

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“Thou shalt not covet any earthly thing;”

So wrote Jehovah on the tablet stone.

To covet is unlawful then — to sing

Of coveting — a thing before unknown—

O that young poets had a better taste

Than time, pen, ink and paper thus to waste.

O that they might attend to prose affairs

Instead of singing Egoistic airs.

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Good is stronger than evil. A single really good man in an ill place is like a little yeast in a gallon of dough: it can leaven the mass.—*Reade.*

## FEMALE PRAYING CIRCLES.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—The efforts you are making to brighten the fireside of many a household, and to strengthen the cords of domestic attachment, are certainly very commendable, and, in my judgment, worthy to be crowned with abundant success. The “Happy Home” visits, monthly, many a dwelling, and is read, I have no doubt, by many of the best mothers, and wives, and sisters, and daughters, in our land. All this is cheering. I wish your readers were more numerous. Every Christian heart must long to see the “yellow-covered” trash, which has already accomplished wide-spread ruin, supplanted by works of loftier morals and purer religious tone.

When we remember how large a majority of the churches of Christ embrace two women to one man, we must think that female influence should be exerted to the utmost to promote the highest happiness of families, as a Christian duty. What could not the influence of so many Christian females accomplish were it directed to the great object of purifying our literature from worthless productions of the press, by recommending and encouraging in every suitable way such works as have the best good of families in view? Is the influence of all female professors directed to this object, as it ought to be? Do they make the evil complained of a subject of prayer? There are, I doubt not, many maternal prayer meetings in the land, where the blessing of God is implored on rising families. Would they too were more numerous! Many female praying circles there doubtless are, whose prayers have been dictated by the Holy Spirit, and have brought down answers from Heaven. Who can estimate the value of such meetings where they are sustained, or their importance where they have never been formed! Sewing circles, benevolent circles, reading circles and fairs seem, in many places, to be the order of the day for Christian females, while the female praying circle seems to be much neglected, or despised—its value not appreciated—its importance overlooked. When we remember that “Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it,”

it would seem that every facility and every encouragement possible should be afforded to the "faithful few" who dare to honor God by establishing and attending a female praying circle in the village or neighborhood where they dwell. For who knows what bright strips of green might cheer the dreariness of life's barren desert, by the united prayers of the mothers and daughters of Israel!

I have been led to these observations by a document of interest, which has just come into my hands. It was written years ago, perhaps in the earlier years of his ministry, by one of the devoted servants of the Lord, who still lives and exercises his ministry in our own Commonwealth, as one of the gifted and most distinguished of living New England divines.

The document was evidently written for a specific purpose. I have no knowledge that it ever has been published, nor am I sure that the writer would consent to its publication now, were his consent solicited. But I take the liberty to furnish a copy of it for the "Happy Home," because I believe it adapted to do good, and worthy a place in the pages of your valuable work. It is addressed

*"To the Female Praying Circle in G——,*

"Dear Sisters, — Your pastor feels that he cannot spend a few minutes of a busy Saturday morning more usefully or agreeably than in giving you a few hints and his best wishes for the blessings of God to rest upon you. And he doubts not but these hints will be received with the same kindness with which they are given.

"1. Be punctual in commencing your meeting. If only a few — two or three — are present, begin, and the rest will be more prompt next time. We have no time to lose. Every moment should be occupied; you cannot wait for the absent. Be equally punctual in closing. If you have your meeting an hour long, close it then, and don't be an hour and a half in doing what you calculated to do in an hour. The members will soon feel that if your minutes are thus numbered, they must not lose any by tardiness.

"2. Let your prayers be short, fervent and a number of them. You will find it profitable to confine one prayer to one



object. Don't spend time in excusing yourselves and telling how much better others can do. If others can do better, rejoice in it, but let every one do according to her ability. God requires no more. Don't waste time in saying that you have not gifts and cannot edify the rest. You must pray to Christ and not to one another ; bring Him to you and not look at each other's gifts. All can say, God be merciful to us sinners. But if you feel conscious that you can't pray with acceptance, inquire if it is not because you do not pray enough in your closets ? Keep the closet warm and you will not freeze others when you come to the praying circle.

"3. Make one at least, special prayer, for your minister. He needs it more than you can possibly imagine. If he is unsuccessful he needs it to encourage him and to awaken him to feel that all his strength is in Christ. Pray that he may be a man full of the Holy Ghost, for all other gifts are profitless without this.

"Among the objects of prayer are the following : yourselves, the minister, the church, your unconverted friends, such as husbands, parents, children, brothers and sisters, your neighbors, the children of the town, the whole community, the salvation of souls. Don't embrace all of these in every prayer. Probably one will be sufficient for a single petition. At the throne of grace I would always kneel.

"4. Don't waste your time in talking over and mourning over the state of the church. It will have a very bad effect. If the church were all just as they should be there would not be (such a state ?) so much the more devolves upon you, and pray as if the whole cause of religion in this place, rested upon your faithfulness. If you hear of a brother or a sister who has done wrong, just inquire if you would not have done just so or worse had you been precisely in their circumstances. If you hear of one who has been engaged, or liberal, don't say well, he has leisure and money to do with, but ask your heart if you would have done as well if placed in the same circumstances. Feel towards all that their holiness is a reproof to you, and that all their deficiencies may perhaps be owing to your want of faithfulness and fervent prayer.



"5. Don't be so anxious to have your circle enlarged, as to have it holy, and to have the presence of Christ. His presence is better than that of a whole congregation. Of course you will not wish to have your circle known and talked about and become popular. One smile of Jesus will do us more good than the praise of all created beings.

"Finally, remember that holiness is what you need, and though you may spend much of your time while praying together in praying for others, yet you do yourselves need God's grace and the holiness of Christ, or it is all a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Strive to go from every meeting more holy, more humble, more penitent than when you went.

"If I have not said anything that will be useful to you it is not because I have not an ardent desire to do you good.

"Your affectionate pastor, \_\_\_\_\_"

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## DANIEL AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV CYRUS MANN.

The Scriptures abound in the most interesting biographies of good men. Their characters are sketched with a beautiful simplicity and unadorned with the exaggerations of partiality, or the glowing language of fiction and hyperbole. They stand out in the bold relief of native dignity, fitted to win our affection and admiration, and incite to diligent and careful imitation. They are peculiarly fitted to mould the character and shape the conduct of the young, and aid parents in training their offspring to virtuous and noble deeds. Among these biographies that of Daniel holds a conspicuous place. His whole course was marked with the most thrilling incidents.

In the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, Daniel was carried captive to Babylon. At this time he was very young. But, though a youth of fifteen, he had a reverence for his God, which all the splendor of courts and princes could not banish. He was selected from his captive brethren as one of the children in whom was no blemish, who was well-

avored and skilful in wisdom, who excelled in knowledge and science, and who had ability to stand in the king's palace. We behold him at a foreign court, rising against all the obstacles which were interposed in his way to eminence, amidst the envy of nobles and the ambition of aspiring courtiers. He obtains the peculiar favor of the prince, and is made ruler over the whole province of Babylon and chief of the governors of the wise men. His circumspection, penetration and skill excluded many of them from the promotion they expected and exposed their iniquitous practices. It is my present purpose to present some of these traits in the character of Daniel, which claim the attention and imitation of those in early life.

Among these was his great *humility*. Scarcely anything appears more amiable and lovely in the young than humility. Their dependance and weakness, their need of guidance and instruction, of constant care and guardianship render this trait peculiarly becoming and ornamental. Without it they are destitute of that which most adorns their character and endears them to friends and acquaintance. A stubborn, brazen-faced child who will have its own way and fly into a passion and rave with madness, when not gratified, is revolting in the highest degree. The blushing countenance, the retiring manner in the presence of superiors, are suited to win esteem and encourage the hope of future usefulness and honor. Daniel had everything which could gratify pride and give him an exalted opinion of himself. He was celebrated for his wisdom, surrounded with numerous attendants and placed high in rank and office. Yet he felt none of that pride and exhibited none of that haughtiness so common in his circumstances. He ascribes his superior attainments, not to his own excellence but to the divine goodness. "I thank thee and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom and might, and hast made known unto me now what we desired of thee." Such is the language of true humility. It takes none of the glory and praise to itself, but ascribes all to him who dwelleth in light and with whom there is no darkness. Hear him saying, when the king's dream was revealed

to him, which none of the wise men could interpret, "As for me this secret is not revealed to me more than to any living." How opposite are the feelings of the proud and humble heart. The one acknowledges no superior, and would have every thing subserve its own aggrandizement. The other confesses itself indebted for every favor. Humility shone illustriously in the perfect pattern of Jesus, when at the tender age of twelve, he disputed with the doctors in the temple, and yet submitted himself to the upbraiding of his parents, saying, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Nothing can more adorn youth than the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

We may notice also Daniel's *inflexible adherence to the worship of God*. Too often is this duty either wholly omitted, or neglected for the slightest reason. An unwonted pressure of business, the presence of friends or strangers, scenes of pleasure and amusement produce in parents a disinclination for family worship, and the young are taught practically that it is of little importance. Are they at times serious and thoughtful, and are they led to attempt secret prayer? Influenced by parental example they soon relinquish it and live as though there were no God. Not so with Daniel. Never was any man more constant, importunate and fervent in his supplications. Notwithstanding the arduous duties of his station, and the multitude of cares which pressed upon him, it was his constant practice thrice every day to retire for the purpose of prayer. Nothing could prevent him. Though he lived among enemies who were ready to revile and persecute him for his religion, yet he could not be drawn away from the service of his God. No fault could be found with any of his official acts; his fidelity, justice and integrity are acknowledged; but a decree is procured, that whosoever should offer any petition either to God or man, except to the king only, for thirty days, should be immediately thrown into the lions. The monarch taking this as a great testimony of their affection and loyalty, without hesitation issued his proclamation to that purpose. Behold now the conduct of Daniel. Does he omit the duty because the performance would endanger



his personal safety? No, he saw the danger full before him, but he knew it was better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. He continued his usual practice of paying his adoration to the Majesty of heaven. What a noble act of devotedness do we here behold! See how this man of prayer rises superior to all earthly considerations. See him coming with his life in his hand to the throne of grace. He preferred to be offered a sacrifice to the malice of enemies rather than neglect the Holy One of Israel. They watched him narrowly, and finding him faithful, immediately accused him to the king, and desired that sentence might instantly be executed upon him. Behold him now hurried away to the lion's den, and mark the interposition of God in his behalf. The angel of the Lord stands by him, and he is safe. Listen, and you hear him sing praises to the Most High in the midst of impending danger. How sweet to him are thoughts of his Maker and Preserver, while he views his great deliverance, and what a favorite of heaven he appears to the surrounding multitude, when he is taken up alive. Well does the king make public proclamation that in all parts of his dominion the God whom Daniel worships shall be acknowledged and served.

Another trait in his character worthy of imitation, was *boldness and confidence in God*. Nothing could intimidate or drive him from the path of duty. He never quailed before his enemies. Come what would, he was confident that the God whom he served would deliver him. With the burning, fiery furnace before him, with death in the most terrific form threatening, he would say with his friends, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." He hesitates not to declare the purpose of the Most High to the haughty and arbitrary prince, announcing, "They shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen." How many would have shrunk from uttering such a sentence in the royal presence. How many are ashamed of the cause of Christ, and more afraid of offending a mortal like themselves, than of displeasing the Holy One who in a moment can dash all their hopes. Daniel felt assured that God loved him, and would



interpose for him in every emergency. In this confidence he was bold and unflinching, ready to encounter every danger, and hazard all in the cause of truth and rectitude. "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water whose leaf doth not wither."

Daniel was exceedingly *useful*. He would not eat the portion of the king's meat, nor drink of his wine, lest by indulging in these dainties he should commit sin, become voluptuous and in love with the pleasures of Babylon. In temperance he was a shining example to all, and especially to the young to abstain from the delights of sense, not to covet, nor cherish an appetite for them, but to set their face as a flint against criminal indulgence. Were all to imitate this eminent servant of God, how soon would intemperance with all its train of vices and crimes be banished from the earth. Through his wisdom and influence a decree was passed in a heathen court in favor of true religion, and Nebuchadnezzar was led to exclaim, "Now I praise and extol and honor the king of heaven, all whose works are truth and his ways judgment; those who walk in pride he is able to abase." Through his influence Jerusalem was rebuilt, the golden vessels returned to the temple, and the worship of the true God re-established among his people. He lived a long and active life, was highly promoted in the courts and councils of some of the greatest monarchs the world ever had, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Darius. He was at once a statesman, a man of business and of ardent piety. Josephus calls him one of the greatest of the prophets. He was had in reverence among surrounding nations, and has been through all subsequent ages. How much he did towards preserving the world from universal idolatry, preparing the way for the advent of the Messiah, and developing the glorious plan of redeeming mercy is known only to Omniscience. His influence will be felt through all coming time, and will tell to every age how much good, under the Supreme Ruler, may be accomplished by one man.

Dear reader, go thou and imitate this illustrious example by exerting your every talent to benefit a world lying in wickedness. Let the youth learn to do good, to exercise benevolence, to make all around them happy, to relieve the

distressed, to light up a smile on the pale cheek of sorrow, and diffuse the knowledge of redeeming love to those who are perishing in sin. Then will they appear as the morning star, and their brightness will melt away in the regions of eternal light and glory. Ye remember, parents, your responsibility, and be faithful to the charge committed to you by the Creator. You are daily shaping the destinies of immortal beings and forming characters which shall tell for good or evil on the condition of States or Empires down to the end of time.

How amiable and excellent does true piety appear in Daniel. What lustre it spreads over all the transactions of his life. Even at the present day we look back and behold him as a bright luminary shedding its cheering beams on the surrounding darkness. Who does not love to dwell on his history and trace him through the interesting scenes he passed? Who does not venerate this holy man of God and feel a secret desire to be like him! Let then justice and integrity mark all your conduct. Let truth and righteousness and benevolence shine in every part of your future lives. Do you behold the charms of piety! See that you are adorned with this pearl of great price. Forsake the vanities of the world, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ. No other robe will so adorn and exalt its possessor as the robe of his righteousness.

What can be more desirable than to possess the love of God! His love to Daniel was the cause of all his prosperity and greatness. Because the Lord loved him, he brought him into favor with princes, endowed him with the spirit of wisdom and revelation, and preserved him from impending dangers. Whom the Lord loveth he delighteth to honor. On his sovereign pleasure is suspended all our happiness for time and eternity. Is it then your great object to live in the enjoyment of this love? Do you fear nothing so much as the displeasure of the Almighty? Had you rather part with everything else than with the divine favor? Unless you prize this above every other possession, it is a sure indication that it extends not to you. If you have never felt unworthy of this love, and at the same time that you must have it or perish, if you have never fled to the Saviour for mercy and acceptance, give yourself no rest

till you have found peace in believing. Consider what you *will* be willing to give for the love of Jesus, when he shall come to judge the world, and when you shall appear in eternity, beholding unnumbered ages of happiness or misery before you. Consider, too, that if you neglect to secure this love now, there may hereafter be no place found for repentance, though it be sought carefully with tears.

Be constant in observing stated seasons of prayer. How inflexible was Daniel in the discharge of this duty. He never plead the interruption of company, nor a multiplicity of cares as an excuse for neglecting the throne of grace. Let his example stimulate you to constancy in your secret devotions and attendance at the family altar. When tempted to negligence, remember Daniel, and let not the displeasure of the Almighty light on your families by your omissions. "A family without prayer is like a house without a roof." "The Lord will pour out his fury upon the families which call not on his name."

In every condition do your duty and leave the event with God. Duties are ours, consequences his, and he will dispose of them as will best subserve his glory. Will obedience expose you to persecution and derision, will it deprive you of the friendship of those who are dear to you, on whom you rely for assistance and who are able to distress you? Trust in the Lord, and go forward boldly and meekly and confidently in keeping his commands. They that honor me, saith he, I will honor. Would you be useful in the world, would you enjoy the smiles of Providence and the approbation of your Maker, would you consult your own best interests; shrink not from any known duty. Show yourself on the Lord's side, whatever it may cost you. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," saith the Saviour.

"There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.  
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That ear is filled with angels' songs;  
That arm upholds the worlds on high;  
That love is shown beyond the sky.  
But there's a power which man can wield,  
That power is prayer."



## "THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

BY N. F. CARTER.

I ASK not for myself a shining crown,  
The fleeting honors of a kingly throne,  
Nor yet its pageant and its high renown,  
Though all its glory were for me alone.  
I covet not the trumpet blast of fame,  
Though millions should to me in homage kneel,  
To heap unending flatteries on my name,  
And make me glorious in their earnest zeal.

I covet not the hero's blood-bought palm,  
Fresh from the crimson field of triumph come,  
Though ne'er before the trophies wore such charm,  
Nor sweeter poems rang the welcome home!  
I covet not the hoarded wealth of earth —  
The welcome food of moth and cankering rust;  
Such treasure were to me of little worth,  
When the frail mortal crumbles into dust!

Far nobler are my spirit covetings,  
Aspiring to a higher life and good,  
And pluming for me Faith triumphant wings  
To speed me to the angel brotherhood!  
Nor all the world shall tempt me from the love,  
The morning hopes that fill my panting soul,  
The shining pathway to the home above,—  
Immortal honors at the radiant goal!

I thither tend, and therefore covet I  
Whate'er can aid me in my journey there;  
And that alone shall win the yearning sigh,  
The wrestling faith, the heaven-directed prayer.  
Perchance, sore trials and heart suffering  
Are best for me, — if so, I covet them,  
And only pray that 'neath their darkening wing  
A Father's smile may light the flood I stem!

And thus whate'er my Heavenly Father wills  
I covet, for I know that must be best  
To bring me from the everlasting hills  
Rich blessings, till I gain the promised rest!  
And thus such coveting shall win my life —  
Make me in earnest while its day is given,  
With armor gird me for the Christian's strife,  
And lure me on to reach the gates of Heaven!



And then, when earthly crowns have passed away,  
When hushed forever is the boast of fame,  
When blood-bought triumphs all have had their day,  
And earthly treasures have no more a name; —  
Then I shall wear a more than kingly crown,  
More sweet than earth's a song of triumph sing,  
For high shall be my honor and renown,  
As recompense for life's heaven coveting!

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## INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

## NO. III. MUSIC.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

"A PIANO!" exclaimed a father, not long since, to his daughter, who asked him to purchase this instrument, "never; when I have more money than I want I will waste it on useless things;" and from this, he dilated upon the folly of attending to music, which "can do nobody any good."

Mr. — is the representative of a class of persons in every community, who see no benefit resulting from that part of education called ornamental. It is true, also, that many who allow, and even press, their children to give attention to music do not regard it in the light of an educational influence. It is an *accomplishment* and *amusement* they think, and as such it is introduced into the family circle. But as for any particular discipline of head or heart from cultivating musical talent, they scarcely think of such a thing. Unlike this class of persons, we believe that music should be made a branch of education, that it often affects the mind and heart when parental counsels and authority fall powerless upon the child. Facts fully substantiate this theory.

Luther, who was himself a musician and the author of numerous "choral songs," said "music is one of the finest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows

and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle discipline ; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the claims of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill I possess in the art."

Rev. Leigh Richmond, who has ever been regarded as one of the best family disciplinarians, said: "I am persuaded that music is designed to prepare for heaven, to educate for the choral enjoyment of Paradise, to form the mind to virtue and devotion, and to charm away evil, and sanctify the heart to God.

Said Bishop Beveridge, speaking of music, "It dwells in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts."

It is somewhat singular that parents have attached so little influence to this art in the family, when its power in other relations has long been acknowledged. Far back in the ages, when mythology made land and sea the abode of nymphs and naids. We read of the fabled Orpheus, who drew after him trees and mountains by the melodious strains of his lyre, while enraptured rivers ceased to flow, and savage beasts crouched lamb-like at his feet. Even Pluto, the king of hell, was charmed with the bewitching melody ; the "wheel of Ixion stopped ; the stone of Sisyphus stood still ; Tantalus forgot his perpetual thirst, and even the Furies relented." This is a fable, and yet not all a fable. It shows what was thought of the power of music in those early days. In later times its charms have been celebrated in poetry and prose, and none have questioned the propriety. Pope wrote —

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm,  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please ;  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above."

Nations have depended much upon its power upon the field of battle, in political campaigns, and in all the great reforms that have characterized their history. The Church, too, from the time of David to the present hour, has found that sacred song is indispensable to the highest worship of God. In the time of the Reformation, the friends of the Papal Church often exclaimed, "The songs of Luther have conquered us." The "choral songs" which he prepared were caught up by the eager multitudes and they were swayed by the touching melody; hence the above remark of the Papists.

But let us look more particularly to the quoted remark of Luther. He ascribes several positive results to music, of which the principal four are the following: *It alleviates sorrow — refines the passions — removes the fascination of evil thoughts — and improves the understanding.* If it accomplishes as much as this, it is certainly no inferior influence in the family. Let us see if it does.

It alleviates sorrow. It is related of Benda, a celebrated German musician, that, in a paroxysm of grief at the sudden death of his wife, he hastened to the piano, and there he became so absorbed in the plaintive strains he produced, so much in consonance with the emotions of his wounded heart, that when the servant stepped to his door for some directions, he replied, "Ask my wife." He almost forgot his sorrows under the soothing influence of the mournful chords. Mr. Bryant, in describing his visit to a tobacco factory in one of the slave States, says that the slaves employed therein were in the habit of singing psalm tunes almost constantly to relieve the sorrows of their bondage. The overseer remarked to him, "We encourage their singing as much as we can, for the boys work better while singing." Luther once yielded himself up so completely to sadness as to become unconscious. It was when he was in a convent, and he shut himself up in his cell, and suffered no one to approach him. A friend became anxious about him, and taking a number of young choral singers, went to his cell, broke open the door and entered. Luther lay on the floor, without showing any signs of life, but the music of the young singers soon restored him to consciousness and joy.



Such facts will not seem unusual when we reflect upon the power of song over our own hearts in sorrow and suffering. How soothing are appropriate hymns to the bereaved heart in the house of mourning! It appears, sometimes, as if sentiments of faith and trust, set to music, brought more solace to the bleeding spirit than the same sentiments in a discourse. We do not attempt to give the philosophy of the matter, but only speak of the fact, as it appears in experience and observation. Then, too, how sublimely it lifts the faith of the dying sufferer to his "strong hold," thus comforting him in view of an exchange of worlds! It is often the last request of the departing loved one that surviving friends would sing some favorite piece, and often, too, the dying one joins in the inspiring strains and passes away with them into the spirit-land.

It refines the passions. Volumes of facts on this part of the subject might be written. Two distinguished singers, Senesino and Farinelli, were employed at different theatres in England at the same period. By an arrangement they were brought together upon the same stage. They had never heard each other sing. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of a hero in chains. Before the first song was completed, Senesino was so wrought upon by the singing of the other, that he forgot he was to play the tyrant, and ran to Farinelli and embraced him.

Filippo Palma, another great singer, was arrested for debt by an enraged creditor. While the latter was heaping abuse upon the debtor, he (Palma) sat down to his harpsichord, and the singing of two or three soft and touching airs subdued the creditor, so that he forgave his debtor and also loaned him ten guineas to satisfy the demands of other clamorous creditors.

Some Jesuit missionaries, in the early history of America, found the Indians very hostile when they first met them; indeed, they meant to destroy the missionaries, but as they came up to them for attack, the sound of a sweet toned instrument, played by one of the Jesuits, charmed them into friendly relations.

The power of martial music is universally conceded. It is



thought to be indispensable to inspire courage and patriotism, thus exciting a different class of emotions from the above. Yet it is an example of refining the passions, since courage and patriotism have their place among exalted virtues. By this we do not mean to sanction aggressive war, but only to speak of the influence of music on the heart. Napoleon always had regard to the pieces played in his army on particular occasions. Certain tunes were not allowed only at particular times. When he scaled the Alps, in circumstances of great discouragement, and even of horror, he ordered the buglers to sound their liveliest notes, and then if the soldiers came to a stand the whole band pealed forth the "charge to battle," which never failed to inspire them with indomitable perseverance. When Francis I. undertook to consummate a treaty with Prince Solymán, he sent him a band of musicians to conciliate his good will. The Prince listened to them at three concerts, and then ordered their instruments to be broken and the musicians to be carried back. The effect of the soothing strains (for they played another class of pieces than those designed for war) was such upon himself, that he feared the introduction of such music would destroy the spirit of warfare among his subjects.

It removes the fascination of evil thoughts. Every one must have noticed how elevating to the thoughts is chaste music. It is equally corrupting when prostituted to base and shameful purposes. It is believed that a young man, who is an admirer and performer of elevated music, vocal and instrumental, is less likely to be seduced into vice by the temptations of the world. Shakspeare says —

"The man that hath not music in himself,  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils —  
Let no man trust him."

Visit the haunts of dissipation and vice, wherever they are found, and scarcely one reveller is seen whose heart has been familiar with such music as we recommend for the fireside. Roughness and vulgarity usually forsake the abodes of sweetest song. When the Westboro' Reform School was opened,

it was difficult for the chaplain to secure the respect and attention of the boys. As soon as he began to speak the lads began to stamp, whistle, and interrupt him in other ways. The first chaplain did not succeed; the second went before the unmanageable boys well qualified to secure their attention. His first efforts were met with all sorts of noise and confusion. He was a good singer, and had provided himself with suitable pieces for the occasion. When there was a lull to the first noise and confusion, he commenced singing a lively air, which speedily produced perfect silence. In a short time he completely overcame the turbulent spirits of the lads in this tender way, and never more experienced any difficulty in managing them.

Mr. Bushnell, a champion in the temperance cause, relates that some years ago he had a discussion with a number of drinkers in a bar-room in Utica, N. Y. They denounced his cause and treated him rudely. At length he commenced singing the "Staunch Teetotaller" in the most touching manner possible. Before the song was half through the whole company were in tears; and, at the close, the rumseller grasped his hand, saying, "I will never sell another glass of liquor as long as I live."

It improves the understanding. The intellect appears to be quickened by its influence. Some extemporaneous preachers have noticed its power over them in preparing them to speak with more freedom. Children commit to memory poetry that is sung more readily than poetry that is spoken. The Greeks and Romans saw this and set maxims of virtue to popular airs for the young, and most other nations have followed their example. Norega instructed the children of Portugal in music, and certain other branches of science. He saw that they so readily learned what was set to time that he furnished them with the entire Jesuit catechism in song. The Assembly's catechism has been frequently taught in this manner. Indeed it is nearly all incorporated into Watt's Divine and Moral Songs. Who has not noticed that musical families are distinguished for intelligence, or, at least, a certain quickness of intellect and refinement of manners, above

the multitude around them? The best music awakens the most elevating associations; and the more exalted the association the greater the mental improvement. Those coarse, ignorant youth, who dislike books and schools, seldom give any attention to this art. It is quite another class of young persons who devote time and patience to its study.

We see, then, that Luther was not extravagant in his remarks upon the discipline of music. He spoke from experience and observation, and he who speaks thus usually speaks advisedly. It follows that the musical art must be disciplinary in the family. If it exerts an uncontrolling influence over the passions of men, it must be better than rods and dark closets for the child. The story of the clergyman, whose children were remarkable for cheerfulness and amiability, is not at all incredible. Some one asked him what was the secret of his success in training children. He replied, "When any thing disturbs their temper I say to them *sing*, and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." It is reasonable. No one can deny that there is true philosophy in it. If there was more *singing* there would be less *sinning* in the world. If parents and children could unite their voices in some soothing airs, when things are not exactly as they should be, no doubt the result would be excellent. We have observed that musical families, that is, those families in which music is practised daily as a recreation and a branch of education, are affectionate and amiable, and seldom, if ever, disturbed by household quarrels. It is doubtful if any families can be found where stronger attachments unite the members than those of this class.

The same thing has been observed in schools. A teacher said to the writer, "I have that piano in school instead of a ferule. It saves me much unpleasant lecturing. When the scholars grow restive, impatient and morose, as they frequently do, I send one of the ladies to the piano, and we all strike in and sing with all our might, and it is soon sunshine." For this reason the best teachers in the country, and the most de-



voted friends of education, advise that music be taught as a regular study in all our schools. Many cities and large towns have introduced it.

One idea gives us a clue to the secret of this influence. No words move men so much as those which appear to come directly from the heart. The preacher has the most power when he puts most heart into his sermon. It is then that his audience feel, and only then. Now, music is emphatically a product of the heart. Notice a choir of youthful singers; how enthusiastic they are! They never play at "hide-and-seek" with more gusto than they sing. It is a great treat to them. The same is true of older persons. All have noticed that persons sing out the feelings of their hearts according to the circumstances in which they are. There is the mother's lullaby; she never thinks of singing it only when she is in the nursery. There is the "harvest song," exactly adapted to express the feelings of that season, but not fitted for other occasions. There is the song of the sailor, expressive of his emotions when tugging away at the oar or reefing a sail. There is the funeral hymn, exceedingly congenial in the house of mourning but out of place in the convivial circle. Thus music has an appropriate expression for every feeling. It is the language of the heart. Joy breaks forth into lively strains, while sorrow expresses itself in mournful numbers. Haydn was once asked why his music was always so cheerful. He replied, "I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit." Music has power, then, because it comes from the heart. Whatever comes from the heart generally goes to the heart.

The sentiments which are sung in the family will usually survive when many others are lost. The aged can now rehearse the hymns to which they were accustomed to listen in childhood. The music served to impress them upon their minds. In 1754, two children were stolen by the Indians from a German family residing in Pennsylvania. Nine or ten years after, Col. Bouquet, of the English army, conquered the In-



dians and compelled them to give up all their white captives. More than four hundred were brought to him, most of whom were stolen from their parents in early life. The colonel published the fact in the papers, and requested all parents who had lost children by the Indians to come to Carlisle on a certain day, to receive their offspring. Parents came from far and near. The mother of the above-named little girls was there, but could not find her children. "Is there nothing," said Colonel B., "by which your children can be discovered?" "Oh, sir, nothing—nothing," replied the sobbing woman. "Is there nothing which you taught them which they could recollect if they heard it?" "Nothing, sir, nothing—unless it be a hymn which we used to sing with their father." "Sing it, sing it," said the Colonel. The mother began the hymn—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear;  
I feel my Saviour always nigh,  
He comes the weary hour to cheer.  
I am with Him and He with me—  
E'en here alone, I cannot be."

Scarcely had she sung the first two lines ere the youngest child, Regina, rushed from the crowd into her mother's arms. She was but ten years old when the Indians stole her, and ten years more having wrought changes upon her, the mother did not know her. But the sweet hymn was fresh as ever in her child's heart. The other daughter was never heard from. So lasting are the impressions of music.

The foregoing facts prove that music is disciplinary in the family; and now the question arises, what character of tunes shall be tolerated? Shall dancing tunes be played upon the piano or other instruments? Shall such pieces as are practised in places of popular amusement, as the theatre and opera-house, be tolerated? We will answer these inquiries by giving the views of Leigh Richmond. No parent was a better judge of such things than he; but he allowed no music of this kind in his family. He believed that dancing tunes on the piano might beget a desire to dance in the ball-room, just as a

game of cards for pleasure may beget a love of gaming in circumstances where it becomes a crime. He wrote as follows: "There is, however, more danger of music being abused than drawing; the inundation of frivolity, and the sometimes unsuspected associations of a carnal and worldly nature, which mingle with the musical compositions of a modern and fashionable cast, often distress and hurt me. The fascinations of the ball-room, the corruptions of the theatre, and opera-house, too often creep into the quiet piano-forte corner of young people. Even instrumental music, with its appendages of waltzes, dances, and love-sick airs, has often a tendency to familiarize the young mind with subjects injurious to its welfare."

If the reader is disposed to think that Mr. Richmond was too particular upon this point, without attempting to sustain all his views, we submit, whether there is not as much danger of begetting a desire for the ball-room by playing the music of that place as there is of leading one to gambling by card-playing for amusement. It is certainly a subject that demands attention. Perhaps children have here formed tastes and habits directly opposed to parental counsels, when parents never dreamed that music was nullifying their influence.

We have seen enough to show that music deserves a place in the family for its educational power. As a refining, softening, elevating element too much cannot be said in its favor. Let those parents who have attached no importance to it, beyond an amusement, look around them a short season, and observation will prove to them that the sentiment of this article is correct.

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POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The latest, and apparently the fairest estimate of this that we have seen, makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions; viz., Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mahomedans, 140,000,000; Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000, the Greek and Eastern Churches, 60,000,000, and Protestant, 90,000,000.—*Witness*.

## ADONIJAH.

BY REV. H. HUMPHREY, D. D.

Adonijah was the son of David, and brother of Absalom, by the same mother. As his father drew very near the close of life this graceless son exalted himself, saying, I will be king; and he prepared him chariots and horsemen and fifty men to run before him. *And his father had not displeased him at any time.* That is, had never restrained, had never controlled him, when he was growing up, a headstrong boy; but, to use a familiar expression, had let him have his head till he was quite beyond control. Why was this added, but to show, that Adonijah's daring attempt at usurpation in David's lifetime, might be traced back to the criminal neglect of his father in his bringing up; and to warn all fathers against the ruinous consequences of similar neglect in the education of their families? We know to what lengths of unfilial daring Adonijah went, and how it ended. Though he did not perish at the head of the revolt, as Absalom did, he brought himself to a violent death, by still covertly aiming at the throne, after his father was dead, and Solomon was established in the kingdom.

Now this was far from being a solitary instance of criminal neglect in the education of sons, and of the natural consequences of such neglects. A great many fathers are so busy, or so unmindful of the responsibility which God has laid upon them, or so dotingly blind to the faults of their sons, that they let them grow up more like the wild ass's colt, than the well-trained children of a family. The son is a promising lad, but wayward in his disposition, impatient of restraint, and needing a great deal of decision and perseverance in controlling him, during the critical period of early youth. But his father can't bear to cross him in anything, not even when he plainly needs denial and rebuke. "He is sowing his wild oats," he will become more steady as he grows older. So the reins of government are relaxed; he has his own way, and very early throws off all parental restraint.



And what are the consequences? Let the usurpation and untimely death of Adonijah testify. Let the terrible retribution which overtook the wicked sons of Eli, because "When they made themselves vile he restrained them not," testify. Let the melancholy history of a thousand promising boys, ruined by overweening indulgence testify.

I know that parents may err on the side of too much restraint and severity, in bringing up their sons, and doubtless some such cases might be found. But I am persuaded that in this generation they are very few, compared with the others. The Adonijahs, neglected by their parents and doing as they list, are *ten* to one, who are injured by being too closely watched and restrained. Your son, you say, is not quite so steady as you would wish, to be sure, but you trust, that when he gets through sowing his wild oats, he will see the folly of it, and reform. Ah, when he gets through! but when *will* he? And if he should, there is the crop yet to spring up, like the harvest of dragon's teeth in the fable. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

I am no advocate for shutting boys up, and depriving them of all social enjoyment with companions of their own age, provided they are careful what sort of company they keep, and always come home at seasonable hours. Let them be indulged under suitable restrictions. It will give them confidence in their parent's better judgment, when they are kept in, and help to guard them against temptations, when they go out.

But the safest and best way is, to make home so attractive, by the fireside, that boys will esteem it no hardship, but rather a favor to spend their evenings at home with their parents. There are a great many ways to interest them, and to mingle pleasure with profitable instruction. Of good books, there is no end, and almost any boy will esteem it a privilege to read aloud, if his father will listen to him, and explain things as he goes along. Many a boy has imbibed a taste for profitable reading, just in this way, which has been the first step towards higher acquisitions. And there are so many advantages now, for giving children a knowledge of the world, by cheap maps spread out of an evening, upon the parlor table, and in many



other ways, which will occur to an affectionate and intelligent parent, that the natural curiosity of the young family group will be easily quickened and increased, and make their studies in school delightful.

Suggestions like these might be added to almost any extent, but I have only room to say, in addition, to all, or rather, above and before all, "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and by His blessing upon your prayers and labors, you will save them from turning out Adonijahs.

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### ELI'S FAULT.

BY REV. N. BEACH.

The history of Eli gives us reason to believe that he was a good man though imperfect. One proof of his piety is the fact that he exercised submission to the will of God under the pressure of sore trial. When the Lord revealed his purpose to send overwhelming judgments upon his family he acquiesced without a murmur, and was willing to have God reign and do all his pleasure. His language was, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." He was satisfied that the Judge of all the earth would do right. Another proof of his piety was the fact that his heart trembled for the ark of God. He felt great solicitude for the army of Israel, and especially for his own sons who were with that army; but was most deeply and painfully anxious for the ark of God. For this his heart was more tremblingly solicitous than for everything else. He could bear to hear that Israel had fled before the enemy, and that there had been a great slaughter of the people, and that his two sons were among the slain; but the heavy tidings, "the ark of God is taken," overwhelmed him, and took his life. Nothing had power to wound him so deeply and *fatally* as to hear that God was dishonored.

But he had faults. The most prominent among them was inefficiency in the government of his household. His two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were turbulent, reckless spirits, bent on doing evil, ring-leaders in crime. The public, official position of their father, gave them pre-eminence among the young men of the nation, imparting to their example peculiar force, and causing its corrupting influence to be very widely and powerfully felt. They were the minister's sons. They made themselves and others vile without restraint. They exercised no self-control, and felt none of the wholesome restraint of parental authority. Their father, though uniting in himself the offices of high priest and chief magistrate, had failed to exercise over his own wayward sons any effectual control. His administration of family government was extremely weak and inefficient. The evil conduct of his sons was rarely noticed, and the effort to check it, when any was made, was very feeble. We have a record of one instance in which he attempted to rebuke and restrain their wickedness. When he had become old, and heard what his sons were doing he felt sad. Those sons, left to themselves, brought their father to shame, just as the Bible says such sons will. He said to them, "Why do ye such things? For I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear, for ye make the Lord's people to transgress." They inherited their father's sacred office and had begun to minister in that office. Having been left from their childhood to wax worse and worse without restraint, subject to all the evil influences that beset them, their conduct had become so outrageous as to disgrace themselves and their family and their office. The sanctuary itself was profaned by their impious excesses. They had not only been guilty of high crimes against their fellow-men, but had also offered the most direct and flagrant insult to God. They had insulted him in his own house, at his own altar, and had scandalized religion. Their shameless prostitution of the tabernacle and of their sacred office, was an offence of so heinous a character as to admit of no expiation. Even their own indulgent father felt that no one could intercede for them with any hope, that

no one would dare to stand between them and the wrath they had provoked. When they had reached this awful degree in crime, the father began mildly to expostulate, saying, "It is no good report that I hear," and "Why do ye so?" But such expostulation came too late, and had no more effect than if addressed to the whirlwind, or the earthquake. Those moral leviathans could not be thus restrained and subdued. Their father proved quite as remiss in his duty as a magistrate as in those of a parent. He substituted tame and powerless remonstrance for the severe and wholesome discipline demanded, by administering which he would have become a terror to evil-doers and a praise of them that do well. The result was what might have been expected, evil and only evil; to the sons themselves, to their aged parent, to the family, and to the nation. The judgments that came upon all were caused by criminal neglect of parental duty. To that cause they are ascribed. No other reason for their infliction is offered.

This neglect was chastised in the most terrible manner. Its legitimate results are awful to contemplate. Those sons, spoiled by indulgence, met a violent death on the field of battle, a death whose horrors were unrelieved by a single ray of hope. Their crimes involved the nation in a war with the Philistines. God punished the corruption which they had spread through the nation, with this most terrible scourge. More than thirty thousand of the army of Israel fell in the conflict. The ark of God, which those reckless sons had borne to the camp as a symbol of the Divine presence, and a pledge of victory, fell into the hands of the enemy. The aged and blind father, on hearing these heavy tidings from the field of slaughter, and especially on learning that the ark of God was taken, fell and died, and ruin came upon the family. These were the melancholy results in one case, of the neglect of family government. They are the results to which such neglect tends in every case. A few words respecting the lesson taught by the history of Eli may be added in a future number.

## FAMILY HISTORY.

BY REV. LUTHER FARNHAM.

AMONG the subjects both important and interesting to households, and that sweeten home, is family history, or genealogy, a branch of knowledge which has recently become popular in this country. We hear of a grand family gathering around the spot where the oldest New England ancestor of a given line lived and died — at which time there is a great banquet succeeded by

“The feast of reason and flow of soul.”

The men of several generations meet and join hands, reckon up the precious men and women their family has given to the world, and recount their noble, or valiant deeds. They separate loving each other more, and begin to feel that the time has come when it may be considered an honor to have descended from one of the Fathers of New England.

How frequently a volume issues from the press, termed a genealogy, or a memorial, or a history of some one of our families. It abounds in tables of names. Many years are not unfrequently bestowed upon a single family history, and it is usually written *con amore*, and not from any expectation of a financial profit. Such volumes are quite numerous, and more are still in preparation. Besides, town histories abounds more and more in brief family genealogies.

Another mark of interest in genealogy is the existence of an association in this city, composed of some five hundred resident and corresponding members, known as the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, devoted, as its name indicates, to the collection and investigation of history and genealogy. This society has been in existence eleven years, — has published, for the most of the time, a quarterly, filled with articles interesting to families and antiquaries, and has main-



tained interesting monthly meetings for the discussion of subjects within the field of its inquiries.

*Let us define genealogy, consider its real importance, and the modes of securing a knowledge of it.* Genealogy is an account or history of the descents of a person or of a family. The terms pedigree, lineage, family history are used to express the same idea. These are applied to the lower animals ; — for example, we speak of the pedigree or blood of a horse, and of the natural history of the same.

The *importance* of genealogy appears from a variety of considerations. The intelligent farmer inquires with great care as to the pedigree of the horses and cattle he purchases ; — he takes great pains to ascertain the genuineness of their descent. But how much better is a man than a beast ? How often is it said of a person, “ he is connected with a good family, or is of a good stock or blood.” The meaning is, that he descended from a worthy ancestor.

Though some may effect to despise what they may term puerilities, or subjects only belonging to the old aristocracies of Europe, such as rank, family ; — yet all wise persons in this country do more or less regard them, while they discard mere titles unsustained by a good name, and are little influenced by

“ The boast of heraldry, — the pomp of power.”

Mothers who give away their daughters, and fathers who remember that their sons are to perpetuate the honor of their family, are deeply interested that their matrimonial alliances be worthy of their respective families, and that they shall increase rather than diminish, their well-earned fame. How many sons and daughters have had their indiscreet attachments checked to their grief at the time, but for their future joy. Parents can sympathize with the following advice of a nobleman of England to his son, and be republicans still. “ My son, I wish you to marry. And I wish you not to marry beneath your rank ; but I have prepared lists of families of that rank and this,” — handing him one, “ contains the names of such as are subject to hereditary insanity — the other, those who

inherit the king's evil, or scrofula ; — I beg you to avoid them both."

But there are other material advantages from the study of one's family history, and to some minds these benefits would be considered of more consequence than the intellectual and moral of which we shall presently speak. How frequently do we hear that a wealthy gentleman of Great Britain has left a large property to some relations in this country, who greatly need the legacies. By the neglect of genealogy, such persons may not know that they have relatives on the other side of the water, — may not learn of the legacies, — or may yield their claims to those of the same, or of similar names. Sometimes a family coat of arms may enable a New England family to establish their claim upon an estate intended for them in the old world. Thus heraldry, which is the art of recording genealogy, may become of importance to those Americans who never allow themselves to approve of anything that is not directly useful.

Genealogy is intimately connected with history and biography. Nations are composed of individuals, and to know the former fully, we must know something of the latter, — certainly their founders, and the men that have figured in their history. And these men cannot be well known without considering races, — their origin, — characteristics, and progress, or genealogy in all its-connections. Take for example the history of Europe in the latter half of the sixteenth century, it is found to be very much a history of one individual, Philip II., the King of Spain, whose history has been most hopefully commenced by our own model historian, Mr. Prescott. In such a history, how important that the writer should trace the life of him around whom all clusters, back to the remotest ages.

All readers of the Bible are familiar with the several chapters of genealogy in the Old and New Testaments. Those chapters of names traced down from a common ancestor, seem rather dry, and some of my readers may have asked — "What can be the use of all these names?" though they have never doubted for a moment the inspiration of a single chapter or verse of the Word of God. They are useful, because those tables of

names are an epitome of sacred history which the inspired writers have only partially drawn out in the historical parts of the Bible.

The very first chapter of the New Testament is on the descent of our blessed Saviour from Abraham and David. If that pedigree could not be made out, in accordance with Old Testament prophecy—if a single name was mis-placed or wanting, it would so far affect the very foundation upon which Christianity rests, unless that omission or error were explained. Thus every *name* comes to be important—its true *place* is essential, that the Bible may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. So shall the waves of both German and French infidelity beat against the citadel of truth in vain.

In like manner a biographer should trace an individual's life back into the misty past, to connect him with the Celt, Teutonic, or other race, and study the very meaning of his *name*, since all surnames have a sense derived from the moral or physical excellencies, acts, residences, or professions, of those bearing them. As we cannot have full knowledge of a river by examining it just as it empties into the bosom of some lake or ocean, or for a few miles above its mouth, but must trace it back to its fountain, so, to comprehend a life like that of Washington's, we ought to trace out his early ancestors and those subsequent, both in England and America,—know thoroughly the most ancient seat of those of the name—ascertain whether his lineage was either noble or royal, or both; or whether he descended from the middle or lower ranks in society. Thus shall we be the better able to judge how much the Father of his country owed to his birth and rank, and how much to nature and education. These are great and important facts in the life of Webster, that we can trace his ancestors to Norfolk, England; that we can give "a local habitation and name" to the oldest ancestor upon these shores; that we can follow one of the name to Salisbury, N. H., and then read the following from Mr. Webster's own lips, with regard to his birth-place: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early



that, when the smoke first arose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exists. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives of incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven year's Revolutionary War, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!" What a flood of light do such family reminiscences shed upon the life of the great statesman, and how do they illustrate the importance of those circumstances of his childhood and of that life prior to his own that went to make him what he was.

Genealogy is important, inasmuch as it is a science, and all science is worthy of the attention of the lovers of knowledge. It is not only a science, but a science that treats of man,—of reasoning, thinking, immortal man. And how often have we heard—

"The proper study of mankind is man!"

Yes, genealogy is an older science than that of history, since man is older than nations. History is dependent upon our science as the tree springs from its germ. And the very foundation of biography must always be the science of which we treat. It has been common to speak of history and biography as much more important branches of human knowledge than genealogy; but to so regard them is to exalt the importance of the branches of a tree over the roots and trunk.



Genealogy is emphatically one of the *exact* sciences. To be satisfactory to the inquirer, the proofs of any given succession must be like the steps in a geometrical proposition. A thorough and perfect genealogy admits not the phrases "probably descended," "probably of the family of," &c., nor does it jump at conclusions gratifying to the vanity of the writer, but that afterwards subjects the genealogist and his science to ridicule. Thus if the student does not succeed in forging a long chain of precious metal, he will have, at all events, a strong and satisfactory one, though it may be of limited length and of less glittering material.

It may be claimed in this connection, that the study of such a science is no mean discipline of mind, and such discipline is one great part of a good education. The mathematics are pursued in our colleges mainly for this discipline. The genealogist is called to balance many very nice theories, and some of the most plausible he is often called to reject by the very exacting principles of his science. He must not be intimidated in his researches by difficulties, though called to take a long journey for a fact, or to write many letters to secure a name, or to weaken a strong pair of eyes over old and obscure manuscripts, about as hard to decypher by the uninitiated, as the hieroglyphics on the Egyptian pyramids. Does any one say, "I never can bear such crosses," then you can never be a genealogist.

It is often observed that persons resemble each other strongly who recognize no relationship. Sometimes these resemblances are physical, and often mental. They are thus accounted for by Lower, an English antiquary. Every one has one father, two grand-fathers, four great-grand-fathers, eight great-grand-grand-fathers, and so on, and grand-mothers are multiplied with the same rapidity. Thus if we go back a little more than six centuries, any one of us can boast 524,288 ancestors; or, in other words, the blood of more than half a million of the human race flows in our veins. Another writer, the jurist Blackstone, has estimated that we have all now subsisting, nearly two hundred and seventy millions of kindred in the fifteenth degree. This is one of the astonishing results of our

ancestry increasing in a two-fold geometrical progression, as we trace them to our original ancestor.

It would seem that a decent self-respect would lead a person to investigate his own genealogy. Is it sensible to pursue all kinds of knowledge, and remain ignorant of the names of even your grand-parents? Is it worthy of a descendant of the Puritans to travel abroad on a tour of pleasure, or on business, and feel no interest to visit the tomb of his ancestors, in England, or Scotland, or to pass it without even knowing that he is treading carelessly upon kindred dust? How can a man pretend to be intelligent who is ignorant of his own family history? The rule is laid down by good authorities, that in the study of history, the student should pursue that of his own country first; and afterwards read those histories that illustrate his own, or that give him a good general knowledge of that branch. But a person should study the history of his own family or tribe before that of his nation, because it more intimately concerns him, and because nations are composed of tribes and families.

This study promotes literature generally. The history of many a town has been produced by those whose interest in the past was awakened by studying the history of some family thereof. Besides, it is only by including the genealogies of the principal families of a town that the history can be thoroughly understood, and most widely acceptable. The true poet may by his magic wand elicit poetry from tables of names. And every one who has read *Hiawatha*, (and who has not?) may learn how much the poet was indebted to the antiquary, both for his legends, and the Indian names so freely sprinkled through its pages. Indeed, there is hardly a branch of literature that does not find our subject a handmaid, so that we may regard books of genealogy somewhat like a dictionary, useful for every one.

The numerous family gatherings around old homesteads in this country have received their first impulses from some genealogical student. Those meetings have bound families together by a stronger affection; they have softened prejudices, and have often promoted a national spirit, by bringing together

branches of a family living in different and distant portions of the country. These meetings, too, have given new energy to those members of a family that needed stimulating by showing them what some distinguished persons of their kith and kin have accomplished.

Every few months there is a talk of a war with England; but the more our families are connected with those of the fatherland, the less likely we are to go to war, for we thus find that we shall make war upon our own kindred, upon our own flesh and blood. Private families endure faults in their own members, and keep upon the most intimate and loving terms; when the same faults in those not related to them would cause them to break with them at once. So, notwithstanding Great Britain and the United States have become two nations, they are brethren still, with one common origin, speaking one language, rejoicing in a common literature, and partakers of one religion, that they are striving, shoulder to shoulder, to diffuse throughout the world; and such brethren will forbear with each other, and not fight.

Genealogy has its moral and religious bearings, that have not been distinctly alluded to. Even the ancient Romans used to preserve images of their ancestors set up in their houses as incitements to virtue. And it was a sentiment of Burke that "he only deserves to be remembered by posterity who treasures up and preserves the history of his ancestors." Take our own age, and how many commit vicious deeds that would be deterred if they believed the light of some family history would reveal them to the world. Genealogy is no respecter of persons, and faithfully written must tell tales of some families that neither wealth, nor talent, nor learning can erase from the memory of mankind. Here is a most powerful motive for persons to be virtuous, if they do not love virtue, on account of the sad effects of its opposite.

By proper attention to our family history, we fulfil the fifth commandment, and the words of David — "This shall be written for the generation to come." In writing of the objects of the Genealogical Society, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., says:—"Such studies have, in my opinion, a value far beyond that at



which they are ordinarily estimated. The 'first commandment with promise,' which requires the individual to honor his immediate parents with grateful assiduity while they live, and with grateful commemoration when they are no more, is a commandment for communities and races to honor all that was good in their progenitors; and I have full faith that while our New England race shall honor the virtues of its ancestry, its days shall be long in the land." And Mr. Webster has written a passage on this subject, each word of which, as usual with him, "weighs a pound:"—"It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors, and our posterity. There is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of an alliance with excellence that is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those that come after it."

Let us glance at some of the *sources of genealogical information*. Suppose an individual desires to write a history of his family, how shall he begin? Like every historian, his first work is to collect materials. In arriving at his earliest ancestors on these shores, the natural mode is to ascend from his father and grandfather, until he reaches the original head. In performing this work, he will naturally consult the town record, where any of the family have lived;—family records such as were formerly kept in the old family Bible,—ancient and modern wills,—the various town and family histories that have been published,—Farmer's Genealogical Register of the first settlers of New England, and Savage's better and much fuller one of the same which is nearly ready for the press. Other sources of information are the volumes of the New England Quarterly Genealogical Register, and particularly the library of the society under whose auspices it is published;—together with the other



valuable historical libraries of Boston and vicinity, Worcester, and so forth. Another important means of information is correspondence with the various persons of this and other countries of the family or name. In the preface of a thick genealogical volume before me, the author states, that during his ten year's labor on the book, he has written and received over fourteen hundred letters, and that his correspondence extended to all parts of the United States, to the Canadas, to England and France.

We have not intended, in these observations, to set up any false claim for genealogy as a science, but simply to put it where it belongs. While many think far too lightly of the subject, and others cast ridicule upon it, thus indirectly reproaching their own ancestors; there may be others who make it too much their specialty for their mental health. *In mediastulismus ibis*; and then whatever your family, — whatever your social position, you will be ready to adopt the sentiment of the Christian poet, Cowper :

“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The son of parents past into the skies.”

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RECIPE FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other; renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding day, known this secret, how many marriages would have been happier than — alas — they are !

## FRIENDSHIP.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Amid our wanderings through this lower world  
We sometimes find a most attractive flower;  
In nature hardy, yet in texture soft,  
And delicate and beautiful, — its hues  
Both bright and chaste — itself all loveliness.  
This flower doth bear the sweetest of all names,  
A name all music as it greets the ear  
Of sympathetic cast, and thrills the heart  
Most sensitive to *Friendship strong and true*.  
'Tis not confined to any zone or clime,  
It flourisheth in every region well,  
In highland, lowland, prairie, vale and glen,  
If but the soil be warmed by sacred love,  
Be fertilized by pure esteem, if truth  
Doth prove its constant light, its atmosphere  
Affection, union and serenity.  
Sweet modesty amid its properties  
Doth give it worth and lend a potent charm,  
Yet never doth it shrink from public gaze;  
It groweth up in conscious innocence  
And purity, in native dignity  
It standeth firm, though rudely beat the storms  
Of life, and sternly frown the censuring crowd.  
This flower is *changeless Friendship* born of earth,  
But when its origin be traced to Heaven,  
When Christian love becomes its principle  
Of constant sustenance, its element  
Of life, 'tis rendered yet an hundred-fold  
More beautiful; its form, its every hue  
Then bear the impress of the *Happy Land*,  
And frowning skies and storms and tempests wild  
That threaten its destruction, only make  
Strike its roots still deeper in the soil  
That fosters it, and higher lift its head  
To catch the *sunlight* of Celestial skies  
Which farther prints the lovely smile of Heaven  
Within its petals, bright'ning all its bloom.

## Editor's Miscellany.

### EXTRACTS.

#### MY FIRST PARLOR.

BY M. A. DENISON,

"NEVER shall I forget with what sensations of delight I walked through the pretty little cottage, forty years ago, which I was soon to call my own."

The old homestead, where I had frolicked in gleesome childhood, with its venerable mantle of moss, and its antique form, was but a little distance away, and I could look from the chamber of the cottage into the tidy farmyard, and hear the plaintive looing of dear old Brindle, my pet cow. True, I could not see the sweet face of mother, nor the sterner countenance of father, at every hour of the day; yet it was but a bit across, and a few moments' walk would carry me there.

With all its home associations, there was nothing in it half so pretty as in my little world of a cottage.

The exterior, too, was very beautiful in my eyes; first, there was a neat little rail fence all around it, a long path, lined with rose bushes, leading to it, a sweet garden spot, and behind it a meadow, fresh and extensive.

The cottage itself was painted the purest white, and blinds the greenest green.

I knew nothing of its interior previous to the week in which we were married, and dear William, (not a whit the less dear now) intended to surprise me; so when I entered to inspect the whitewashed walls, and polished floors, lo! and behold, it was furnished throughout. A pretty little Yankee clock, all gilded, and shining in the bright sunlight, greeted my vision first. It stood just opposite the fireplace, and over a brightly varnished oaken table. Clean, new yellow chairs around the sides of the room, a little cupboard near the shining hearth, and a pair of tiny andirons, with their little black dog faces looking straight at us, made me laugh outright with pleasure.

And this, be it remembered, kind reader, was our best, our very best room; was it not a beauty, in my eye, and was there ever a happier, or prouder little maiden than this very self, as I thought this to be mine, my own home?

The kitchen, although furnished with less costly materials, was furnished the same, except that in one corner was an array of burnished pans, kettles, pails, and so forth. Under the shelves, a long line of new wooden tubs, and all things essential to a good house-keeper's comfort. They spoke loudly of scalding suds, heaps of unwashed linens, clothes-pins and lines, red fingers, blustering winds and freezing cold days, but I was not afraid of them, for I had been educated by parents industrious and economical, who never forgot that soul and body were united, and therefore were to be educated together.

But I have dwelt enough on minute particulars; suffice it to say, that the whole cottage was tasteful and neat without and within; a perfect little nest of comfort.

Well, we were married; time sped on, shook his trembling finger at us, but "touched us gently." Our hearts grew more united, my William was temperate and frugal, and we prospered.

By and by a letter came to us, from relatives whom we never expected to behold; the first we had ever received from them, stating that they were tired of a city residence; also, their wish that we would look out for a large and convenient cottage, as they should remove thither the next spring.

For the first time, my cottage, my best room, in fact everything, looked too small; and my furniture had a thin coating of meanness. I had often heard from my uncle who visited them when he went to the city, that they were wealthy, living superbly, and everything about them was on a grand scale.

The cottage was selected; a new and beautiful one, situated on a gentle declivity, surrounded by lovely orchards, at a little distance from a most romantic waterfall, and in the rear of rich grounds, which, with cultivation, might become a fragrant and delightful garden.

They came: or rather the lady with her children and furniture came first, and, in a week after her arrival, were settled in their new home. Never shall I forget the morning when I made ready to receive her first visit. Everything, however clean and shining it might be, required a second and thorough scrubbing or rubbing. Baby was taken up, its little frock smoothed, its clean, rosy face wiped over and over again. The little looking-glass in the clock, (by the way, we had no other,) was consulted at least a dozen times, to see if the then young lady, writing this little reminiscence, was dressed with sufficient taste. Husband's hair was smoothly combed and curled, and his hat drawn closely over his brows, with an injunction not to take it off for fear the wind would blow it away while he was at work; and it would never do for him to comb it before the lady, to be sure.

His nice wedding suit, too, was laid carefully upon the bed, that he might slip quietly up stairs, when he saw the visitor approaching, and everything was in readiness by two o'clock.

By and by, a carriage was seen winding slowly down the road, and



my heart beat with anticipation, I will not say fear, as I took a hasty survey of the apartment, smoothed baby's frock down once more, and saw husband skip by me, and leap up stairs two at a time.

As it neared the little path, which we had dignified with the name of "Wild Rose Path," and stopped, a lady, I supposed, for I hardly knew, stepped out, and walking leisurely along met me at the door. By her side ran a white headed little fellow, plucking my choice plants without hindrance or a denial from his mother.

I did my best to welcome her, and she entered with me, and passed through the room, (poor I thought) she was to be ushered into a better. I blushinglly offered her one of my yellow wooden chairs, upon which she sat with great condescension.

Declining to take off her bonnet and shawl, she began, in a very small tone indeed, to converse with me; praised my baby, said it was very fat and rosy; inquired about my parents and my husband, and then sat very stiff and silent. Not so with the boy; spying the cupboard, he pointed his puny hand to it, crying out, "ma, ma, that's just such a cupboard as you gave Meney, for her parlor, aint it? You know Meney, don't you," he continued, turning towards me; "she used to be mama's chambermaid, but she's married now." I was foolish enough to feel mortified, and I know I appeared so, but just then my William came down, looking so noble and handsome, that I felt confident immediately.

As I introduced him, I was pleased to see Mrs. Montmorency look at him with some astonishment. His clear, full eye never flinched at her gaze, and he returned her bow with the air of a prince; I'm sure I was proud of him then.

Very soon after, the lady with her ill-bred boy departed: perhaps as glad to leave as I was glad to say good bye.

William laughed heartily as I related the incident about the cupboard; but I could not so readily overlook it, and wished the poor unoffending boy, I forget now where, but believe it was somewhere in Guinea.

Let me hasten. The visit was returned, the magnificent parlors opened for us, the lady's three children, dressed in Parisian elegance, were paraded before us, with "he of the cupboard" at their head. They insisted upon our staying to tea, to show their munificence, I suppose, and we accordingly sat down to a table loaded with silver plate and overloaded with delicacies.

Let me here hint, that "parlor" was a word almost unknown in that time; many very wealthy farmers resided here, but they all had nothing more nor better than a "best room," plainly furnished and sparingly decorated. Pride had not even found a resting place for the sole of its foot.

I returned home rather discontented; the best room, I will not disguise it, looked thoroughly mean. The walls seemed desolate, the floor covered with poverty's carpet, that is, no carpet at all.

Baby was cross, (the poor little creature had taken cold,) I was out of humor, and everything seemed wrong. Instead of our cheer-

ful fireside chat, an oppressive silence weighed down our spirits for some time.

At last, before I was aware, I murmured "I wish we had one."

"What is it, Ellen, a parlor?" exclaimed William, divining my thoughts; "well, you shall have one; but you will find no more happiness in it than in our snug and comfortable little room."

"But can we afford it?" I asked, almost beside myself with pleasure.

"Yes," he replied, "I can afford to buy furniture for a parlor, but I am afraid you will then be discontented with the rest of our house."

"Oh no! no!" was my answer. "We can take the large room up stairs that has never been used; and then I should rather have down stairs just as it is, because it will look as if we studied comfort, you know."

My husband's keen glance and my own answer condemned me instantly; yet he seemed to feel a sort of pleasure in my enthusiasm, and finally informed me that he had spoken with a gentleman respecting some handsome furniture which he could buy very cheap, as it was second hand, though it had been in use not over a month.

"You must go to-morrow and see it yourself, and choose such articles as you want," he added. To this I joyfully assented, and full of pleasing anticipations, I retired to rest.

In the morning, with a beating heart, I prepared for my excursion. It would take us the greater part of the day to go and return.

"What will you do with Willie?" asked my husband.

"Carry him over to mother's, dear, of course," I replied; "he is asleep now, and I can take him nicely wrapped up without any trouble."

I started as I bent over the cradle.

"He looks feverish and breathes hard," said William; "are you not almost afraid to leave him so long?"

"He does not, indeed, seem very well," was my reply; "but then I can go to-morrow?"

"No! this afternoon the sale comes off."

For a moment I was undecided.

"You know he has been just this way often, William," I ventured to say, "and mother is a better nurse than I am; besides, he don't seem so very unwell, either. I think we had better go—it is only a little cold that he has taken."

"Just as you say," he replied; and accordingly we carried my little treasure and gave it in charge of my excellent mother. A singular feeling came over me as I laid it in her arms, and I lingered, almost hoping she would tell me not to leave it.

In a moment this was past, and I was on my way to G—. When we arrived there it was near noon. It took some time to select and determine which articles I wanted, and when we seated ourselves in the wagon, it was almost three o'clock. I had never before been so long away from my baby; and oh! how my heart yearned to clasp it again.

It seemed to me as I neared my father's house, that lightning speed would not have been swift enough for me, and when William reined in his horse, I sprang from the wagon without assistance, ran to the hall and was just opening it, when, to my astonishment, Doctor Gray, our family physician, came out, but not recognizing me, as it was quite dark, passed on.

For a moment I almost sank upon the door-steps. A faintness, deathlike, came over me, a fearful presentiment weighing down my spirits. Yet I dared not stay. William had secured his horse, and came after me, as I bounded in and wended my way up the dark stair-case to my mother's room. I dared not enter. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and my breath seemed almost gone as I listened. All was quiet except now and then a singular noise, and I thought a sob. William, too shared in my wretched forebodings. At last he whispered, "Some of the family is sick; we had better enter at once."

"No, no, not yet," I whispered. "William, can it be our baby? Can it be Willie?"

My husband passed his arm around my waist to support me, as a voice exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "Oh! if his mother was only here!" then opening the door almost carried me into the room.

What a fearful scene was there before me. My boy, my darling little Willie, was struggling in the agonies of death. White as a corpse, his dark eyes wild and restless, his bosom heaving while the hoarse, rattling breath escaped, oh! what a sight for a mother.

My parents stood on each side of the bed, my brothers and sisters were weeping all around me, for Willie was almost an idol in our family. As I stood for a second speechless, and nearly bewildered, my baby saw me; he must have recognized me, for he raised his white arm towards me, and almost ceased that terrible breathing.

I rushed towards him, and pushing the mourners aside, raised him in my arms, and clasped him tightly to my bosom. How can I forget that wild beating heart, that laid so close to mine in the death hour? "Mother," I exclaimed with tearless eye, "he cannot be dying, he must not die!—call in Doctor Gray; he must save him, I cannot part with the boy, now, oh Father in Heaven," I continued, as I saw the mist creeping over those beautiful eyes, and the livid blue around the dear little lips. "Why did I leave my child?" I laid him upon my lap, and parted the silken hair on his forehead. I clasped my hands, and wildly, aye, sinfully, prayed God to spare him; then I pressed my hands heavily upon my eyes and strove to forget that it was a reality. When I looked again, the little lips were wreathed with a lovely smile, the dark eyes upturned to my own; he breathed gently, yet quickly—the agony was passed. For one hour I sat with that beautiful head upon my arm, dreaming that he was only sweetly sleeping, as had been his wont in the hushed twilight.

Then, and not till then, did the whole weight of my woe fall upon my deadened spirit. I arose, laid him on the bed, to be robed for his burial, and sank down insensible beside him.



It was noon on the day following. I had not seen my boy since he died. Weak and exhausted from mental suffering, I crept from my chamber into the room below, to take one more look of all that remained of Willie.

I entered softly—my husband stood over the coffin, weeping as only a man may weep in bitterness. Not a reproachful look or word had he given me since that fatal hour. I stole beside him, and mingled my tears with his. He had just placed a little white bud within the little plump hand of our baby, and it laid as sweetly on its breast, as he laid upon his cold pillow. As we stood silent together, the heavy rumbling of cart wheels sounded in my ear. In another moment, Alice, my little niece, put her head softly within the door, and almost whispered, while her lip quivered with grief, "Aunt Ella, the furniture has come; where shall it be put?"

My anguish, who can tell at this fearful announcement? William's frame shook with emotion.

The coveted furniture was the cause of my sorrow; had I taken my babe when I first saw the symptoms of that cruel disease, the croup—had I not been so craving, my beautiful babe had been spared me; for so the doctor assured me, would have been in all probability the case.

"Oh William!" I exclaimed, "can you ever forgive me, can you ever love me again?"

I shall never forget his answer. Lifting my head from his shoulders, he replied, gently—

"Ellen, who else have I to love now but you?"

Well! it is all passed, yet it seems but yesterday I heard the heavy clods rattle on his coffin; yet regrets are useless now; he is a happy angel in Heaven. I did not keep the furniture, and, though t may seem foolish, I cannot endure the word "parlor."

The former I disposed of, for I could not bear the sight of that which caused me to neglect my babe; and when I see a young mother more anxious for show and company than the welfare of her child, I remember the dreadful occurrence that accompanied my efforts to furnish "my first parlor."

Soft shadows crept around the bower, and twilight was gathering them together, as Anna finished the little sketch which her grandmother had furnished her. Tears stood in her eyes as she arose and murmured, "I almost wish we were not to have a parlor." "Say, rather," exclaimed a manly voice, "that you will never allow vanity to take the place of affection in your heart, even for a moment." The young girl turned and beheld her lover, who had been standing near, unknown to her; "I have heard all you have been reading to your grandmother; but come, the night air is damp; let us go into the house, dear Anna; but before we depart, let us promise each other that we will always be careful, in thought, word and deed; then we may look back with delight, instead of regret, upon our FIRST PARLOR.—*Real Estate Register*.



## RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Is it to go to church to-day,  
To look devout and seem to pray,  
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down  
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face  
Denote the certain reign of grace?  
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin  
Oft vail hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk  
And of our own good deeds to talk,  
Yet often practice secret crime,  
And thus misspend our precious time?

Is it for sect or creed to fight,  
To call our zeal the rule of right,  
When what we wish is, at the best,  
To see our Church excel the rest.

Is it to wear the Christian's dress,  
And love to all mankind profess?  
And treat with scorn the humble poor,  
And bar against them every door?

O, no, religion means not this,  
Its fruit more sweet and fairer is —  
Its precept this: to others do  
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,  
And scorns with human woes to sport —  
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,  
But tells of good or keeps it still.

And does religion this impart?  
Then may its influence fill my heart!  
O! haste that blissful, joyful day,  
When all the earth may own its sway.

## ONLY A HUSBAND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Thank you!" What a musical ring was in the voice of Mrs. Archer; what a pleasant light shone in her eyes. She had dropped a glove which a gentleman had lifted from the floor, and placed in her hand.

Mr. Archer, the lady's husband, saw the little act of courtesy, and noticed its reward. He would have given almost anything for just such a musical "Thank you!"—for as bright a glance as she had thrown upon a stranger. Once, tone and glances like these had been his reward for any little attentions he might happen to offer; now, all the small courtesies of life were withdrawn, and no matter what the act or its quality, his wife received it with a cold indifference, singularly in contrast with her manner toward other men.

Was it a defect of love? Did Mrs. Archer really think more highly of other men, who showed her polite attentions, than she did of her husband? Sometimes a chafed feeling of impatience—sometimes of jealousy—and sometimes of mournful regret for sunnier days in the far away past, would trouble the husband sorely. But these were pressed aside, or suffered to die for lack of aliment, and the dull, cold routine of every day life permitted to have its usual course.

On the occasion referred to above, Mr. Archer and his wife were spending an evening at the house of a friend, where company had been invited. For days previously, the countenance of Mrs. Archer had worn its usual dead calm, its imperturbed placidity—its matter-of-course aspect. She had talked with her husband in a kind of dead-level tone and manner on all subjects that happened to come up, whether of first or third importance. Or, if interest happened to rise into anything approaching enthusiasm, it was accompanied by something of sharpness that left on the mind of Mr. Archer an uncomfortable feeling, as if he were blamed for something. And this had been the wife's aspect even after she had donned her company attire, and up to the moment when she made her appearance among the guests of the friend to whose house she brought, tied up as it were, in a closely compacted bundle, her smiles and courtesies for public dispensation.

As he had noticed on many previous occasions, so did Mr. Archer notice on this, the remarkable difference between his wife's home and company manners—between her treatment of her husband, and her treatment of other gentlemen who happened to enter into conversation with her, or offer any polite attention. The answer to *their* words always went forth from lips wreathed with smiles, and eyes sparkling with pleasure; to *his* words, from a cold, placid mouth, and with half-indifferent or averted glances. And yet, Mrs. Archer was a faithful wife in all her dutiful relations; and in her heart, a loving wife to her husband. If smiles did not play in sunny circles over her countenance, as in former

times, she made the household smile with order and comfort, arranged and secured by her ever busy hands. Her thoughts were no wandering truants to other and forbidden fields, but home-guests; nor were they busy for herself, but for the husband and children in whom her own life was bound up. It was not that love for her husband had grown dull — answering not as mirror answereth to face—that her countenance did not light up at his coming — that she did not meet his word and attentions with smiling glances. Had she not given him her heart when she gave him her hand—had she not promised to be a faithful wife? Was she not true in all of her relations? What more was required of her? It never entered into her thoughts that her husband was weak enough to desire a daily repetition of the love glances with which, in the season of young love's ardor, her eyes were ever beaming when they turned upon his countenance.

And yet it was even so. It was because he hoped to live all his after life in the warmth of those glances, that he had wooed and won her in the bright days of her young womanhood. And when he saw the light growing daily dimmer and dimmer, and felt its genial warmth diminishing, a shadow fell upon his spirit. Very kind, very attentive the husband remained, but his wife became aware of a certain coldness towards herself that was far from being as pleasant as the lover-like manner with which he had formerly treated her; and many times she sighed for the tones and glances she saw him give to other ladies, as he sighed for like tokens of interest from herself. Both were in error, and both in a certain sense to blame.

On the evening referred to, the contrast between the manner of his wife to himself and to other men, who showed her little attentions was felt with more than usual distinctness by Mr. Archer. He was not jealous, for he knew the truth of her character; nor offended, but hurt. Almost any price would he have paid for the bright return another received for a simple act, the double of which, on his part, would scarcely receive a passing notice.

Not long after this, Mr. Archer saw his wife drop her handkerchief. Stepping forward, from where he stood talking with a lady, he lifted it from the floor and placed it in her hand. His eyes were fixed upon her countenance, but she did not so much as return his look, nor make the slightest acknowledgment, merely receiving the handkerchief with a quiet indifference in striking contrast with the way in which she had taken the glove from another's hand. Mr. Archer was disappointed. The drooping flowers in his heart were pining for sunbeams, and he had hoped for a few bright rays. But they were not given.

A lady to whom Mrs. Archer had been introduced that evening, and who was a stranger to both herself and husband, sat by her side. They had been conversing with some animation and were interested in each other. This lady was struck by the marked difference with which Mrs. Archer received these two slight attentions from different gentlemen. She had observed the polite response when the glove was handed to its owner, and was pleased with the graceful manner of her new acquaintance. The cold, almost repulsive way in which

she accepted the handkerchief was, therefore noticed the more distinctly. She saw that the individual who presented it was disappointed—if not hurt. Her inference was natural.

"The gentleman is no favorite of yours," she remarked.

"What gentleman?" Mrs. Archer looked curious.

"He who lifted your handkerchief just now."

"Why do you think so?" There was a slightly amused expression in the corners of Mrs. Archer's mouth,

"You treated him very coldly — almost rudely, I thought — pardon me for saying so—quite differently from the way in which you treated the gentleman who picked up your glove a few minutes ago."

A smile spread over the countenance of Mrs. Archer.

"Oh, he's only my husband!" she made answer.

"The one who lifted the glove?"

"No—the one who gave me my handkerchief."

"*Only* your husband?"

The lady spoke in a tone that Mrs. Archer could not help feeling as a rebuke.

"He's my husband," she said, "and doesn't expect me to be particularly ceremonious. He picked up my handkerchief as a thing of course. The other was a mere acquaintance—half a stranger, in fact—and a mere formal acknowledgment of his polite attention could not have been omitted without rudeness."

"I'm afraid," remarked the lady guardedly, so as not to give offence, "that some of us are scarcely just to our husbands in this matter of exterior courtesy. I know that I have not been, and a lesson I once received will never be forgotten."

The eyes of Mrs. Archer turned, by a kind of instinct, towards her husband. He was standing beneath a brilliant gas lamp, the light of which was falling clearly on his face. His glance was upon the floor. There was a shadow on his countenance, which the strong light, instead of obliterating, made more distinctly visible — a look of disappointment that was almost sad.

A new thought flashed into the mind of Mrs. Archer, and touched her with a feeling of tender self-upbraiding. Was it possible that her husband had felt her manner as cold, or indifferent? Was it possible that he had noticed the blandness of her manner towards one who was but little less than a stranger; and contrasted it as the lady had done, with her seeming indifference to himself? Her eyes were still on his face, when he lifted his own from the floor, and turned them full upon her. They were dull and spiritless. A little while they lingered upon her, and then moved slowly away, as if seeking some object pleasanter to look upon. For some time Mrs. Archer continued gazing at her husband, but he did not look towards her again. She sighed and letting her eyes fall, remained lost in thought for some moments. Then turning to the lady who sat by her side, and who was observing her closely, she said, with a smile, half forced,

"You have set me to thinking."

"And in the right direction, I hope," was frankly responded.



"I think so."

Watching for a good opportunity when she knew her husband was near her, and could not help noticing the fact, she purposely disarranged a light scarf that was laid over her shoulders. Instantly he stepped forward, and drew it into place.

"Thank you, dear," she said quickly, a smile on her lip, and a pleasant light in her eye. They were not counterfeit but real; for Mrs. Archer truly loved her husband, and was pleased with any little attention at home or abroad. But he, being "only her husband," she had like far too many others, omitted the form of acknowledgment, because he must know that the feeling was in her heart.

What a change came instantly into her husband's face! What a look of pleased surprise, almost grateful in its expression! Verily, she had her reward! How tenderly he leaned towards her, and what a new meaning was in his tones, as he remarked on some topic of the hour. And did not her heart leap up at these signs of the affection that was in his heart, still warm and lover-like—still pleased with tokens of kindness, and ready to reward them twenty fold. Away back, rough many years, her thoughts went to the May time of their young love, when they lived in the light of each other's eyes, and thought no music as sweet as each other's voices.

The time seemed long to Mrs. Archer, that they were required by etiquette to remain; for she desired to be alone with her husband. Not much was said by either, as they walked homeward that night; but the hand of Mrs. Archer clung with a closer pressure than usual to the arm of her husband—and the arm held the hand with a returning pressure, firmly against a heart that beat with quicker pulsations.

Both time and place were soon propitious. They stood in their own chamber, looking, with a new expression in their eyes, into each other's faces.

"Dear husband! I love you, and I am proud of you! You are not like other men." Mrs. Archer drew an arm around his neck, and laid her lips upon his lips.

"God bless you for the words!" he answered, with a joyful thrill in his voice.

"You did not doubt my love?" she said, in half surprise.

"No—no. But words and tokens of love are always grateful. You are dear to me as my life. Let us keep the golden links that bind our hearts together, bright as in the beginning; burnishing them daily with small, sweet courtesies. Forgive me, if in aught, I have seemed cold or indifferent—there has been neither in my heart."

Ever after the golden links were kept bright, burnished daily, by the small, sweet courtesies of which the husband had spoken. — *Olive Branch.*

## BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY.



This is a new variety of this excellent fruit, originated and propagated by the highly intelligent and indefatigable gentleman, Dr. Brinckle, whose name it bears. Mr. Geo. Davenport, 14 Commercial street, who has it for sale,

fruited it the past season, and exhibited it at the Horticultural Rooms in this city. He showed branches on the 23d of August, on which were berries in full perfection as to ripeness, with others in all stages down to undeveloped blossoms. He states that he picked the first ripe fruit from the same stalks July 12th, that the plants stood the winter well, and have every appearance of hardiness.

The fruit is of good size and flavor, and as its name indicates, is of an orange color. It also promises to be a very prolific variety.

A gentleman on the Hudson river, a horticulturist, and a judge of these fruits, says:—

“In flavor and beauty it has no competitors, and is not surpassed by any variety in any good qualities. It equals Knevett’s giant in hardiness and vigor, and continues as long in bearing as River’s Monthly, Cushing and V. P. French, which is as long as the season continues warm enough to ripen the fruit. I have picked fine large berries on the 10th of October, with its leaves as green as at any time in the season, with the Antwerp and Fastalf by its side, brown and dry, killed by frost. This has been uniformly the case in different localities, during the five years that it has been in cultivation.”



### ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN.

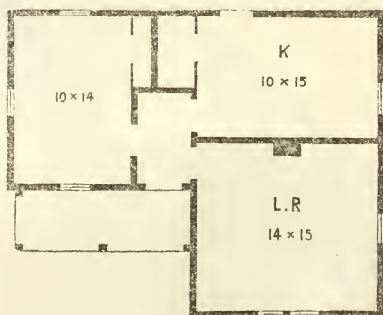
From the volume, entitled “Village and Farm Cottages,” we give our readers a good design of a small and economical but convenient and tasteful cottage. The plate exhibits its external appearance and expression; the plan of the ground floor shows a part of the internal conveniences; a large parlor in front, a kitchen in the rear of it, and from each a passage through the front entry into the dining-room. The rear rooms have large closets. If the building be framed a story and a half in height, there can be three pleasant sleeping rooms on the second floor. The whole expense of such a building need not exceed \$650.



## A SMALL COTTAGE.

"The cornice is unornamented, the front door plain, the window cases are strips of plank sustained by three-cornered blocks. An evident purpose pervades every part of the plan. At first it looked so plain, compared with neighboring houses, which were tricked out in gingerbread finery, that people laughed, and called it barn like. Not so now. Prairie roses, planted by the owner's own hand, already supply the want of pilasters and cornice. Honeysuckles will soon climb the slender columns of the verandah, and hang between them in fragrant festoons. Ere long, grape vines will display their purple clusters where the bean poles stand. The maize-patch, at present somewhat too near, will be replaced by grass and flowers, and then, perhaps, some who scorned the homely dwelling, will stop to gaze, and long to enter."

## GROUND FLOOR.



## INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

☞ A very "particular Friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as anybody in Philadelphia knows; but as a business correspondent from the South didn't know. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had directed his letter to "Amos Smith, Esq." Friend Amos replied punctually, and after despatching business matters, added the following paragraph:—

"I desire to inform you that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word Esquire at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return of mail came a reply, directed, in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to

"Amos Smith, without any Tail, Philadelphia."

NEW REMEDY.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:—A German who resides in Mill Creek township while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribing two bottles of cod liver oil, and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the



bill, that he need not come again. The German, who, by-the-bye, had not heard the Doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well," said he, addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well," responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"Oh, yaw, I have used more as four gallons of de dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog liver oil dat rou said I shall take. I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver oil have cure. It is a great medicine dat dog liver oil."

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away, and noticed in his memorandum book that consumption might be as readily cured with dog liver as cod liver oil.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—The following notes passed between two of our "belles:"

"Dear Anna,—Please send me the collar you wore at Mrs. P——'s last evening, as I wish to get one like it.

ELLEN B."

"Dear Ellen,—I make it a rule never to let any of my apparel go out of the house unless worn by myself.

ANNA G."

"P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may look at the collar as much as you please."

In a few days afterwards, Miss Anna had a want her own, and expressed it to Ellen as follows:

"Dear Ellen,—I have an engagement to take a ride on horseback this evening; will you lend me your saddle?

ANNA G."

"Dear Anna,—I make it a rule never to let my saddle go out of the house, unless used by myself.

ELLEN B."

"P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may ride it as much as you please in the house."

☞ A clergyman once travelling in a stage coach was asked by one of the pious passengers, if he thought that pious heathens would go to heaven, "Sir," answered the clergyman, "I am not appointed *judge of the world*. and consequently cannot tell; but if ever you get to heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

**WIT CONTEST BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.**—R. B. Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of Necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference, without motive of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who knew what was coming, and by no means relished such subjects even from Tom, or any one else, said—

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed," said Tom.

"Yes, indeed."

"What! total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference!"

"Well, then, my dear father, tell me what is it you can do with (mind) total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

The rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he never forgot it, nor had ever again troubled his father with any metaphysics.

**THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.**—The Mount of Olives near Jerusalem has been purchased by a Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion at Königsbergs, in Prussia. This lady intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood, at her sole expense. The first thing she has done is to plant the whole area with a grove of olive trees, and thus to restore it to the original state from which it derives its name. The olive tree thrives well in that locality, and though it takes many years before arriving at a state of maturity, and sixteen years before bearing any fruit at all, it requires but little or no tending, and lasts for several hundred years.

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### HOUSEWIFERY.

**BITTER CREAM.**—It is generally known that cream becomes bitter from standing too long on the milk. This is often the case, but it not unfrequently becomes so when only allowed to remain 24 hours. The best preventive is to place the milk on the stove in a pan, as soon as it is strained, and let it almost boil. This will not prevent the cream from rising. Milk thus partially scalded will keep much longer than otherwise. When the whole milk is to be used without skimming, it is preferable to scald it when first received from the milkman. The only exception to this plan is when the milk will not bear the heat without curdling—a circumstance not unfrequent, as those who buy milk can abundantly testify. — *N. Y. Times.*

**CURE FOR POISON.**—If a person should be stung by a bee or any other insect, rub some spirits of turpentine on the place, and the pain will cease in a minute. It is said that the pain arising from the bite of a copperheaded snake may be arrested in a few minutes by the continual application of this article; and from my own knowledge of the effects, in other cases, I have not the least doubt of it. The effect of the poison is to contract the blood vessels, and prevent a circulation; the natural consequence is pain and inflammation immediately. Spirits of turpentine, by their penetrating and expanding qualities soon overcome the difficulties. — *Farmer's Cabinet.*

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### BOOK NOTICES.

*English Nellie; or, Glimpses of Beggar Life,* by Mrs. E. L. Lothrop, published by the Massachusetts Sunday School Society. An 18mo of 340 pp. An excellent story, exceedingly well told—in fair type, and with pleasing illustrations. It ought to be in every Sabbath School Library.

*The American Sunday School and its Adjuncts; by James W. Alexander, D. D.* Published by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. A 12mo. of 342 pp., filled with its author's valuable suggestions, expressed in his neat, earnest and felicitous style. It should be in the hand of every superintendent and teacher.







J. Kelly 61 Fulton St. N.Y.

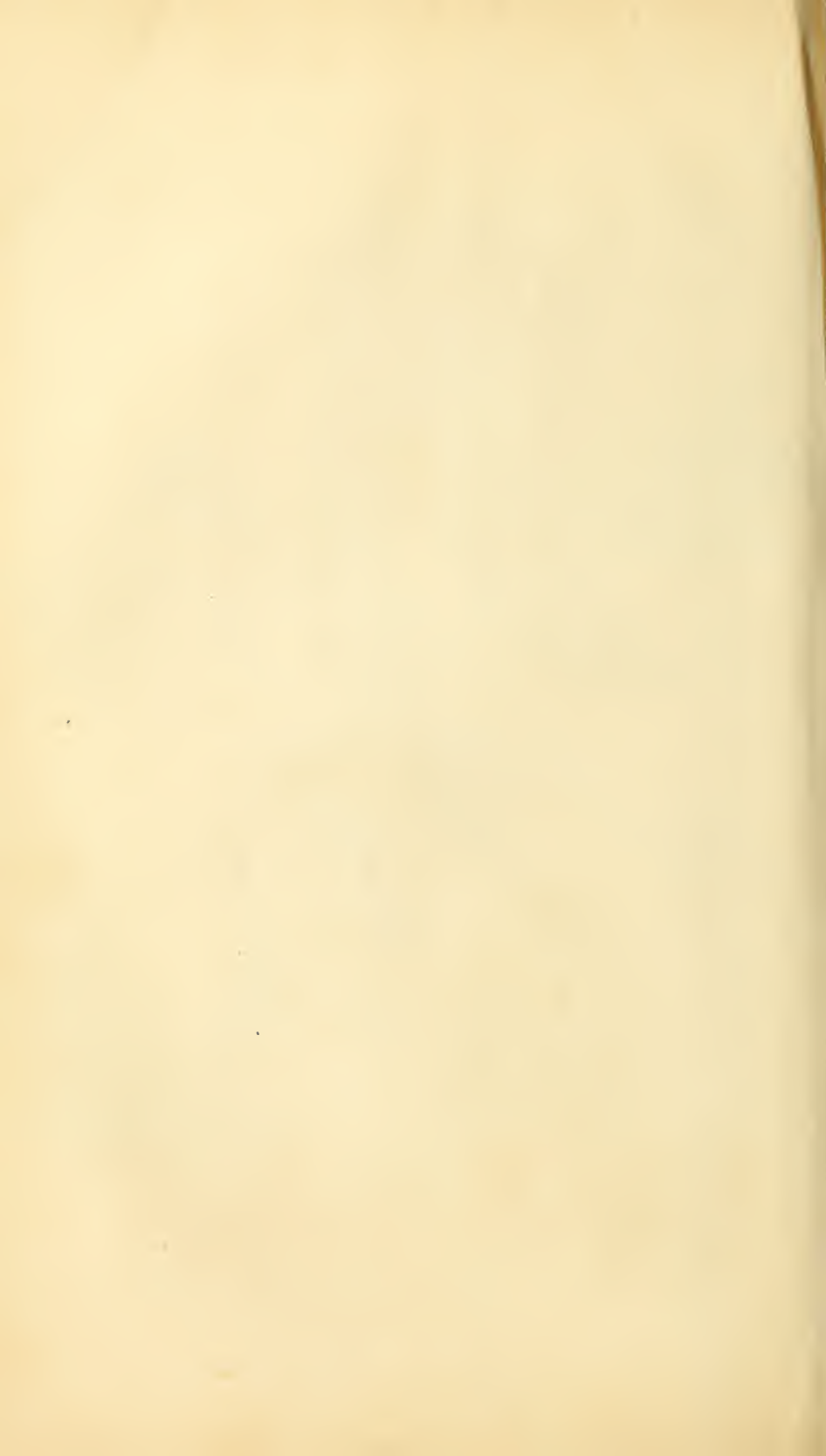
BENEDICTINE NUNKS AND THEIR PRIVATE FESTIVITIES

DURING CARNIVAL TIME.





THE FILLED POPPY.



# CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

1. In this hour of tri-bu - la - tion, Lord! I lift mine eyes to thee;  
 2. With the tempt-er thou hast wrest-led; In the my sor-rowing, drear and wild,  
 3. Since dear Sa-viour, thou canst sor-row With In my hours of deep dis-tress;  
 4. Sweet the sym-pa-thy thou giv-est In my hours of deep dis-tress;  
 Ritard.

Struggling with this sore temp - ta - tion, be!  
 Lone in conflicts sore he met thee, un - de - fled.  
 Granting me di - vin - est suc - cor, me roll;  
 When the storm-cloud o'er me gathers, Be thou near to aid and bless.

tempo.

# CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION, Concluded.

Fin Moto.

The musical score is written for piano and two voices. The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Fin Moto', and features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'Trust - ing thee, On - ly man All' and continue with 'in might help sor - rows a - way let me gra - cious ons I me name, tried, flog, hide'. The lyrics then continue with 'Let me now thy', 'Gainst thee all thy cross a -', 'To thy wound - - ed, In thy wound - - ed, thy prom - ise claim!'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support throughout the vocal lines.

Trust - ing thee, On - ly man All  
in might help sor - rows a - way let me  
gra - cious ons I me name, tried, flog, hide  
Let me now thy  
Gainst thee all thy cross a -  
To thy wound - - ed, In thy wound - - ed, thy  
prom - ise claim!  
lure - - ments plied, lone I cling  
bleed - - ing side,



## INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

## DRESS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

DRESS is an index of character. Often personal qualities are expressed as clearly through the apparel as they are by actual deeds. Dr. Johnson's slovenliness, as well as his roughness, were so plainly revealed through his dress that strangers frequently made it the subject of remark. He never enjoyed the reputation of neatness or refinement; and his apparel was the principal cause, at least among those who were not his familiar acquaintances.

It is not difficult at all to tell who are vain, extravagant and proud, by the clothes they wear. In passing through the streets of a populous city, in joining the public assembly and the social circle, as well as in the more private relations of life, we are accustomed to make dress a test of character. We infer that one is vain, another is proud, while a third is tasteful, and a fourth is meek. On this account, a writer, some years since, advocated the propriety of having a Christian dress for the professed followers of Christ. It should be such as would be consistent with the leading virtues of the Christian character, such as meekness, humility and self-denial. We may smile at such a suggestion, and yet the fact upon which the suggestion was based is recognized by all. Christians are contradicting some of the cardinal precepts of religion in the house of God every Sabbath, by their costly apparel and the accompanying decorations of jewels. Professing to be Christians, and therefore meek and lowly of heart, their garments and adornments prove them to be otherwise. Behold here but one opinion concerning them, for the very good reason that their garb contradicts their profession. The latter does not make so marked an impression as the former.

Not long since a Boston merchant was waited upon by a young man seeking a clerkship. The merchant was in want of a clerk, and had advertised for one. It was the advertise-

ment which brought the young man to the store. But the trader only looked at the applicant a moment, and then declined to employ him. A friend who was present inquired, after the young man retired, into the cause of such a hasty refusal. The merchant replied, "the dress of that young man shows that he is vain and extravagant. I have learned to be suspicious of young clerks who wear such fine clothes and so much jewelry." He probably judged correctly of the applicant's character.

In the light of such facts we can estimate the influence of dress in the family. If parents are vain, extravagant and proud, they will array themselves accordingly. By example they will thus teach their children vanity and prodigality. Children are keen observers, and will not fail to see that apparel is an important consideration with fathers and mothers — that they place much dependence upon it for making a certain kind of impression upon the world. The tendency of this observation is to cause children to attach more importance to what they wear than to what they say and do. Sons and daughters may be taught vanity in this way as effectually as they can by positive precepts. Those parents who are vain of their own clothes are usually quite as much so of the clothes of their children. Many a child is adorned at the present day at an expense which would have clothed a small family fifty years ago. The skill and ingenuity of seamstresses is taxed to the utmost to trim the little creatures like dolls that they may attract attention on the street and in the public assembly. The whole object of it is expressed in a common phrase, "*to look pretty*." The children understand it, too. There is so much said in their presence about dress and fashion, and so much said *to* them about this and that garment looking "*pretty*," that only one impression is left. Said a little girl to a gentleman visiting in the family, as she was arranged for church on Sabbath morning, "Mr. — don't you think I look pretty?" The poor little thing had been told over and over by her mother that "she looked pretty," and of course she believed it. Why should she not secure the opinion of the visitor? The mother reproved her for the "improper"

act; but the child would not have thought of putting the question if the mother had not educated her in the art of prettiness. The reproof was more cruel than the culture. Just reflect upon the inhumanity of disciplining a child in vanity and then reproving her for honestly expressing it!

Children are fond of dress. Display of any kind attracts their attention. Even the babe takes notice of gay colors. Feathers, jewels and every sort of a gewgaw awakens their admiration. How often have parents been mortified by the forwardness of children to exhibit their new clothes to visitors and neighbors? One of their first thoughts appears to be to show their new things to others. It is a development of the natural pride of the heart, which ought to be repressed rather than nurtured. All such efforts as the above at display tend to develop this native pride. They appeal directly to it with more or less force. Hence thousands of children grow up to think more of dress than goodness, and more of the opinion of men than of the favor of God. It is an every-day education, continued month after month, and year after year, and all the more potent for that. Though the influence of such appareling be small in a single day, it becomes great in a series of years. It causes pride and vanity to become a habit of life.

Here we may discover a cause for that fearful extravagance which prevails at the present day. It is truly alarming to contemplate the waste of money for personal adornment which characterizes some circles. Not long ago a secular periodical contained the following: "A fashionable dry goods dealer advertises a lace scarf, worth fifteen hundred dollars. Another has a bridal dress, for which he asks twelve hundred dollars. Bonnets at two hundred dollars are not unfrequently sold. Cashmeres from three hundred dollars and upwards are seen by dozens in a walk along Broadway. A hundred dollars is quite a common price for a silk gown. In a word, extravagance in dress has reached a height which would have frightened our prudent grandmothers and appalled their husbands. A fashionable lady spends annually on her mantua-maker and lace-dealer a sum that would have supported an entire household, even in her own rank in life, in the days of Martha



Washington. A thousand dollars a year is considered, we are told, quite a narrow income for such purposes among those pretending to be in society in some of our cities."

This state of things is the result of education. This class of persons were trained at the fireside to be extravagant. They were taught directly or indirectly, from their childhood, to worship dress. Had they received proper instruction concerning modesty, economy, and the true design of clothing, their practice would have been widely different. But such lessons were never taught them. Display was the order of all arrangements. How could they grow up to be otherwise than vain and prodigal? The same will be true of their own children. Parental example will exert its moulding influence upon them. A fondness for fine things will be drilled into them by the continual exhibition of splendid apparel, if it does not appear as the natural outgrowth of the heart. There need not be any positive counsels to encourage this love of finery; the daily routine of fashionable life is quite sufficient to effect this. "Actions speak louder than words." "Straws show which way the wind blows." Children know when parents make dress more important than morals, though not a word be uttered. The fact appears more clearly in what they do than in what they say. Will not children imitate?

The daughter of a fashionable woman lay upon her death-bed. She was twenty years of age, accomplished and beautiful. She had been caressed and flattered, and made the star of many gay assemblies. No wealth was spared to adorn her person. But now that death was nigh, and eternity about to burst upon her view, she wept over her folly. She requested that her splendid wardrobe might be brought to her; when her costly dresses were laid upon the bed, pointing her mother to them, she said, "Mother, these things have destroyed my soul; you have taught me to decorate my body for display to the neglect of salvation. I shall soon be where hope never comes, and that finery has been my ruin." Who can conceive of the anguish of that mother's heart? For the first time in her life the thought that attention to fashion had any moulding influence upon the mind was forced upon her. It was too



late, however, to undo the evil. The mere matter of apparel had done a work which the daughter would have given worlds to obliterate.

Dress has its place *as an influence* in the family; but it keeps that place only when its legitimate object is regarded. It has a primary three-fold object, which is to cover, warm, and protect the body. It has also a secondary design, which is to contribute to the personal appearance within certain limits, such as due regard to modesty, economy, and kindred virtues. When this is the view which parents take of dress in the family, and when they teach the same to their children, both by precept and example, the influence must be excellent. But all departures from it, in the way of extravagance and vanity, tend directly to nurture some of the most obnoxious and dangerous propensities of the heart. A mother may more easily destroy her daughter's love of mental and moral improvement by costly silks and ornaments than in almost any other way. The love of these trifles usually chides the love of books and religion from fashionable circles. We do not find much intelligence or piety among this class. The fact is a telling commentary upon the pernicious influence of undue attention to dress.

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## THE IMPATIENT FATHER.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

"WHERE'S Mary?" said Mr. Blake, hastily, as he came into the room where his wife was sitting.

"In her flower garden," she replied, looking anxiously at him.

"In her flower garden!" he repeated, petulantly; "I wish you would find something better for her to do; the house is the place for girls. Mary — Mary," said he, in a harsh, loud tone, as he threw open the back door, "this way in an instant. If your mother cannot find something more useful than that for you, I can."

Mary dropped her little implements and ran towards him. Her face had been happy and her heart joyous as the beauti-

ful May morning she was so earnestly devoting to the care of her pet plants and flowers. Now it was flushed and anxious, for she knew by the tone there were words in store for her which would raise bitter feelings in her own heart, feelings which she dreaded more than her father's harshness, for she had not yet learned to school her heart to bear with a quiet spirit his unreasonableness and impatience.

"Here idle girl, — throwing away the very best part of the day upon your nonsensical stuff! I tell you I will not have such work; your place is in the house helping your mother."

"But mother said she had nothing for me to do."

"Well, when your mother says she has nothing for you to do, come to me, and I'll employ you. You must learn to make yourself useful, and shall if I have the power to make you do something. Here, go now to Mr. Bailey's and get me a paper of early cucumber seeds and one of early beet seeds, and tell him to send me a pint of his best late peas. And go quick, too; don't you idle the time away picking things by the wayside. Now repeat your errand — what are you to get?"

Mary tremblingly endeavored to repeat it, but the poor frightened child failed to get it correct.

"Careless — inattentive, — where are your thoughts. Now mind;" and again he repeated the errand, and Mary twice over after him. Not abating the harshness of his tone he bade her go. "That child will never make anything," said he to his wife; "she doesn't earn her salt! and unless you keep her at work and out of that foolish garden she'll be good for nothing. Now I've got to wait an hour I suppose for those seeds!"

"But I thought you went night before last to Mr. Bailey's expressly to get them."

"Well, we got to talking politics and I — I forgot them."

"And you went out, too, last evening."

"Yes, but I didn't think of the seeds."

"Why did you not send this morning? Mary could have gone any time."

"I did not decide to plant them till a few moments ago;

and besides I do not know as I am called to give an account to any one why I do this, or why I do not do that."

"But you will be," said his wife, laying her hand gently upon his arm, "called to give an account to God."

"For forgetting my seeds?" said he, "a heavy charge!"

"For the manner in which you treat the child God has entrusted to your keeping. Will He call her to account for the innocent pleasure she takes in cultivating the flowers he makes? Because He has clothed the earth in beauty will He count it a sin in His creatures to love and care for it?"

"I'm in a hurry," said he; "can't stop now to hear woman's preaching," and he strode off towards the field.

Mrs. Blake wiped a tear from her eye. She was one among the many unfortunate, sensitive, intellectual women who have in some way become united to gross, obtuse natures, their superiors in nothing but physical strength and self-conceit.

But we will return to Mary. As she closed the garden gate she burst into tears. "Oh dear, how happy I was an hour ago," said she; "and here we have had nothing but storm and cold and wind all the spring, when I couldn't look into my garden, and I've thought of it every day and been hoping it would come fair and warm, and now the happiest morning of the whole spring is all spoiled. I don't like my father — I can't love him. I know he can't love me, or he never would try to spoil all my happiness. I wish Mr. Bailey was my father; he goes and hoes in Lucy's and Jane's garden, and takes pains to get them choice seeds and roots, and slips of the prettiest flowers, and they are always so good and so kind, and they love their father and are so happy! Oh dear — oh dear — I know that I'm very wicked but father makes me so."

She stopped a few minutes to wipe her tears, for the thought occurred to her it would not do to go into Mr. Bailey's with the tears falling over her cheek. She could not however prevent their coming. She stooped to bathe her eyes in a stream by the roadside, but the water would not wash away the remembrance of the wrong she had suffered; and when she entered the store, and in low tremulous tones told her errand, the kind heart of Mr. Bailey at once became interested to know what had happened to distress her.

At first she thought of framing a falsehood, for she knew it would not, in that instance, do to say precisely what the cause was; but the remembrance of her mother's earnest prayers and teachings, that she might be good and truthful, touched her heart, and, after a moment's hesitation, she replied, "I cannot tell you, Mr. Bailey, but it's most all of it my naughty feelings."

"I'm very sorry," said he, "if any thing has occurred to make you feel naughty, and you must try to think of something good and pleasant and perhaps you will feel happier. Wait a moment; Lucy, I believe, has some flower seeds and little rose bushes for you."

Mr. Bailey went out and soon returned with the smiling Lucy, who was holding her father's hand and chatting very rapidly about where she was going to plant this kind of a rose bush and that, and where the little Isabella, as she called the grape vine her father had given her, was to be put; but the smile faded from her lip and a tear started to her eye as she saw Mary's sad countenance and swollen eye-lids.

Some children have a natural delicacy and refinement about them. This Lucy possessed, and instead of exclaiming about the cause of Mary's grief, she seemed, after a moment, not to notice it at all, but, taking her hand, kindly said, "Come, Mary, dear, I want very much to show you my garden, and give you some of the beautiful rose bushes father got for me."

"Thank you," said Mary, "but my father is in a hurry for his garden seeds, and I must not wait though I want to very much."

"But I have the seeds all put in papers, and it will only require a minute to take the little bushes out of the water and wrap them up," said Lucy, coaxingly.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Bailey, smiling, "what would be still better. You see Mr. Blake is waiting and my little Lucy can take the bushes and seeds over this afternoon to Mary and help her plant them."

"Oh that will do," said Lucy, laughing, "if Mary would like it."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, but there was something unspoken like a doubt how it would do.



Mary ran home as quickly as she could, for she had spent so much time in the store she began anew to fear his displeasure, and to contrast him with the kind Mr. Bailey.

Her mother was sitting by the window as she came up.

"Is father there?" said she, hesitatingly.

"No, Mary, he is in the field; it is a good way off; if you like, though, you may carry them out to him."

"Oh, yes, mother, and perhaps he will let me work in the garden after dinner, when Lucy comes with my bushes and seeds."

"To whom does the bringing up of a daughter belong if not to her mother!" said Mrs. Blake, sadly, as she saw Mary's rapidly retreating form through the trees. "But for peace I must submit."

Mr. Blake saw Mary coming but did not move an inch to meet her, though at that time he was doing nothing but watching the progress of his men at work. She passed through a long field just plowed to reach him, and as she put the papers in his hand, breathless and heated, instead of thanking her, he said, "Now go back and tell your mother to find you some work."

"Father," said she, while she stood unconsciously playing with the strings of her sun-bonnet, Lucy Bailey's coming to bring me some bushes and seeds, and may I go out with her and plant them?"

"No; have you been begging bushes and seeds of Lucy Bailey?"

"No, father, I have not; she wanted I should take them home with me, but I told her you was waiting and her father said she might bring them."

"But why didn't you tell her you didn't want them?"

"Because I did very much."

"You are a stubborn, idle girl, and I will break up this notion you have of spending your time as you please."

"Oh, mother — mother," said she, as she came into the room where her mother was sitting and leaned her head upon her shoulder, "father says I musn't go into my garden to work to-day, and what will Lucy think? for she is coming to bring my bushes and seeds."

"Do not cry, my daughter," said Mrs. Blake, "we will make Lucy's call as pleasant as we can; the sun is very hot and you have been out so much I think it would be a great deal better time to-morrow morning, and then, if the weather is pleasant, and I can, I will help you. Now please bring the book uncle Henry gave you and read one of those pretty poems to me; there is nothing like good poetry and music to calm the mind."

Mary very gladly took the book, and read till near dinner time. When she saw her father coming in she was ready to meet him with a smile, for the child's trusting heart had for given and seemingly forgotten all.

"What, idle, Mary!" said he.

"I have been reading, sir."

"Reading—anything but work! What is the book?"

"Stories and poems."

"Flowers and rubbish,—all of a price."

And Mr. Blake stretched himself on the lounge, telling Mary to go to the kitchen and ask her mother to set her to work.

It was a very warm day, and Mr. Blake did not go out to the field again till the afternoon was half spent. Before that time Lucy came with her bushes and seeds, and no excuse was needed for not transferring them immediately to the ground.

"What a little lady," said Mr. Blake; "why, how I wish Mary was as active, self-possessed and lively. She goes moping about the house half the time crying, nobody knows what for. What makes you so happy, Lucy?"

"Oh I don't know unless it be because I love everybody and everything, and everybody and everything loves me."

"But how do you know everybody and everything loves you?"

"Oh because everybody and thing is kind and pleasant to me and tries to make me happy; nobody's cross and nobody scolds, but Poll the parrot; she scolds sometimes, but that only makes me laugh because, you know, she isn't worth minding. And then father and mother are always so good! Why mother's been all the morning helping Jane and I tie up our

rose-bushes and honeysuckles, and father's been hoeing the weeds out, and you don't know how pretty they've made it look. I hope they'll live to be old, and I shall live to be old, so I may do something for them, and I will get them all the good things and the pretty things I can; and I'll never forget to make them as happy as I can, for I shall always remember how happy they try to make me."

Mrs. Blake's eye met her husband's; its language was too distinct to be misunderstood. He rose quickly, and saying it was time he was in the field, instantly disappeared.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," and the heart of many a child bears more wisdom than the heart of many a man.

Mr. Blake could not forget the words of little Lucy, and the truth for the first time came to him that the feelings we manifest and cultivate will return; if we show harshness and repelling sternness, then these we must expect; if we show untiring love and devoted kindness, then untiring love and devoted kindness will be the reward we shall reap. Mr. Blake seemed to have wakened up from a dream, and that evening acceded wholly to his wife's wish that he would leave the training of little Mary to herself, and he determined to win her affections by showing her all convenient aid and kindness. Not that Mr. Blake thought of the real benefit to his child of such a course, for his mind had been trained to no such feelings, but his self love looked to the time when she might remember his dealings towards her and return a similar reward.

Mary was very happy when the next morning her mother told her she might spend half an hour every pleasant morning in her flower garden, and her astonishment and joy was almost boundless when her father came with his hoe, saying if she would do such hard work he would at least hoe out those tough grass roots.

"What has changed Mary so?" said her uncle Henry when he came two months afterwards.

"Has she improved?" inquired her mother.

"She is not better looking," said he, "except that she seems

vastly more active and happy — more intelligent and lady-like, too. Why she used to shrink out of sight, as if afraid of her shadow. Now I do not know a finer looking or appearing girl."

Mrs. Blake smiled and remarked that she now thought Mary in a fair way to be a useful and happy woman.

"I used to think she was not coming up right to make home happy, but she now seems to me one of its brightest ornaments," replied her uncle; "and I have a proposal to make to you. Let her come to N—— and attend the academy with my daughter Lottie; her board shall be no expense to you. I want to see her thoroughly educated; such a mind as her's will pay well for everything expended upon it."

Mrs. Blake thanked him warmly, and Mr. Blake coming in at that moment and hearing the proposal checked himself as he was about to raise objections, and said, "Just as her mother says; sorry to spare her; why she's just begun to do something and to be something. We shan't want her to go, and I suppose she'll hardly want to leave her pet flowers and kitten, will you, Moll?"

"Oh, I love kitty and the garden but I think I should love to go to school with Cousin Lottie better, and learn all about the world, and the flowers, and the rocks, and the stars; I should delight to go."

"I hope you'll learn something better than all that, child," said her father.

No one replied to the last remark, and it was soon settled that Mary should accompany her uncle back.

"How we miss her," said Mr. Blake, the day after she was gone. I should have been glad enough to have had him taken her two months ago, but she seems so different now, I don't know how to account for it. I'm afraid sometimes she won't live long. A very singular change."

Mrs. Blake smiled.

"Not at all unaccountable. Have you not wholly changed in your treatment of her? Have you not substituted kindness for harshness. There is nothing so potent as kindness to make one all we could wish them."



## FAMILY RELIGION.

BY REV. P. C. HEADLEY.

How much is included in the brief expression. In the light of Revelation and the example of our pious pilgrim fathers, the decline of household religion is painfully apparent.

We recollect instances of great contrast in illustration of the subject. We knew a family where, with holy example, was united the faithful observance of the peculiar duties of domestic piety. Morning and evening, the Bible was devoutly read, and many passages explained to the listening group around the altar; then followed the position of humble prayer and the voice of supplication. Oh! how unlike all other worship, in the absence of public display, and in the consecrated associations of home. With the same solemnity, when the family were gathered about the table, after a brief pause to collect the thoughts, Jehovah's blessing was craved upon his bounties. Counsels, timely and tender, fell often upon the ear of wayward childhood, and the mother kept frequently a day of fasting and prayer for the conversion of her children, till *the seven* rejoiced in the hope of a reunion above when human companionship is over.

That *was a happy home*; but death invaded it, as he will every earthly Eden of the affections. The mother died, and soon was followed by others from the household, who also fell asleep in Jesus. Many years after, a surviving son, himself a husband and father, sought the grave of that mother to remove to a more beautiful resting place her remains. In the light of vernal and setting sun, the flowering vines that covered the mound were torn away, and the yellow sand was lifted from the crumbling coffin. For *eighteen years* the form of the sainted mother had been hidden from the glare of day.

As one by one the bones were raised to the green turf, until the blessed head with its raven hair was removed, he said there was no influence in the universe, besides the Eternal Spirit, so mighty as that which lingered round those remains, upon his character and destiny. He seemed to kneel again at

the family altar, and feel the maternal hand upon his head. Voices of holy love came back, and he turned away to weep with grateful and delightful memories of the past.

Not far from the home we have described, was another, where, with some of the forms of religion and with mutual love, there was about the living and hallowed power of family religion. The sons were sceptical — the daughters gay. Untimely and hopeless death hung dismal clouds over *the wreck* of that domestic circle as it drifted down the current of time.

Poor, ruined Burns understood the commanding influence and beauty of household piety, when he wrote of the Saturday evening worship :

“ Compared with this how poor religion’s pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion’s every grace except the heart !  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain the sacerdotal stole;  
 But haply in some cottage far apart  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the heart,  
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol ! ”

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## EDUCATION.

A child is born. Now take the germ and make it  
 A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews  
 Of knowledge and the light of virtue wake it  
 In richest fragrance and in purest hues.  
 When passion’s gust and sorrow’s tempest shake it,  
 The shelter of affection ne’er refuse ;  
 For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
 From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
 All power to charm ; but if the lovely flower  
 Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
 O, who shall say that it hath lived in vain,  
 However fugitive its breathing hour ?  
 For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,  
 And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

## BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Not far from my own residence is a small brown house, pleasantly situated upon a hill which commands a fine view of the valley below, the rapid stream which waters it, and the village lying beyond its banks. There is nothing in the appearance of the house itself to interest strangers, and they would probably pass it by with the only remark that it was prettily located. But it is a pleasant picture to me, because of the moral beauty that has hallowed the place.

It is now more than half a century since it was inhabited by its first occupants, a family by the name of Gray. When Mr. Gray was married he was what was called in those days a moderate drinker. Like all other bad habits, if indulged, this grew upon him, till he neglected his little farm, and the opportunities for acquiring property which the early settlers of a place almost always have, passed away without his receiving any personal benefit.

Thus in middle life he found himself with a wife and seven children, and with no property save a few acres of land which his wife's father had secured to her and the children. He became discouraged, moody, rude to his wife and unkind to his own children. Poor Mrs. Gray had a hard, weary life while her children were young. It was difficult with the utmost industry and exertion to provide them even with the necessaries of life. But, like many other New England mothers, she struggled bravely on, forgetting self in her interest for her children's future.

His children inherited from her a good constitution, and this was in no danger of being impaired by dainty food or luxurious living. They had milk and coarse bread, plenty of fresh air, for cooking stoves were almost unknown in this region at that time, and their attic sleeping rooms were not made to exclude the fresh breezes that came unbidden, and fed the lungs of the little sleepers with plenty of pure oxygen. Books were rare and expensive in those days, and the two

hundred volumes comprising the minister's library were the wonder of the neighborhood. But like almost all the descendants of the Puritans, they had three or four books, the contents of which were as good for the mind as their substantial food and fresh air for the body,—the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Assembly's Catechism, and Watts' Divine Songs.

At that time there was a school only three months in a year, and that in winter. Daboll's Arithmetic, Murray's Grammar and Spelling Book comprised the course of studies. The "fancy work" of the girls was comprised in the marking of a sampler and making a shirt. With these advantages, or, perhaps I ought to say, with these scanty opportunities, the little Grays were forced to content themselves, and, indeed, knowing no better, they were happy, and, if the truth was told, were actually better fitted to fight the battle of life than most petted children of rich parents on whose education thousands are lavished.

Sarah Gray, the eldest child, and the companion and confident of her mother, was not more than twelve years old when she began to realize the poverty of the family and the consequences of her father's bad habits. Her little head was full of plans to relieve her mother, and add something to the comfort of the children.

One day her mother finished weaving a piece of woollen cloth which she designed to make into a suit of clothes for James.

"Oh dear!" said the wearied woman, as she folded it up and laid it in the best bedroom, "I don't know when I shall get time to make it up. I wish we could afford to hire Miss Steele, the tailoress, but we can't, so there's no use wishing," and she turned to her spinning-wheel with a sigh.

Sarah was holding the baby, (there was always a baby in the family,) and heard what her mother said. That evening, after the children were asleep, she took James' trowsers and jacket, and stealing up to her own little garret room, she worked and cut until she was sure that she had a correct pattern.

The next day when her mother sat down to nurse the baby



and rest herself a little, Sarah said, "Mother, I can make James' clothes if you'll let me try!"

"You, child!—why you'll surely spoil the cloth in cutting!"

"No, I won't—please let me try," and she showed her patterns.

Her mother was surprised, but doubtful yet.

"Please, mother, let me take some old cloth and cut out his suit, and see how it will fit James when I have basted it together."

This was readily agreed to, and poor James was soon duly arranged in jacket and trowsers made from an old sheet. Sarah cut and basted for awhile, putting on a little here, and taking off a little there, till the boy declared that "he'd rather, by a great sight, hoe potatoes than stand like an image so long." But it was quite an event to have new clothes, and he became very patient when Sarah promised brass buttons and two pockets.

Confident now of her power, Sarah armed herself with scissors and needle, thimble and thread, and going to her own room prepared to achieve quite a victory. For three days she sung and sewed, and planned and thought, only taking short recesses to play with the baby and get it to sleep. Then with her foot on the cradle she sung and sewed, and the baby had wonderful long naps those days.

At the end of that time, she asked James one bright summer morning to come into her room as soon as he was up. There was a little trembling of her hands and an anxious look in her eye as he proceeded to try on the new suit.

"I bet a silver sixpence they won't fit," said James carelessly.

The tears started to his sister's eyes. "Oh dear! what shall I do if they are spoiled!" she said within her heart. A moment more, and the boy was gazing at himself in a small looking glass.

"Holloa, Sarah!" he exclaimed, as he turned himself round and began marching up and down the room, "they're a perfect fit, a heap better than Parson Smiley's election suit he had made in Boston."

Sarah turned him round and round, pulled his arms up and then down, and a smile lighted up her face as she said, "Now we'll go down to mother!"

Mother was astonished. Miss Steele never made a better fitting suit, and Sarah was pronounced quite a genius. And she, poor child, had chosen her vocation. The neighbors soon learned her skill and asked her services, and by the time she was fifteen years old Sarah was a seamstress, working for twenty-five cents per day, and feeling quite proud to do this, because it added a little to the comfort of the family.

James worked on the land, but his thirst for knowledge was great, and he spent his winter evenings in reading books from the minister's library. He had already advanced beyond his teachers. Other boys in the village were sent away to school to fit for college, but poor James was prevented by poverty from doing the same, and could not even lay up for himself like the farmers' boys who staid at home. He must do the work which of right belonged to his father, but that father was becoming more and more degraded, and his wife looked to her eldest son not only for support but protection. Many a time did James lean sadly upon his hoe, discouraged at the sad prospect before him. Often did he water the furrow with tears as he followed the plough with the sad thoughts that he must thirst for, but never drink, at the fountain of knowledge.

About this time James and Sarah became interested in that great truth of the Bible, "*Ye must be born again*," and hoped they learned to say, "My heart is fixed, trusting in God." They united with the little church in the village, thus publicly obeying the Saviour's command to acknowledge him before men.

This change, though it made James more resigned under his trials, yet did not lessen his desire to become a scholar. He could see no way to gratify his wishes, and though he and his mother sometimes mingled their tears, they felt that they must yield to what seemed God's will concerning them.

When James was sixteen, there was a select school established in a village about five miles from their home.

"Oh how I do wish I could go with David Bates!" said

James, one winter evening, as he sat by the fire reading by its light.

Sarah had come home from her work, and was sitting with one of the younger children in her lap.

"I have been thinking about it," said she, "and I see no reason why you cannot go, if you can board at home and walk to school."

"Walk! — yes, I guess I can do that," said James, starting up, his whole face bright with dawning hope.

The mother looked from one to the other in surprise. James saw her look and his countenance fell.

"I know what you think, mother, I can't be spared — and then my clothes and books, how shall I get them?"

"I think we can manage, said the hopeful Sarah.

That night after the younger children were in bed, the three sat round the embers in consultation.

"You can go, James, I see the way all clear," said his sister. "Stay at home until the planting is over, and as the vacation is in haying, you will be here to work on the farm then. As for the rest we will hire what the little boys cannot do."

"Hire!" said the mother, "why, my child, how can we do that?"

"Why, mother, you forget that I earn money. I have already one hundred dollars laid aside for the purpose of educating James!"

"A hundred dollars!" exclaimed her brother, "and for me? Is that the reason you have been so prudent and dressed so plain? Oh, sister, what shall I ever do for you?"

"Study and do good with your knowledge," said Sarah. "And now to bed. Monday morning you will start for school, and here are five dollars for your first books. Tell me when you need more and I shall have it for you. As for your clothes, mother and I can manage very well as long as you are satisfied with me as tailoress."

There were three happy hearts in the little brown house that night, and, though the wind whistled through the unfinished attic, it only whispered of a pleasant future to the hopeful boy.

It was no toil to walk five miles that early spring morning with the certainty of school at the end. He passed a creditable examination, and came home at night with a smiling face and a joyful heart.

It was the beginning of years of hard, unremitting study, of privations such as few know save the sad hearts of those children whose homes are cursed with fathers from whom rum has stolen all natural affection. It was only an iron will, a brave heart, and a loving, working sister, that sustained the student. We will not unfold the record — we will not count the long days marked by the busy needle of his sister, earning her *twenty-five cents* a day, and yielding the hard earned pittance with a sister's generosity. There are more such sisters in New England than the pen has taken note of — sisters who have wrought by patient toil a pathway for more ambitious brothers.

Twenty years have passed away. The perseverance of the scholar has been rewarded. In one of our large cities, on the door-plate of a fine large mansion, is the name of *James Gray*. You enter the house and find yourself amid all the elegancies of a modern fashionable residence, selected with refinement and taste. The drawing-room is rich and tasteful, and the library filled with choice, well-selected books, while everything indicates wealth and comfort. The young and graceful wife adds a charm to all the rest.

James has become an author and his literary labors have been abundantly rewarded. He commands the best society, and his fine religious principles, literary taste and social habits make him a valued member of the circle in which he moves.

Patiently and quietly the sister has moved on her way, seeking no notoriety, but happy in another's success. She is one of many in our country.

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“ Her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.”



THE COTTAGE AND THE PALACE ; OR POVERTY  
VERSUS WEALTH.

*" Having food and raiment let us be therewith content."*

Mere worldlings think that want of wealth  
Is one of life's severest evils ;  
Hence thousands when deprived of health  
Are tried by what they call " blue devils."

What worldlings think, and Scripture says,  
About this much contested matter,  
Are opposite as nights to days ;  
But I shall advocate the latter.

I've been a pilgrim forty years,  
Have guaged the Cottage and the Palace,  
And, judging both, as each appears,  
And setting nothing down in malice.

I am persuaded that there dwells  
More happiness in Cottage borders,  
Than where the stately Palace swells  
For proud aristocratic orders.

The pious cottager, content,  
Enjoys his humble habitation,  
And, living as his Maker meant,  
Fears no sad change of situation.

If God be his, what can he need ?  
God is an excellent provider !  
And his is happiness indeed,  
Though his low dwelling be no wider.

But he who struts in lordly halls,  
A careless, reckless money-spender,  
Is often thinking when he falls  
Of that account which he must render.

Or, if in thoughtlessness he lives  
About eternal retribution,  
He fears, (and that fear anguish gives)  
There yet may come a revolution ;

When all his riches wings shall take,  
And fly as on an eagle's pinion,  
Compelling him some shift to make  
As substitute for lost dominion,

If God then with the lowly dwell,  
Give me the Cottage, not the Palace;  
For oh! what tongue can truly tell  
What dregs embitter pleasure's chalice?

Because gain-seeking gives them pleasure  
This maxim worldly men profess  
(Not knowing godliness is treasure,)   
That gain is surely godliness.

A nobler view have pious men;  
They think this life is wisest spent  
In serving God: and great the gain  
Of godliness, with calm content.

Of these two classes one resides  
In palace halls, a proud pretender  
To happiness, because he finds  
Himself on wealth, and pomp and splendor.

The other, simply clothed and fed,  
Dwells peaceful in his cottage lowly,  
Scarce having where to lay his head,  
Yet aiming to be pure and holy.

There God abides, and bliss comes down,  
There founts of joy are ever welling:  
For peace and pardon deign to crown  
The comforts of his humble dwelling.

And hence I deem that cottage walls,  
Where Faith and Love find sweet employment,  
Afford more joy than Palace halls,  
Where idleness seeks mere enjoyment.

For "*man wants little here below,*"  
Why should he, if he cannot use it,  
Still covet wealth for pomp and show,  
And cheat his precious soul and lose it?

## LESSON FROM THE HISTORY OF ELI.

BY REV. N. BEACH.

THE great lesson taught by the history of Eli is that neglect of parental duty tends to involve children and parents, and the State in serious calamity. For wise reasons God has been pleased to set the solitary in families. The family is his ordinance, and he has prescribed the wisest rules for its regulation. He enjoins upon the parent the duty of instructing and restraining his children. He holds parents responsible for the faithful discharge of both these duties to their children. The parent is bound not only to keep the words of God in his own heart, but also to *teach them diligently* to his children,—to talk of them when sitting in the house, and when walking by the way—when lying down and when rising up. The parent is held under obligation to improve every opportunity for imparting to the child sound religious instruction.

The moral and religious culture of the child is to be regarded and pursued as of paramount importance. He is to be trained up most carefully in the way he should go—in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And the parent is bound, not only to teach, but also to restrain and govern his household;—to restrain them, not by the exercise of naked authority merely, but in all the various methods in which it can be done. One powerful method of restraint is right instruction; another is the formation of habits of well regulated industry; another is to furnish the mind with wholesome exercise and nourishment in the shape of good books, tending to the formation of good habits, of reading and study. One of the most important methods of restraint is to render *home* pleasant and attractive.

A pious mother in New England had a large family of children committed to her care. She felt deeply her responsibility. Quite in her vicinity was a village noted for its wickedness, inhabited by children and others who were corruptors. A very prominent aim of this mother was to shield her children from the contaminating influence of the village;

and this she accomplished, not by the exercise of authority alone, but by laboring to render their home so pleasant and attractive that they would not be disposed to seek gratification elsewhere. And the plan, prayerfully and perseveringly executed, was successful. She has now the satisfaction of seeing all those children in the visible church of Christ, and three of them preachers of the gospel.

But parental authority must be maintained and wisely exercised. The example of Abraham in this respect is commended by God, and held up for the imitation of all parents. God knew him, that he would command his children and his household after him — that when kind and wise counsel, enforced by pious example, failed to secure the desired result, he would use authority. God has given the parent a claim to the obedience of the child, and holds him responsible for enforcing it. And if parental authority be given up, all effort in the way of counsel and instruction will usually be in vain. The child left to himself will bring his parents to shame and himself to ruin. The sons of Eli did so. They made themselves vile and he did not restrain them; and the consequence was they soon rushed to excesses of crime which involved the family in shame and ruin and brought disaster upon the nation. All the father's efforts in the way of expostulation, when once his authority was lost, were vain. He could as easily make the sun and moon stand still, or hush the storm, as check those reckless sons by *expostulation* merely. They would not hear him. He had failed to chasten them while there was hope, and now they were beyond his reach.

The same was true of the two sons of David, Absalom and Adonijah. They were left to themselves. Of the latter it is said, "His father had not displeased him at any time, saying why hast thou done so?" And the same unwise indulgence had been shown to Absalom. And they both brought their father to shame and themselves to an untimely end, and became troublers of Israel.

Every child needs control and restraint as much as he needs food and raiment. The little child, if unrestrained, will thrust his hand into the fire, or plunge down the fatal preci-



pice, or eat poison, or play with the rattlesnake. And during the period of childhood and youth, while the judgment is immature, and the knowledge and experience limited, the highest welfare of the child, both for this world and the world to come, require that he should be subject to the restraint of parental authority. Subjection of our own wills to the will of God is the great practical lesson of life — the indispensable condition of eternal life. And one great object of the *family*, under the rules ordained by God for its regulation, is to teach this lesson — to teach it at that period when it can be taught most easily and effectually. The neglect of God's plan for training the child to virtue and usefulness and eternal life, must be disastrous to his own interests, and to the interests of the family and society.

The restraining influence of the well-regulated family is the most powerful that can be brought to bear upon the child to keep him from the paths of the destroyer. And neglect of such restraint leaves the child the sport and the probable victim of temptation, greatly darkening the prospect that he will ever be led to the exercise of true submission to God.

And such neglect is fearfully common at the present time. It is one of the crying sins of the day in which we live.

The last Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Reform School, at Westboro', contains some facts of very significant import, showing the fearful extent of this neglect. Of the three hundred and forty-three commitments to that institution during the year 1854, one half — or one hundred and seventy-one — were for "stubbornness." And about one-half of the whole number sent there since the opening of the institution, have been committed on this same charge of "*stubbornness*." They were of that class who bid defiance to all parental authority. They made their first acquaintance with that "ancient sage, called discipline," within the grated windows of that Institution. And these, we are told, are the most difficult cases to reform. Having been accustomed to little or no restraint in childhood, they will not bear it; and little can be done for their permanent good till they can be taught to bow to the authority of others. And a large proportion of the other half committed to that school,

have come there as the result, in a great measure, of neglect on the part of parents. Parental fidelity would have held them back from the crimes for which they were sent there.

The present is sometimes styled "*the children's day*"—the day in which they leave rule, and have things all their own way. An able writer in one of our religious journals said, a few years since, "Among the various kinds of degeneracy which mark the present time, there is perhaps none more obvious in its character, or more melancholy in its prospective results, than *family insubordination*." He refers to the time when parents were, not only *in fact*, at the head of the family, but were generally *so regarded* by the children. "But now," he adds, "this arrangement is, by some strange process, in many cases reversed—the children ruling, and the parents rendering obedience. Government in the family has changed hands." After referring to the case of Eli, he adds, "If the history of the world, and the course of God's providence establishes *one principle* more firmly than *any other*, it is this, that whether we regard the social and moral interests of the individual or the community, there is no surer way of bringing ruin upon society in all its highest interests, than for parents to leave their children to follow, without restraint, their own wayward inclination." The sad effects of such neglect are already making themselves manifest. They are seen and felt in the school-room. *Order* is the *first* law of that place. Without it, no good can be accomplished there. But children who know no restraint at home, will not submit to it in the school-room. And their complaints of the wholesome discipline of the school, in many cases, meet the sympathy of weak and sinfully indulgent parents. The parent joins with the child to break down the order of the school. The child must be allowed to enter and leave the school at his own time—to have his own seat, to regulate the number and extent of his own lessons,—in short, to superintend and direct his own education, or there is rebellion,—and rebellion that finds sympathy and support at home. And no one cause is operating more disastrously than this upon our excellent system of common schools, hindering

the good results which it might accomplish. It is owing to this cause, perhaps, more than to any other, that so much money is every year wasted, and *worse than wasted*, upon our common schools.

The effects of parental neglect are seen in the widely prevalent insubordination to the wholesome restraints of law. Those who have never felt the restraint of parental authority, cannot well bear to be restrained by the law of the State. Accustomed during childhood to do as they pleased, they claim the privilege of doing so when childhood is past, and feel that they are oppressed if the privilege is not accorded to them. If they wish to get drunk, and act the drunkard's part in society, they *must* have, they *will* have the privilege of doing so ; and the law that prohibits them they trample in the dust. If they wish to reap the profits of the rum-traffic, they laugh to scorn the law that prohibits it and aims to restrain them. And they claim the privilege, too, of murdering a neighbor when passion impels to it, without forfeiting their own lives.

The influence of those who have been *allowed* during childhood to make themselves vile without restraint, is incalculably great, in sweeping away the barriers erected by human law against the floods of crime. This neglect of parental fidelity is bringing into society a large and dangerous class, who bear the character which Christ described to the unjust judge. They neither fear God nor regard man. They are not ashamed, neither can they blush. They are like the loose lading of a ship in a violent storm, which dashes from side to side, perilling the vessel and all it contains. Let this class become a majority, or even a large minority in any State, and the bands of law and order will be rent asunder like the green withes and the new ropes from the limbs of Sampson. Such a class are invested with a mighty power to destroy. They are reckless, passionate, blind. Should the power of this nation fall into such hands, the fabric of our government will be torn down, with the ruin of all who depend on its protection. Let all parents who would avoid this result, shun most carefully the fault of Eli.

## THE BRIDAL.

BY M. K. O.

Facing the man of God they stand,  
Clasping in his her gentle hand,  
The bridegroom and the youthful bride;  
Her eyelids droop as if to hide  
The glances of her mild blue eye,  
Telling of love that cannot die.  
A pure white wreath surrounds her stately head,  
And from her cheek the mantling bloom has fled.

A smile plays o'er that lovely face,  
Fresh from the soul's bright dwelling-place.  
His dark eye quails not; and his form,  
As if to shield her from each storm,  
Stands proudly up. He owns a gem,  
The brightest in earth's diadem;  
Tis woman's love,—her holy, trusting love;  
A precious treasure from the world above.

'Twill cheer him in his onward way,  
Illume his pathway day by day;  
And as their hope is not of earth,  
But high from heaven derives its birth,  
The shades of death can ne'er destroy,  
Nor gloomy grave can quench its joy;  
'Twill live and glow beyond the mournful tomb,  
Nor endless ages shall its power consume.

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The pure, open, prosperous love,  
That, pledged on earth, and seal'd above,  
Glows in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile, and home's caress;  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness.



## INDIGNATION.

BY REV. ALEXANDER J. SESSIONS.

I WAS once acquainted with a female teacher, decidedly an able and successful one, who taught her pupils that all manifestations of anger are wrong. What text-book in moral philosophy she used, I do not know. For several years now she has had children to govern in her own family, and I have a little curiosity to hear whether she still retains her old theory. Possibly, with this sort of change in her text-books, she has had a change in her philosophy. But could the teacher have been right? I may almost take it for granted that she could not have been. There is a foundation laid by the Creator for indignation — which is a lighter form of anger — in the constitution of our minds, as really as there is for the sentiment of pity, or, as there is in the human body, for an appetite for food. The susceptibility is as innocently ours as existence itself. We could not be rid of it if we would, just as

“ ’Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool.”

So do we feel, and so do ethical writers regard it. Says Whewell: “Anger comes into play against any one who assaults or threatens us, in man as in other animals.” “We help to inflict pain or even death upon a man, not because he has done us, especially, any harm, but because he has committed an act of which we strongly disapprove, and which excites a strong indignation against him.”

This susceptibility of our nature’s renders a service in God and economy which no other one can render. It can no more vacate its office to any other affection and sentiment than a judge can give up his to a governor, or a governor to a judge. It is an indispensable element in personal character, in government, civil and domestic as well, and in society. To be afraid of it, to ignore it, to crucify it, is a gratuity and an absurdity; to root it out, is impossible. It were altogether better to conclude, at once, that God has made us in the best manner, and to let His work stand as it is. “What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.”

The uses of indignation in family government are obvious. It nerves the mother for the correction of her child when otherwise her tenderness of feeling would shrink from it altogether. It is a sort of concealed armor with which Providence suddenly clothes her for the occasion. If weak in person, as before in resolution, she is now made strong. It wears, at the same moment, the all of righteous authority, and a rebuke of wrong-doing, impressing the offender with a salutary fear, and making an appeal to his conscience. In securing greater respect and honor from the child it opens the way for heartier and lasting love. It gives a healthy tone to his mind in regard to all the claims of the parent, or of elders and superiors, and as to law and government. And let not the parent, with a foolish fear of this means of good, beguile himself into thinking that anything which he could do for the child can be made a substitute ; whether it be patience and forbearance, or entreaties and caresses, or forgiveness, or tears in secret places, or prayers and fastings.

But the abuses of indignation are yet better known than its uses, and it is these that have thrown distrust over the sentiment itself. It is found, everywhere, in excess ; it kindles too quickly, and burns too fiercely ; it lasts too long and is visited upon the head of the innocent. It is divorced, at one time, from cool judgment, and, at another, from the conscience ; or it usurps the place of both of these. There is many a father who could claim pre-eminence for the virtue of indignation, that has no family or private prayers to offer for his children, if any moral lesson to give them ; and the mother, in the midst of her special trials and vexations, can lose that sweetness of temper which she brought to her husband as the best part of her dower, and which would have been the best of legacies to her offspring. Meanwhile, children suffer all the evils of this bold perversion of an instrumentality which Providence has placed in the hands of parents for sacred, serious ends.

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“ Mine be the heart that can itself defend,  
Hate to the foe, devotion to the friend.”

## MARY HARLEY.

BY S. S. ALLEN.

[Concluded from page 190.]

The next day, when Mary returned from school, she looked less unhappy and discouraged. She sat down quietly and patiently to her lessons, and did not call upon her mother for sympathy and commiseration. Once, only, she drew a few long sighs, as she found it difficult to conquer a hard passage. On the third day she came in with a buoyant step and a beaming eye, and her mother was a little surprised when she threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"What is the matter now, Mary?"

"O! mother, Miss Helen Duncan was in school to-day, and she looked so kind and spoke to me so sweetly. And I said my geography without making a single mistake; and Miss Helen says I was put into a class too low for me; I am to go into a higher one. And, mother, when they came to play I was sitting by myself quite unhappy, when Laura Blake, one of the large girls, came smiling up and said: "Don't sit there moping, little one, come and play!" I knew my face turned red, and the tears came in spite of all I could do to keep them away, and I could hardly speak; but I told her I would rather not play as I could not run as fast as they did. 'O try, try,' said she, 'you do not know what you can do till you try. You'll never grow into a big, strong girl like me, if you sit there forever.' Then I whispered to her, 'they will laugh at me if I fall or stumble.' 'Never mind it if they do,' said she, 'it won't kill you. We'll laugh at them; they do a thousand things every day more ridiculous than that would be. Come, try.' And I did try, mother, and you would be surprised to see how I could run. The play was *Drop the Handkerchief*, and I almost always hit before we got around the circle; and once I ran twice round before I was caught. Only think of it, mother! Laura Blake clapped her hands and was delighted. And, mother, you don't know what a difference it makes when a girl has a friend, and when she is able to do something. I

think I could have borne it if they did laugh at me. When school was out two of the girls offered to come home with me, and they walked quite to the gate, although it was out of their way. And they said they would come this way to-morrow morning, and we would go to school together. Were they not kind, mother?"

"Yes, Mary, I am glad to hear all this. Good friends are a great pleasure and a great help. You must remember this, and strive to befriend and help others."

"I, mother! Do you think my friendship could ever be of consequence to others?"

"Why not?"

Mary repeated to herself, "why not?" and she thought about it a long time.

After this Mary got on tolerably well. She studied diligently, and was seldom deficient in her lessons. Several of the girls became friendly with her, and she was admitted to their plays and joined in their excursions. Miss Helen Duncan, the younger of the sisters, who taught the school, was always gentle and encouraging, and the warm-hearted little girl repaid her kindness with the most enthusiastic attachment and admiration. Still she suffered in many ways, both from the sensitiveness of her disposition, and from her ignorance of many things which the other girls had learned. A mistake in recitation, or a titter at her expense, covered her with confusion; her heart beat, her cheeks burned, and she trembled so that she could hardly stand. She strove against this weakness, but she could not overcome it, while her small estimate of her own capacities and acquirements frequently caused her a feeling of depressing humiliation.

One day, late in the Autumn, she came home in a state of great agitation. A New Year celebration at the school had been determined on. Among other things the girls were to make presents to each other and to their teacher, and these were to be displayed in the evening upon an evergreen tree in the centre of Miss Duncan's parlor. These presents were to consist of useful or ornamental articles which the girls were to exercise their ingenuity in making with their own fingers.



They had, that very day, discussed the subject in knots and parties instead of play, and had given each other great expectations as to what they should do, both for their friends and their teachers. One girl could crochet mats and rigolettes. Another could make beautiful collars in imitation of Maltese work. A third was skilful in pin-cushions, and a fourth in bags. Every one had some talent or skill which she could turn to account in the great coming event.

"And what can you do, Mary Harley?" said a tall, ill-natured girl, Abby Crane, who, for some reason or other, always seemed to take pleasure in mortifying those who were younger and weaker than herself. "I dare say you can have a brown towel or check apron for Miss Duncan to make pies in on Saturday mornings."

Laura Blake started up, and was coming to take Mary's part against the rude girl, but Mary answered for herself. "I think I might manage something of the sort; perhaps Miss Duncan would let me darn a pair of stockings for her."

Abby Crane was remarkable for generally having a hole in the heel of her stocking. At this very time as she stood leaning over a chair, one could see a portion of bare skin just above her shoe. Several of the girls tittered, and Abby Crane looked quite mortified, as she threw herself into a chair, and began humming a tune. As they were leaving the room Laura Blake said: "you did right, Mary; she deserved it; I am glad to see you have so much spirit. But you are all in a tremble. I would not let such an ill-natured girl trouble me; she is not worth minding."

"I don't intend to," replied Mary, "that is, if I can help it. But, O! Laura, I am afraid she is right. I know I can't make anything pretty, and I should so like to give something handsome to Miss Helen."

"Try, Mary, you do not know what you can do till you try. Rummage your mother's drawers from top to bottom, and see what you can find. You know how to use your needle, and a needle, with a pair of ingenious fingers at the end of it, can do wonderful things. Set your wits to work, and try. Those old queens and princes that Miss Helen was reading to us

about, spent almost all their time with a needle in their hands, and what beautiful things they made."

"Yes, but they knew how to embroider, they had been taught."

"And who knows but you could embroider if you were to try. You have a wonderful eye for the arrangement of colors and shades. I have seen that in the little bouquets you bring to Miss Helen. And, yesterday, when we were all set to copy lines and curves on the blackboard I observed that yours were the most perfect."

Mary was herself conscious of a strong bias in this direction. She was excessively fond of pictures. She never tired with gazing at them, and trying to imitate them. She thought drawing and painting the most beautiful art in the world: and she had for some time felt a secret, inexpressible longing to acquire it. As she walked on alone after leaving Laura Blake, a thought, a sudden inspiration, flashed across her mind, and filled her fancy with tremulous hopes and fears.

As soon as she reached home she went to look behind a certain desk for a small, old portfolio, which had lain there, time out of mind, and was rejoiced to find it in pretty good order, that is, the corners were square and true, and the backs whole. Then she went to her mother, "Mother, you once told me, that one of these days you would give me that roll of pieces of dresses which belonged to my father's grandmother, who brought them out from England with her so long ago. Isn't it one of these days now, mother? May I not have the pieces now? And, mother, may I have all my leisure time for six weeks to do what I please? You know the time I told you about, mother. It is for that. I may not be able to make anything; I may spoil all the pretty silks; but I wish to try, mother."

Her mother told her that she might take the silks to do what she pleased with them, and that she would not blame her if they were spoiled. She did not ask to what use she intended to put them, but left her free to follow her own plans.

Mary took the precious roll to her own little chamber and opened it. There were pieces of rich silks of various colors, pink,

pale yellow, blue and purple. At length she came to a large piece of thick plain white silk, and this was what she wanted. It was quite smooth and clean, having been rolled around a cylinder of pasteboard, and carefully covered with tissue paper. Mrs. Harley was the neatest and most exact of women; and these excellent qualities she had imparted to Mary.

She then went to a store where they kept fancy articles, and purchased, in half yard lengths, floss silks of several colors and shades; green, purple, pink, yellow, blue and brown. She brought them home and laid them on the white silk. She had conceived the design of embroidering a cover for the old portfolio to give to her kind friend Miss Helen Duncan. There were the materials, and how beautifully they looked as the bright, rich, and delicate shades accidentally fell into artistic juxtaposition. But ah! how was she, ignorant of painting, of shading, of the necessary stitches even, to produce what had pictured itself in her imagination, violets, rosebuds and bluebells. "I can never do it, never!" and her heart sunk despondingly,—but I *can* try,—and I *will* try."

She took a simple green leaf from the bouquet which stood upon her table; and, after looking at it attentively, and measuring it with her eye, attempted to draw its outline on a piece of paper. The first attempt was not very successful; the second was better; and the third so good that she looked at it when finished with a kind of delighted surprise.

There was in the bundle of silks one tiny roll fastened with a rusty needle, which she had not yet unfolded. She now opened it, and found that it was a shred of embroidery, old and faded, but still retaining every stitch and shade. "How lucky!" exclaimed the delighted Mary; "just at the minute when I wanted it. It must be a bit of my great grandmother's embroidered apron." It seems there was in her family, as in that of Miss Hannah More, a tradition of an embroidered apron.

Mary examined this relic with all her eyes. She took a needle and raised two or three of the threads, to see how they were put in. She copied the leaf she had sketched upon a bit of

silk, and drawing a thread of floss from her braid, began working it, setting her stitches according to the sample before her. She graduated her shades from dark to light. She worked a small line down the middle and branching off on each side to imitate the veins of the leaf, and as she took extreme pains with it, it looked, when finished, very like a real leaf, or much so as embroidery generally does. Mary was greatly encouraged, but there was one evil, the silk was wrinkled and drawn, and this was a great blemish — if she could only keep it smooth. She went to her mother, showed her attempt, and told her all her hopes and fears.

“It is a bold undertaking,” said Mrs. Harley, “for such an ignorant little girl; yet your leaf looks encouragingly. Try something else, and if you find you can do a flower, I think I can help you about the silk.”

The next day Mary embroidered a violet from the old piece of silk. This did not satisfy her. She selected one of her own large, purple and yellow pansies, and took infinite pains to make one like it. And it was very like it. Then she went on imitating leaves and flowers till she had acquired so much facility that she ventured to enter upon her great undertaking.

On going to her chamber next day, she found her silk smoothly stretched upon a slender frame, fastened at the corners with wooden pegs. It was very light, but perfectly firm and tight, and over it was spread a clean, white napkin. Ah! my mother, my dear mother, she has done this for me; how nice!” She sat down by her window, and, with a hand trembling with apprehension, drew her first lines upon the clear, white surface. Then she arranged different shades of yellow and purple, and began to work a pansy. Her attention and effort were intense. In two hours it was finished. She held it up to take a look at it. There it was, the outlines clear and neat, the shades naturally blended, and the rich colors contrasting beautifully with each other.

“I can do it! I can do it!” murmured she. Why did the tears roll down her cheeks? They were tears of joy and pleasure. “If I can finish it without spoiling it, mother and Miss Helen will be so pleased. And it is so pleasant to be able to do it; I never shall be lonely any more.”



To be sure it was a trifle, the little pansy. It may seem surprising that a girl of thirteen without any instruction in drawing, should have been able to accomplish even so much as this in so short a time. But Mary had, without knowing it, a peculiar gift from nature.

It is a fortunate thing that any one, with ordinary care and attention, can pursue the useful avocations of life, those which are necessary for our subsistence and comfort. But when it comes to those higher, ornamental arts which depend partly upon taste; imagination, and very nice perceptions, the case is different. There are multitudes of people who, with all their efforts, could never attain even a tolerable degree of skill in music or painting; and for such, it is the greatest folly to waste time and money in endeavoring to acquire accomplishments which seem to depend upon a peculiar organization. Mary had this. A quick perception and intense love of the beautiful, in color and form, a certain mathematical precision united to a clear eye and a steady hand, rendered easy for her that which would have been difficult for others and impossible to some. Then, she had such an intense motive for effort. Her warm, grateful, affectionate nature would feel such pleasure in gratifying her mother, and pleasing her kind teacher.

Mary always helped her mother with a certain portion of the household work, and she had also lessons to learn; but she was so anxious to get to her darling embroidery, that these duties were performed, and well, too, in half the time they had formerly occupied. Her work went on apace. Pansies, rosebuds, blue-bells gradually grew into a wreath encircling a space where a name was to be written. To be sure, she was full of apprehensions. She might get the silk spotted or stained; she might make some great mistake which would spoil the effect; or, if she could finish the embroidery passably well, she might not succeed in attaching it to the cover. Yet her spirit grew light, and her eye bright. All her time was spent in this useful or interesting occupation. She felt her powers developing. She began to gain a little confidence in herself. She whispered to herself, "if I never make friends as the other girls do, I can be happy in my occupations."

In a fortnight, the wreath was finished. She cut it from the frame. Some of the threads fell loose and seemed to detach themselves from the silk. What should she do? Was her labor all lost? She ran into the garret where was a pile of old, worm-eaten books which she had often amused herself with looking over. She found one entitled, "The Fine-Needle-Woman's Assistant," and turning over a few pages, she came to the following receipt which she remembered having seen there before:—

"Recipe for Stiffening Embroidery, without injury to the Silk.— Dissolve a bit of Gum Tragacanth as large as a bean, in a two-ounce phial full of warm water. It will take three days to dissolve. Take a camel's hair brush, and with it moisten the embroidery on the back side. Press it on the wrong side with a warm iron till dry."

Mary ran to the Apothecary's for a piece of Gum Tragacanth, and having deposited it in a phial of water, she flew back to her chamber, and succeeded in fixing her other piece of silk into the frame before she was called to tea. This side was to be worked all over with detached sprigs of alternate pansies and rose-buds, which she did not find nearly so difficult as the first, while the effect was, perhaps, better. *Practice makes perfect*, they say, and it really seemed as if each new flower was prettier than the last. Mary, for reasons of her own, did not show her work to her mother, and her mother did not enquire. She was glad to see her exert herself. Strength comes from independent self-exertion. Those who are always helped about the difficult parts, never learn to do any thing well.

But though Mary was encouraged to proceed with her work, and though her teacher seemed satisfied with her lessons, she did not get on so well with her young companions. She could not at once overcome the habits of reserve which had grown out of her secluded life, her mother's example, and her own sensitive disposition. Laura Blake was absent on a visit to some relations. Abby Crane had felt an increasing dislike to Mary ever since the day when the girls had laughed at the hole in her stocking. She was not without the influence among

the other girls which the bold and ill-natured, unfortunately, very often possess, and she exerted it all against poor Mary. Those who had at first taken her part, gradually grew cold towards her; and as she was of a nature which could never coax or flatter others for her own purposes, she was left to herself, and was lonely in the midst of the crowd.

One little girl, the youngest in school, the daughter of a poor neighbor, whom Miss Duncan had received out of charity, and whom, therefore, some of the others looked down upon, loved her and clung to her. Mary, in return, conceived a warm attachment for little Sally Mason, and often helped her home to her mother's door, for the child, though bright and forward in mind, was weak and delicate in body, and could sometimes scarcely walk.

"Mary," said little Sally, one day, "you are so good to me, I wish I could do something for you."

"You can," said Mary.

"What can I do for you? such a poor, weak little thing as I am."

"Love me."

"O! I do, I do. But I want all the girls to like you; and I want to put down that big Abby Crane who is always saying ill-natured things of you. She says she don't think you will get a single present on the tree, and she expects to have a heap, for she is making a great many things, and she tells the girls they are so handsome. I saw some of her things accidentally one day, and they are not pretty at all; great pin-cushions covered with red merino, dancing Jacks, and boxes with what she calls flower-paintings on the cover; they look about as much like flowers as they do like beets, and potatoes, and onions."

"Who is ill-natured now, Sally?"

"I know it is wrong to feel so," said little Sally, but I can't help it."

"You *should* help it my dear, we must not hate others, even if they are unjust to us. It is pleasant to have friends, ah! how pleasant! Mother says we must always strive to do what is right, and friends will come by and by. *If we want friends*

*we must show ourselves friendly*, the proverb says. We must be frank and kind, if we wish others to be frank and kind to us."

"But, Mary, you don't act up to your own principles," persisted little Sally. I know you are kind, but you are not frank. You are as shy as a bird. If a girl but looks cold at you, you avoid her."

"Yes; but I do not speak against her," said Mary, "I try not to injure her."

"It is very hard not to speak against others when they use you ill, and the girls do use you ill; they ought to like you and love you, instead of being so cold and distant."

Mary turned to go home. She had kept up a brave face while talking with Sally, but now, every thing looked cheerless and sad. The young, susceptible heart does so long for sympathy, for love, for free, intimate communion with other hearts. She found a solace however, in her work which grew so rapidly, that at the end of another fortnight the second side was finished. She had shaken her bottle every day, and had seen the little white stone first grow somewhat transparent, then surround itself with a thin, white cloud, till, finally, it mingled kindly with the water, making it look like a light, clear starch. She spread a thick, clean cloth upon her table, procured an iron not very hot, and having carefully wetted her work on the wrong side with the dissolved gum, she pressed and smoothed it gently, until it was quite dry. She found that this produced a wonderful improvement. The threads adhered to the silk and to each other, looking smooth and uniform, without in the least losing their brilliancy or their color. Mary had heard and read of embroidery, but, apart from the faded bit found among her silks, and some very rude and unsuccessful attempts among her school-fellows, she had never seen any. She did not know how to judge of her own work, but she was resolved to persevere, and finish what she had undertaken.

She selected a piece of dark, green satin for the lining of her port-folio; but how to attach the silks neatly to the cover, was the great difficulty, so great, indeed, that it seemed insur-



mountable. At length, she recollected that Sally Mason's father was a book-binder, and she determined to apply to him in her difficulty. He very good-naturedly assisted her. He pasted a fine white paper all over the cover, then attached the silk to it in such a way that it was perfectly smooth, and nothing remained but to finish it around the edge. This she did so neatly, that the stitches could not be distinguished, and resembled a fine, silken cord. Mr. Mason had already inserted the ends of the green ribbon strings, so that her work was now complete without an accident or a stain. She next embroidered a piece of yellow satin, of which she made a pin-cushion for Laura Blake ; and, finally, she worked a blue silk bag for little Sally Mason. This was all she wished to do.

The parents of the girls had been invited to the celebration, and Mrs. Harley determined to break through her long habits of seclusion, and appear on this festive occasion with her neighbors. It cost her an effort, but Mary was so anxious she should go, and Miss Helen had invited and pressed her so warmly to come, that she could no longer refuse.

Mary, though she generally confided every thing to her mother, had not shown or mentioned her work since it was begun. She felt a secret pleasure in the idea of surprising her with it, on the evening of the fete. Mrs. Harley had her own misgivings, but she said nothing.

The day at length arrived. The presents were all sent in, and confided to the charge of a select Committee of Arrangements, whose business it was to prepare and manage every thing for the evening. At seven o'clock the company assembled. They were shown into a side room to wait till every thing should be ready for their reception in the large parlor. The ladies gathered in groups and discussed the weather and the news. The girls were whispering in little knots, all full of eager expectation. Mary Harley sat by her mother, and nobody seemed much to notice them except Abby Crane and her coterie, who, from time to time, cast contemptuous glances in that direction ; and little Sally Mason who seated herself on a foot-bench on Mary's side, and resisted all the nods and winks of her companions to change her place.

Presently, a request came that all the visitors should walk into the parlor. Soon after, slow music was heard. Two of the Committee appeared, and marshalling the girls in order, they entered two and two to the time of a beautiful march which was played upon the piano. Mary Harley and Sally Mason were the last. The room was in a blaze of lights. Evergreens, mingled with bright red berries, were wreathed around the walls and pictures. In the centre stood a hemlock tree, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with a mossy bank around its base, which, together with the branches, was filled with a glittering show of fancy articles of all shapes and colors. The girls were arranged in a circle at a distance from the tree, while the two assistant teachers stood near it with wands to detach the articles from the tree, and present them to those for whom they were destined.

At a signal from Miss Duncan, the distribution began. Hearts, both of mothers and daughters, beat high with expectation. Every mother loves to see her daughter gratified, distinguished. Mrs. Harley sat silent, looking rather sad. Mary had retired a little behind her companions; she expected nothing, and did not wish to be observed. Hoods, scarfs, tippets, collars, bags, pin-cushions, needle-books, card-cases, in every variety, were given to the happy recipients, who came forward as their names were called, to receive them. The tree was almost stripped, and Abby Crane had just whispered triumphantly to her companion, "I told you that Mary Harley would not get anything," when the teacher called, "Miss Mary Harley!" and a beautiful silk net for the hair, with Laura Blake's name attached to it, was given to her. She was turning away, when, "Miss Mary Harley!" was again pronounced. She turned and received a pretty book-mark, worked by her little friend, Sally Mason. And still another with her name, a heavy package done up in silk paper and tied with a blue ribbon; on which was written, "For Miss Mary Harley, from her friend and teacher, H. Duncan." She opened it and found a copy of Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, beautifully illustrated. Her heart beat with joy.

The presents for the teachers had all been arranged upon

the bank of moss at the foot of the tree. They looked very handsome, and many curious glances had been thrown in that direction, but nothing seemed to attract so much attention as a portfolio embroidered in flowers. "Where did it come from? — "who could have done it?" — "who could have sent it?" was whispered from one to the other. Abby Crane said that Laura Blake must have bought it in Boston, and she thought it was a shame that any one should "cut them all out" in that way, when it was understood that their presents were to be of their own work. Others said it must have come from some one of Miss Duncan's old pupils, several of whom had finished their education and learned accomplishments in New York. "We can embroider," they said, "but not in that style. One must understand painting to be able to embroider like *that*."

When the teachers had all received their gifts, there was a general rush to examine the portfolio. "How lovely!" — "How beautiful!" "Mary Harley! where in the world did she get it?"

"We will ask her," said Miss Duncan.

Mary modestly replied that she made it herself, except that a friend stretched the silk upon the cover.

"I knew you did, my dear," said Miss Duncan. "You can do anything that you try to do."

How happy was Mary. How pleased and gratified were Laura Blake and Sally Mason. How crest-fallen was tall Abby Crane. How truly did the mother's heart rejoice, not only at this proof of a remarkable talent in her daughter, but at the commendation and encouragement she received. Alas! those who are built up and surrounded with friends know not how much of their strength comes from the support of others; how the strongest heart feels its weakness when unfriended and solitary. It is natural to rely upon human sympathy and appreciation. To know that there are some who love us and think highly of us, even though we are separated by time and distance, helps our self-reliance, and gives us nerve and power to resist evil, and to bear ourselves with cheerfulness and equanimity.

There was an immediate and perceptible change of manner among Mary's young companions which could not but be agreeable to her, and which made her feel more at her ease among them than she had ever done before. What gratified her most, however, was the pleasant and animated expression on her mother's countenance. Her coldness and reserve seemed to melt away; and as one after another sought an opportunity of conversing with her, her conversational powers unfolded themselves, and more than one said to another, "What a very sensible and agreeable woman Mrs. Harley is."

Mrs. Harley was a high-minded woman. She cared little for what is generally termed popularity, but it was an exquisite pleasure to find herself understood and appreciated by truly good and generous minds; and when the clergyman and his wife, together with the Miss Duncans and two or three others, warmly pressed her hand at parting, and cordially urged her to join a little more in social life, she wondered at her own long distrust and seclusion.

From this evening a change came over Mrs. Harley's household. The poor and unfortunate were not neglected, but more time was given to rational, social enjoyment. A circle of acquaintances and friends formed themselves around her. Cheerful voices echoed through the house. Mary, approved and beloved by her teachers, and placed on an equality with her companions, was as gay and happy as a bird. The flowers unfolded in the warm sunshine of approbation, and she became one of the brightest girls in Miss Duncan's school. She gained faith in others and lost that uneasy distrust in herself, which circumstances, rather than natural character, had induced. She had quite a sufficient degree of firmness and self-reliance.

The Misses Duncan had a brother residing in Boston who was an artist. At the suggestion of his sister Helen, he offered to teach Mary flower and landscape drawing, during his summer vacations. Mary was delighted, and made such progress that when she was eighteen years old she was considered competent to take the place of drawing teacher in Miss Duncan's school. She brought her pupils on rapidly and gave great satisfaction, but she was allowed to retain her situation only two years. The



brother from Boston had discovered so many excellent domestic qualities in his pupil, and had found her society so necessary to his happiness, that at twenty, he persuaded her to change her name and situation, and reside with him in Boston.

She found herself in a comfortable house, with a pretty room in it, built and fitted up expressly for her mother. A circle of gifted friends of her husband prepared to welcome her on his account, who soon learned to love her on her own. When I last saw her, she was a bright, active, happy young wife, remarkable in many ways, and in none more, than in the resolution and perseverance with which she accomplished everything she undertook. She did not devote herself to art, but she continued to practice it as an accomplishment, a delightful way of occupying her leisure, and she was thus enabled to gratify her friends, and assist to cheer and beautify their homes, by the works of her pencil. More than one poor girl, too, has she taught, and encouraged and assisted to gain a support in a mode less irksome and wearing than the toilsome, ill-paid labors of the needle or the mill.

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## LIFE AND LIGHT IN THE BIBLE.

BY DE WETTE.

World Redeemer! Lord of glory!  
As of old to zealous Paul,  
Thou didst come in sudden splendor,  
And from out the clouds didst call;  
As to Mary in the garden  
Did thy risen form appear,  
Come, arrayed in heavenly beauty,  
Come and speak, and I will hear.  
“Hast thou not,” the Master answered,  
“Hast thou not my written Word?  
Hast thou not to go before thee  
The example of thy Lord?”  
Blessed One, thy word of wisdom  
Is too high for me to know,  
And my feet are all too feeble  
For the path where thou didst go.

Doubts torment me when I study :  
All my reading and my thinking  
Lead away from firm conviction,  
And in mire my feet are sinking,  
Then I turn to works of duty,—  
Here thy law is very plain,—  
But I look at thy example,  
Strive to follow—strive in vain.

Let me gaze, then, on thy glory—  
Change to flesh this heart of stone,  
Let the light illumine my darkness,  
That around the Apostle shone.  
Cold belief is not conviction,  
Rules are impotent to move;  
Let me *see* thy heavenly beauty,  
Let me learn to trust and love.

In my heart the voice made answer :  
“ Ask thou not a sign from heaven ;  
In the Gospel of thy Saviour  
*Life* as well as *light* is given.  
Ever looking unto Jesus  
All his glory thou shalt see ;  
From thy heart the veil be taken,  
And the word made clear to thee.

“ *Love* the Lord, and thou shalt see him ;  
*Do* his will and thou shalt know  
How the Spirit lights the letter ;  
How a little child may go  
Where the wise and prudent stumble ;  
How a heavenly glory shines  
In his acts of love and mercy,  
From the Gospel's simplest lines.”

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#### YOUTHFUL PIETY.

“Uncursed by doubt our earliest creed we take ;  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;  
The simple lessons which the nursery taught  
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,  
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue  
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.”—O. W. HOLMES.

## Editor's Miscellany.

### BIBLICAL NOTES.

ROMANS, V: 12—21.

THIS exposition of a difficult passage has been forwarded to us by a learned divine of this Commonwealth, and we cheerfully transfer it to our pages, in the belief that it may aid the Biblical scholar.

The apostle brings out *two leading thoughts*; the entrance and consequences of sin, and the entrance and consequences of grace; the former, by Adam — the latter, by Jesus Christ.

The consequences of the entrance of sin by Adam, were *pain and death*; and the consequences of grace by the Lord Jesus Christ, were *happiness and salvation*.

At the close of verse 14, the apostle represents Adam as the "*figure*, or type of Him that was to come," Jesus Christ. And here he lays down his premises, which are a key to what follows. And the premises are, *Adam and Christ represent two classes*; the *first* Adam was a constituted *head* or representative of *one* class, whose character and condition were to be like his. Hence verse 12: "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that," or on which account, as it may be rendered, "all have sinned." This shows that Adam sustained the position of head and representative of his race. His posterity were *seminally* in him; "in the loins of their father." So *Christ*, as antetype, was head and representative of a *class* of moral beings. In this important sense the antetype answers to the type, just as the copy to the original, or the transcript to the prototype. The *first* Adam represents those, who partake of his moral nature, and Christ, the *second* Adam, represents those who partake of *his* moral nature. The first Adam represents, of course, *all his race*, as all his race partake of his moral nature, image, or likeness. The *second* Adam represents all whom the Father gave him in the covenant of redemption, who *are*, or are *to be*, in his moral likeness, (John 17.) He prays for all, who *shall* believe in him. Adam was public head of all his posterity, as all bear his image; Christ is public head of all who bear *his* image.

With this view we will come to a more minute examination of the passage. Verse 15: "But not as the *offence*, so also is the *free gift*;" that is, there is a *difference*; and he goes on to tell us; "For if

through the *offence* of one, (the first Adam,) *many*, (all his race,) be dead, (in sin,) much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, hath abounded unto many;" to all believers in Jesus Christ. The term, *many*, in each part of the verse, is of equal extent in relation to the *different classes* concerning whom it is used; that is, *all* of each class.

Verse 16: "And not as it was by *one* that *sinned*, so is the gift. For the judgment was by *one*," that sinned, "to condemnation, but the free gift was of many *offences*," or of many that *committed* offences "unto justification." The preceding verse states that the *free gift*, or grace of Christ was not reckoned according to the *loss* by the offence, but has *more abounded* unto many, even to *all* whom the second Adam represents. *This* verse presents the subject in another point of light, viz: The *gift* or grace of God in Christ is not measured by the *offence*, which procured the condemnation, and which was but *one sin*, or offence, but extends to the remission of *many offences*, even to *all*, which *those* commit whom he represents. This is confirmed by the next verse, 17: "For if by one man's offense death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ." By this it is plain that Christ represents those only who "receive abundance of *grace*, and of the gift of righteousness."

The apostle adds, verse 18: "Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." The meaning is, "The *free gift* of justification unto life," as it respects the *class*, which *Christ* represents, is of equal extent to "the judgment to condemnation," as it respects the *class* which *Adam* represents. As all of *these* are under judgment unto condemnation, so all of *those* shall receive the free gift unto justification of life. The terms of *universality* here used mean *the whole* of the *class* that is spoken of respectively. The two classes partake of the *nature* of their respective *heads*; and the term *all* means *the whole* of the class referred to, whether it be that of the *first* or *second Adam*.

The next verse is perfectly analogous to the preceding — "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

The term *many*, in this case, means, as before, *all* that belong to the class referred to. In the *former* part of the verse, the word *many* is applied to *all those* whom the *first Adam* represents; and the *latter* part of the verse is applied to *all* whom the *second Adam* represents.



In the *one* case, they are said to be *made sinners*; and, in the *other* case, they are said to be *made righteous*. But they are not *made sinners* in the sense that they are not *free to* act, or that there is any *force* or *coercive* influence on the will to induce them to sin; for then it would not *be sin*; for *sin* supposes a *free act* of the will.

Nor are they *made sinners* in the sense that they are *guilty* of *Adam's sin*, for that would be impossible. But they might sin *like* him, and be guilty as *he* was. "The iniquity of the fathers may be visited upon the children," as when a man beggars his wife and children by intemperance, or any other sin, in which case he is the *occasion* of their suffering, while *their own* sins are the *cause* of it. "Jeroboam the son of Nebat *made* Israel to sin; he was the *occasion* of their sinning; yet their sin was the *free act* of *their own* will.

"Adam begat a son *in his own image*," or likeness, *moral* as well as natural. But Seth was not accountable for his father's sin; he had only to answer for *his own* sins. *He* is a sinner who loves and practices iniquity, *irrespective* of the *occasion* of it. Adam's children were *made* or *become* sinners, in *consequence* of his *disobedience*. So, in *consequence* of the *obedience* of Christ, the second Adam, are many *made*, or become righteous. They are "*made willing* in the day of his power." They *imbibe* the *spirit*, *partake* of the *nature*, and thus *inherit* the *righteousness* of Christ, which is received and *put on*, as a robe, by faith in him.

Hence, the only pertinent inquiry for us is, *are we sinners?* and not, *how did we become* such? The fathers eating sour grapes never set their children's teeth on edge; and they are never set on edge until they eat sour grapes themselves. The fathers may *give* them the grapes, *exhort* them to eat, and show them *how* to eat them by their teaching and example; but *they* must eat them before their teeth are set on edge. The question then is, not *how* we became sinners, but *are* we sinners? If we are, our guilt is determined at once, and no further inquiry is needed. On this principle civil tribunals act. If theft or murder is proved against a man, he is not exculpated though he may relate to the court a hundred items of inducements to commit the crime, nor does he expect to be accounted guiltless. And of what use can it be to any transgressor to spend his time and ingenuity to ascertain *how he became* a transgressor? It will not *set* a broken bone, nor *ease* the pains of it, to learn *how* it was broken; his first and chief concern should be, and probably will be, *how* shall soundness and comfort be restored?

The great *truth*, and the one, which claims the attention of all, is, "As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the

heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." So, "that which is born of the *flesh* is *flesh*, and that which is born of the *spirit* is *spirit*."

The 20th verse is, "Moreover the law entered that the offence might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The meaning is not, as is quite obvious, that the law entered for the purpose of *increasing* the offence, but for the purpose of *exposing* or bringing it out to view; that in the glass of the law *sin* might be reflected back and seen to be what it really is; "for by the law is the knowledge of sin." And thus it slew Saul of Tarsus. In the same manner, too, *grace* is seen to be *grace*, and to abound *much more*, or superabound, or gain a more glorious triumph for all such as are Christ's, and "heirs of the righteousness, which is by faith." So the last verse, "That as *sin* hath reigned unto death, even so might *grace* reign by righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." Sin terminates in endless death, or destruction, which is its *wages*, according to the antithesis, in the 6th chapter of this book; and *grace* terminates in *endless life*.

From the view we have taken of the passage under consideration we may infer that the salvation of all the race of Adam cannot be proved from this chapter, as some suppose, but that it is altogether foreign and *opposed* to it.

The second Adam will save *all* whom he represents, *all* "who receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness." And he will save no others.

As often, therefore, as we are asked, *Who shall be saved?* or who shall "reign in life by Jesus Christ?" we may always have the following plain and decisive answer at hand: "*All* who receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness." This may and ought to settle the question forever. "To the law and to the testimony."

As "Christ died for *all*" the race of Adam, "tasted death for every man," was "a propitiation for the sins," not only of the *elect* but for the sins of the "whole world" and thus made ample provision for all, salvation is freely *offered* to *all* the race. But it is offered to none *unconditionally*. The atonement must be *received* by a *living faith* in Jesus, or, rich and abounding as it is, we cannot be saved. This is the Divine plan, the condition *God* has established and made known; and "There is salvation in *no other name* and in *no other way*." If, and if *only*, we "receive abundance of *grace*, and of the *gift of righteousness*, we can *reign in life* by Jesus Christ our Lord."

## FASHIONS.

The ladies styles represented by our fashion cuts need no description.











Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

We copy from the *Beau Monde* the foregoing neat and tasteful styles of gentlemen's apparel:—

No. 1 is a walking suit. The material of the coat is a fancy-colored woolen mixture; it is cut single-breasted, with round corners. The front is closed with four buttons; also two buttons at the back and one at the hand. On the left side is a breast-pocket, and close at the waist, on the right side, is a cash pocket, with still another pocket in the plait at the back of the skirt. This style of coat is much worn for business purposes, and is considered a very stylish garment. The vest is of fancy-colored cashmere; it is cut single-breasted, and may be buttoned to the neck or rolled, according to fancy. The pants are of fancy check cassimere with side stripes.

No. 2 is also a walking suit. The coat is cut with a sacque front and back. The front is ornamented with lappets and one row of buttons. It has one-breasted pocket and two in the skirt. The edges and seams are double back-stitched. The pants are of fancy cassimere, with side stripes.

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## HOME AND FAMILY.

### POLITENESS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The transformation worked in a lover after marriage has long been a pet subject with satirists. Before the nuptial knot is tied, the suitor is all devotion. No business engagement is permitted to infringe on the evenings consecrated to his finance. If she drops her fan, misplaces a glove, or needs help in putting on her shawl, he is instantly at her side, the most eager, the most patient, the most delicate of servants. She has only to express a wish to go to church, or to visit some place of amusement, and lo! he waits on her even before breakfast, though it rains as if a deluge had come. But when the irrevocable vows are said and the honeymoon comfortably over, a change too often comes over the obsequious cavalier. The latent selfishness begins to develop itself. The wife has to pick up her own fan, search for her own gloves, shawl herself unassisted, go to church alone, get to concerts when she can. Sometimes the creature is happy to win even a civil answer from her rude, dogmatic lord. Men who would be civil even to a strange servant, if a woman think it quite natural to be unpolite to their wives.

But there is nothing by which even a selfish man can more easily benefit himself than by being respectful, well-bred and considerate to her he has sworn to "love and cherish." Sooner or later an imperious or exacting husband makes an indifferent or careless wife. Talk of loves as you may, eulogize the forbearance of woman till the language of praise is exhausted and still the fact remains that as our sex has not a monopoly of human nature, feminine flesh and blood feels injustice finally quite as acutely as ourselves. It may require years to make a "long-suffering" woman as indignant as a man would become in a month, but she will get indignant at last, her affection will as inevitably decline, and the sweetest boon of life will be lost to the husband forever. For money, which is falsely said to be able to purchase everything, cannot purchase love; and love, whether at the sick bed, or by the household hearth, does what no paid servant will. As the truest happiness which a well-regulated mind enjoys is in the family relation, so there can be no true domestic felicity where there is injustice on one side and its consequent alienation on the other.

It may be said that if a husband loves his wife sincerely there is no necessity for these little acts of politeness. They are trifles, we are told. But life is made up of trifles. Did the lover despise them once because they were trifles? Was not something of his earlier success attributable to the



assiduity and delicacy with which he plied his gratified mistress with these trifles? Has his wife ceased to like such attentions? Will she think the less of her husband because he shows how thoughtful he is of her comfort, even in these trifles? Believe us, if a woman's affection is retained undiminished, in spite of the rudeness of her husband towards her, it would be vastly increased if he exhibited a little of the lover's courtesy—If he was considerate of her trifles. It seems the strangest and most incomprehensible thing in the world, if we look at it dispassionately, that selfish men think the only persons they can neglect with impunity are those on whom their happiness principally depends. They are too blind to see that politeness to wives "pays." It is of only selfish husbands we speak. Those who respect, love and reverence women, as true womanhood ought to be respected, loved and venerated, need no incentives to be courteous and considerate to their wives.

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NOTE.

We are constrained in order to make room for the title page, contents and other articles which must go into our last form at the conclusion of the fifth volume of the Happy Home, to omit the usual monthly chronicle of Passing Events.

The following Poem, which was originally printed in the forepart of this volume, contained so many typographical errors, for which we can give no reasonable account, unless our type had a fit of the St. Vitus' dance, that we have concluded to correct them, by a re-insertion :

TO ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

*By a Classic Youth of the last Generation.*

Beautiful, pure and simple, there thou stand'st,  
 Fit temple for the pure and only God,  
 Smiling in cold serenity. The heart  
 That views thee fills with the bright memory  
 Of other days. The sunny lands of song  
 In their sad lovely silence of decay  
 Rise up to the remembrance in thy sight.  
 The thoughts of other days, when Plato stood  
 At Suniam : when the imperial one herself  
 Athena visited the sacred Pantheon ;  
 Or of the later age when the proud Roman,  
 Within the vast Pantheon's walls beheld  
 One stream of purest lustre from above  
 Lightning the idol-habited Rotond.  
 Not unacceptable was their ignorant worship  
 To him they served in darkness ; but to thee  
 A nobler precept than Colonna heard,  
 A purer light than the Pantheon saw  
 Is given ; thy choral songs and wreathed flowers,  
 Incense and sacrifice and gifts devout  
 Are prayer and penitence, the tearful eye  
 The innocent life, the broken, contrite heart.  
 Simple in elegance ! no mounting spire  
 Tower, minaret or gayly burnish'd dome

Mar thy severe proportions. No device  
Of polished moulding, sculptured tracery,  
Nor e'en the soft acanthine folds are here ;  
Like the divine magnificence of virtue,  
Where ornament would but obscure its worth.

Now while yon moonbeam gently steals along,  
The columns of that simple peristyle,  
Silvering the massive shaft and plain volute  
Of yon extremest pillar, let me gaze  
With calm delight unsatiate. There is given  
A *moral feeling* to a beautiful scene  
Of glorious art with nature join'd like this.  
And memory crowned with moonlight roses, loves  
To hover o'er the storied names of old,  
Slaves and sages deathless the pure hearts  
Of him whose lips with sweetest nectar dewed<sup>1</sup>  
Breathed the great lessons of his god-like teacher,<sup>2</sup>  
Martyrs of freedom, him of Syracuse,<sup>3</sup>  
The glorious fratricide,<sup>4</sup> the immortal Thiban<sup>5</sup>  
And their bright heritors of guilty suffering  
Intrepid Algernon and youthful Russel,  
Till the remembrance softens. Not in vain,  
Oh not in vain did the Athenian  
Ally the arts to freedom, and invite  
Blushing Pictura and her marble sister  
Up the stern heights of the Acropolis,  
So be it with our country. May she stand  
Like thee, modelled from wisdom of the past  
Yet with the lovely gracefulness of youth.

1 Plato. 2 Socrates. 3 Dion. 4 Timoleon. 5 Epaminondas.

### BOOK NOTICES.

HOME LIFE : *Two Series, one for Christian Families and Sabbath Schools, another for the Young.* By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Published by Shepard, Clark, & Brown, 100 Washington, Street, Boston.

These two series of volumes have a common object, indicated by their general title. They treat of the family constitution—of the relations, duties, privileges, trials, and joys of domestic life; they happily unite entertainment with instruction, and are well adapted to exert a powerful moral and religious influence, free from all exclusiveness and denominational bias. While they all contribute to one result, each has a specific object, which the author pursues with unflagging interest from the first page to the last. The substance of the first volume in the series for the young, appeared originally in our pages. Of this and of the remaining volumes of the same series, we may speak hereafter.

Three volumes of the series for Christian families and Sabbath schools are now before the public. Of these we forbear to express our own judgment, on account of the intimacy of our personal relation to their author. But we cheerfully report what another has said of them.

“*Vol. I.—The Courtesies of Wedded Life.*—This is a work of rare merit, designed for all who have been, are, or ever expect to be married. It is an able vindication of the Divine Institution of marriage which lies at the founda-



tion of social order and happiness. It is not didactic, but descriptive, most admirably adapted to control the judgment, to improve the heart, to multiply and perpetuate the amenities and joys of wedded life.

"Vol. II.—*Cora and the Doctor; or, Revelations of a Physician's Wife.*— Few works that have issued from the American press, have excited more interest in their contents, or more curiosity to know the author than this volume upon its first appearance, an interest and curiosity which the lapse of a few months have rather increased than diminished. The circumstances which originally produced the desire of its author to remain strictly *incognito* have ceased. Her literary signature is affixed to this edition. It is distinguished for high-toned morality and ardent piety. In respect to literary merit and artistic finish, it is pronounced by J. T. Headley, 'A remarkable illustration of the power of genius;' by Mrs. E. Hale, 'Worthy to stand side by side with "The Lamplighter," and its influence even better than that;' by the *Daily Advertiser*, 'Equal to Miss Bremer's "Neighbors;"' by the *American Index*, 'A mate for "The Diary of a Physician;"' and by another Reviewer, 'Superior to Mrs. Stowe's best;' and is spoken of by other Critics in similar terms.

"Vol. III.—*The Household Angel in Disguise.*— This volume, which has just issued from the press, is esteemed by most critics superior to either of the preceding in delineation of character, in graphic power and pathos, and in the unity, depth and salutariness of the impression which it leaves on the reader. Its design is harmonious with them, being to encourage beneficence, and to secure a closer application of Christianity to domestic life.

All the above volumes are for sale at this office, and by the trade generally.

NECROMANCY; or, a Rap at the Rappers. By Parsons Cooke. Published by the Congregational Board of Publication.

This publishing society has issued reprints of many valuable theological works, with a few original treatises. Here is one which applies the instruction of the Bible on necromancy and witchcraft, to the delusion of modern Spiritualism; shewing, like Dr. Marsh in his *Apocatastasis*, and Dr. Mahan in his *Modern Mystery*, that it is opposed to the spirit and positive precepts of Scripture. This has the advantages of brevity and directness; the work of Dr. Marsh, of more learning and elegance of style. The force of this is to our mind abated by an air of severity, and by a denunciatory spirit which may preserve from this error persons not at present infected by it, but which will exasperate the feelings of its subjects and advocates. We can endure to see a lion tear a snake to pieces, but when he opens his voracious jaws, growls and strikes his paw at the lambs and sheep which that serpent wounded, to whatsoever fold they belong, our admiration of him yields to sympathy for the tender objects of the shepherd's care. Either of the above named works may serve a valuable purpose where this delusion prevails, and makes incursions into Zion's dominions.

ROLLO'S TOUR IN EUROPE. By Jacob Abbott. Published by the new and enterprising firm of Brown, Taggard & Chase, 24 Cornhill, Boston.

This volume is one of a series, entitled "*Rollo's Tour in Europe*," descriptive of a voyage across the Atlantic, of Paris, Switzerland, London, the Rhine, and Scotland. This is a small 12mo. of 220 pages, well illustrated with cuts, and in the characteristic style of its far famed author, whose numerous publications are favorably known, read and admired, on both sides of the Atlantic. This number of the royal family will prove a favorite with the young everywhere. Success to its mission, and to the author and firm who have given it to the public. We extract a paragraph from the preface of this series:—

"In this series of narratives we offer to the readers of the Rollo Books a

continuation of the history of our little hero, by giving them an account of the adventures which such a boy may be expected to meet with in making a tour of Europe. The books are intended to be books of instruction rather than of mere amusement; and, in perusing them, the reader may feel assured that all the information which they contain, not only in respect to the countries visited, but to the customs, usages and modes of life that are described, and also in regard to the general character of the incidents and adventures that the young travellers meet with, is in most strict accordance with fact. The main design of the narratives is, thus, the communication of useful knowledge; and everything they contain, except what is strictly personal, in relation to the actors in the story, may be depended upon as exactly and scrupulously true.

*Bibliotheca Sacra*, for April is received, well supplied with valuable communications, among which are the following:—

*Article I.*—Notes on the Anabasis of Xenophon in the region of Nineveh.

*Art. II.*—Remarks upon some passages in the Acts of the Apostles.

*Art. III.*—The Theory of Preaching.

*Art. IV.*—Advance in the Type of Revealed Religion.

*Art. V.*—The Theology of Dr. Gill.

*Art. VI.*—Science and the Bible.

*Art. VII.*—Brandis on the Assyrian inscriptions, and the mode of interpreting them.

*Art. VIII.*—Editorial Correspondence.

*Art. IX.*—Notes of New Publications.

*Art. X.*—Theological and Literary Intelligence.

We have received *THE NEW ENGLANDER*, for May, published by D. Mead, of New Haven, and M. W. Dodd, of New York, a quarterly well known to many of our readers. Its bill of fare presents strong attractions to the appetite of all who feast on periodical literature.

*Art. I.*—Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit.

*Art. II.*—The Fact and the Doctrine of the Resurrection.

*Art. III.*—A Glimpse of German Theology.

*Art. IV.*—The Evangelizing Church.

*Art. V.*—The use of the word *testament* for *covenant*.

*Art. VI.*—The Indian Question.

*Art. VII.*—Christ's bodily presence and the world's conversion.

*Art. VIII.*—Olshausen on the New Testament.

*Art. X.*—Notices of Books.

#### SHEET MUSIC.

We have received from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, the following pieces which we commend to our music-loving patrons:—

1. "That good Old Place up there," words by Rose Alm, music by Claude Lorraine.

2. "Sweet Flowers," a ballad, with piano forte accompaniment, by Joseph W. Turner.

3. "The Song of Marion," words by Eliza Cook, music by H. P. Danks.

4. "O my Love's like a red, red Rose," a Scotch song, words by Robert Burns, music by Ernest Held.

5. "Frances Schotisch," a melody, by Miss Marion P. Green.

6. "In that dear little cot," a song, by W. Hunt Stevens.

7. "The grave of Napoleon," one of the melodies of the day, by Charles Grobe.

8. "The dying girl's song," a ballad, by W. Irving Hartshorne.











Prince Albert.

